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*THE LANSDOWNE POETS*

THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN MILTON

REPRINTED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS

*With Memoir, Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, &c*



PORTRAIT AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## PREFATORY MEMOIR OF MILTON

THE great epic Poet of England was born at a period of change and political agitation, which gave a variety of incident to his life not often found in those of students and writers

John Milton was born December 9th, 1608 between six and seven in the morning, at the 'Spread Eagle' in Bread Street, London—not a tavern, as our non antiquarian readers might suppose, but his father's own house, distinguished by the sign of his armorial bearings, as were the houses of even the nobility at that period, when dwellings were not numbered<sup>1</sup>

Milton was the son of John Milton, a gentleman by descent, whose ancestors had formerly possessed Milton near Thame, in Oxfordshire, but this property they had forfeited during the Wars of the Roses, and the family had ceased to be Milton 'of that ilk' for more than a hundred years

Milton's grandfather (also a John Milton) keeper of the forest of Shotover was a bigoted Papist. He sent his son John to Christ Church Oxford for education, but the youth there imbibed the principles of the Reformation, and was consequently disinherited by his father

Compelled to work for his living John Milton adopted the profession of a Scrivener, which he practised at the "Spread Eagle," in Bread Street. He was a man of great ability a classical scholar, and a good musician, and highly respected in his profession. He married Sarah Caston, the daughter of a Welsh gentleman. On December 9th 1608, she became as we have said, the mother of a son who was destined to immortalize the name of his parents

We will here let Milton speak of his own childhood—"My

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<sup>1</sup> Numbers to houses were very rare till 1756. It is said that the first house numbered in London was No 1 Strand which still, we believe stands next to Northumberland House - *Athenaeum*

father, he says in his 'Second Defence,' "destined me from my infancy to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the age of twelve I hardly ever retired from my books before midnight. This proved the first source of injury to my eyes whose natural weakness was attended with frequent pains in the head but as all these disadvantages could not repress my ardour for learning, my father took care to have me instructed by various preceptors both at home and at school."<sup>1</sup>

The precocious genius of the boy might well have incited his father to give him every advantage, Aubrey who lived near the time of Milton tells us that he wrote poetry at ten years old and a beautiful portrait by Jansen, of the child at that age exists to attest the paternal pride in him.

The tutor whom Mr Milton engaged for his wondrous son was the Rev Thomas Young of Essex for whom his pupil formed a sincere attachment. In 1623 when the lad was fifteen, Young quitted his native land on account of religious persecution leaving a lively and tender remembrance of him in the mind of his pupil. Milton was then sent to St Paul's School where he worked hard under Alexander Gill for a twelvemonth. At this time he translated the 114th and 136th Psalms. The following year 1624 he was admitted a pensioner of Christ's College Cambridge. During his residence there he composed most of his Latin poems of which Dr Johnson says "I once heard Mr Hampton the translator of Polybius, say that Milton was the first Englishman who after the revival of letters wrote Latin verses with classical elegance."

While at Cambridge he wrote his Elegy 'Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem' (See page 535)

Young returned to England thus fulfilling the young poet's earnestly expressed wishes in 1628 and was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College Cambridge, in 1644. Afterwards he became Vicar of Stow Market for thirty years.

At Cambridge Milton formed a friendship for Edward King, whose death he laments in 'Lycidas.' Another early and dearly loved friend of his youth was Charles Diodati, the son of an Italian physician who had settled in England, and practised his profession there with great success. Charles Diodati's uncle,

<sup>1</sup> From the *Literary Miscellany* Edition 1812

Giovanni (John) Diodati, was the translator of the Bible into Italian, the family had adopted the principles of the Reformed faith, and Giovanni was a professor of theology at Geneva.

Milton was remarkable in his youth for his great personal beauty which obtained him the name of the 'Lady' of his college. He was not tall but graceful in person and like Tasso—

He of the sword and pen—he was a skilful swordsman and fond of the exercise. His long and light brown hair was parted on his brow and fell to his shoulders, his eyes were dark grey, his complexion fair and delicate. In after-times, when time and sorrow were creeping on him he still looked ten years younger than he was, and his eyes did not betray by their appearance the sad secret of their blindness. His harmonical and ingenuous soul says Aubrey, 'dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body.'

He passed seven years at Cambridge with the exception of a brief term of absence, when for some slight fault he is said to have been rusticated, and took his degree of B A in 1628, and M A in 1632. He had designed when he first went to Cambridge to enter holy orders but could not bring himself to sign the Articles of the Church or submit to its discipline. He determined therefore to return to his home and lead the life of a student.

His father had by this time made a competence retired from business, and taken a house at Hoxton, in Buckinghamshire. Thither Milton repaired from Cambridge, his indulgent parent being ever ready to yield to his wishes.

During his residence at the University he had written all the earlier poems, amongst them the magnificent 'Hymn to the Nativity,' but it had not yet won him fame or even general notice.

In the lovely seclusion of his country home he read, it is said all the Greek and Latin authors and also wrote some of his most charming poems. He was like his father an accomplished musician, and counted amongst his friends the great lutanist of the time, Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family of the Earl of Bridgewater. In the year 1634, Lord Bridgewater was President of Wales, and held his court at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. On a journey thither to join their father, his two sons, Lord Brackly, and Mr Egerton and his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, were benighted in Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, and the young lady for a short time was lost. At Lawes's request Milton commemorated the incident in the exquisite "Mask of Comus," which



was "presented" before the Earl at Ludlow, his children and Lawes being the chief actors (See heading to "Comus," at page 40) We cannot refrain from adding, that the "Lady" afterwards married the Earl of Carbury, and at his seat, "Golden Grove," in Carmarthenshire, sheltered and protected Milton's great contemporary Jeremy Taylor during the usurpation of Cromwell. The eloquent divine preached her funeral sermon, in which her character is admirably drawn. Her sister Lady Mary, was married to the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

The "Comus" had been preceded by the "Arcades" which the youthful poet wrote for the family of his fair neighbour the Dowager Countess of Derby, who lived near Uxbridge and at whose house he frequently visited. Here probably also he had made the acquaintance of the Bridgewater family for Lord Bridgewater had married a daughter of Lady Derby's.

This lady was a very accomplished woman, and of kin to Spenser, the poet.

During his five years' residence in his father's house, Milton occasionally visited London to buy books, enjoy the society of his friends and to visit the theatres in which he greatly delighted at this period of his life—that brilliant and gifted youth which we so reluctantly quit for his harder and sterner manhood.

In 1637 his friend Edward King was lost in the Irish Sea, and Milton honoured his memory by writing "Lycidas," as a monody on his death.

It is not possible to fix the date of the composition of the "Allegro" or the 'Penseroso' but there is every reason to believe that those enchanting pictures of rural life of mirth and melancholy, were written at Hoxton.

He was beginning to grow weary of the country and had thoughts of taking chambers in one of the Inns of Court when his mother died, and his father shortly afterwards was persuaded to let him travel on the Continent. Before his departure he received from the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton the wise instruction to keep '*i pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*,' i.e., "close thoughts and a frank countenance."

In 1638 he quitted England and went first to Paris. Here Lord Scudamore, the English Ambassador gave him an introduction to Grotius, the learned ambassador of the singular and (also) learned Christina, Queen of Sweden. From Paris, after a short stay,

Milton proceeded to Italy then the classic land of Europe, to which his thoughts and affections had continually travelled. There Tasso had quite recently charmed the world with his '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' Ariosto was still a modern poet and the renown of Dante and Petrarch now two centuries old was at its height. In the recent reigns of Elizabeth and James, the intercourse between Italy and England had been frequent. "To have swum in a gondola" was as Shakespeare tells us the boast of travelled youths. The fame of the arts and science of "*le belle contade*" was world spread. No marvel that Milton eagerly mastered the language and hurried to its shores.

The Italians were deeply interested in all literature and far better able to appreciate the gifted Englishman than the generality of his uncultivated countrymen, — amongst whom, as Johnson says, with respect to the sale of '*Paradise Lost*' 'to read was not then a general amusement. neither traders nor often gentlemen thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. the women had not then aspired to literature. and of that middle race of students, who read for pleasure or accomplishment, the number was comparatively small.'

To pass from the England of 1638 to the Italy of that period, must have been like going from darkness to light.

Milton went from Nice to Genoa thence to Leghorn and Pisa, and proceeded to Florence where he remained two months. Sir Henry Wotton (whose heart had been won by the "*Comus*") had given the poet introductory letters to the chief literary men of the city, and Milton met with a most enthusiastic reception.

He formed friendships with the celebrated Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, and Antonio Malatesta and during his residence there he visited the recently liberated prisoner of the Inquisition—Galileo. It is thought probable that Grotius had urged Milton to see the great astronomer, for in the very month in which the young English poet was presented to him, he wrote thus to Vossius of Galileo — "This old man, to whom the universe is so largely indebted worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind gives us little reasons to hope that his life can be long. Common prudence therefore, suggests to us to make the most of the time while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor."

Milton next paid a short visit to Sienna, then proceeded to Rome, where he remained two months. Holstenius, a savant of Euro-

pean renown (who had known Milton when he (Holstenius) was at Oxford) was then Librarian to the Vatican. He introduced the young Englishman to Cardinal Barberini afterwards Pope Urban VIII, who invited him to a concert received him at the doors, and presented him, in the most flattering terms to the brilliant assembly. Amongst them Milton's eyes lighted on a woman beautiful with the rare and intellectual loveliness of a Grecian muse she was Leonora Baroni—the first singer in the world. Her mother as beautiful and nearly as fine a singer as herself sat near her with her lute. The rapture of the poet may be imagined when he heard the fair wonder sing to her mother's accompaniment. He celebrated her genius in three fine Latin epigrams (See page 54<sup>o</sup>). Whether she was the Donna of his Italian sonnets we cannot tell, her name recalled the Leonora of Tasso, her talent was just that which he best loved.

From Rome Milton travelled to Naples in company with a hermit who must have been able to appreciate the poet as on their arrival at Naples he introduced him to Manso Marquis of Villa the friend patron and biographer of Tasso. Manso was delighted with his new acquaintance and addressed to him a distich with the same play on words with which Gregory inaugurated his plan for the conversion of Britain.

Ut mens forma decor facies mos si pietas sic  
Non Anglus verum hercle Angelus ipse foras

Thus translated by Cowper —

The Neapolitan John Baptist Manso Marquis of Villa to the Englishman  
JOHN MILTON

What features form mien manners with a mind  
Oh how intelligent ' and how refined '  
Were but thy piety from fault as free  
Thou wouldst no *angle* but an angel be

Milton in return, addressed to the Marquis a Latin poem (see page 570), which must have greatly impressed the learned Italians.

Milton now purposed visiting Sicily and Greece, but letters from home told him how England was shaken to its centre by the differences between the King Charles I and his Parliament, and the young man thought that duty and patriotism alike forbade his absence from his native land in her hour of sore trial. So he bent

his steps homeward not, however, hurrying his journey. Again he visited Rome, though warned of plots formed by the Jesuits against him on account of the openness with which he had discussed religious topics, and although at Naples, Manso had told him that his religion alone precluded him from great distinction he felt sure that his nationality protected him from personal danger, and remained again two months in Rome. From thence he went to Florence, to Lucca and to Venice. From the latter city he sent his father a collection of music and books, and proceeded to Geneva, then the seat of Puritanism, and the spot from whence republican doctrines were promulgated over Europe. Here he found a friend in Charles Diodati's uncle, John (or Giovanni) and in Frederick Spanheim, who was also a learned Professor of Divinity. From Geneva he returned to France and thence home, having been absent from England a year and three months.

The news of the death of his dear friend Charles Diodati, met him on his return—he commemorated the loss in the "Epitaphium Damonis" (See page 573.)

The youth of Milton closes with this grief. He was now a man of thirty one years of age and it behoved him to take up the work of life in earnest. He had drawn largely on the means of his generous father, and he was not the only child—he had a brother Christopher, a lawyer, his sister Anne was well married before he went to Cambridge. (See his Elegy on the death of her infant, at page 1.) She had recently been widowed and married a second time. Milton at once decided on his own course. He resolved to take pupils and the first he received were his sister's sons by her first husband—John and Edward Philips. He took a lodging at the house of a tailor named Russell in St. Bride's Churchyard, and began the prosaic task of teaching, but the locality was unendurable to him and he removed into a pleasant house standing in a garden, at the end of a passage leading out of Aldersgate Street. Here he received more private pupils to board and teach.

And now we come to the reverse of the brilliant picture of his youth. For twenty years the poet sang no more. All that long period was occupied in school duties, political controversy, and household troubles. In considering this period of Milton's life, when he used his great abilities (obscured in prose) against his Sovereign and the National Church we must pause for a moment to consider the age in which he had been born and brought up.

When his infant eyes unclosed in Bread Street, James I had been five years King of Britain. The glorious reign of Elizabeth, with its host of great Statesmen Warriors Poets and Discoverers, was succeeded by that of a contemptible and pedantic Sovereign, whose favouritism led to crimes of the darkest dye. Our readers will find in the vivid pages of Mr Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower" (vols 2nd and 3rd), a picture of corruption disgraceful to any country. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury must have been the talk of Milton's nursery. He must have heard continually the extravagances and wickedness of the favourite Villiers, the theme of animadversion. the death of Sir Walter Raleigh must have been to him a boyish horror also, all England lamented that murder and the persecution of his tutor and the bigotry of his grandfather which had robbed him of a fair heritage must have all conspired to sway him towards the side of the Puritans.

True his "gentle" instincts his fine taste and early associations, and the better character of Charles I for a time held the balance, but now he had to choose his side. no one at that time could remain neutral and he threw in his lot with the Parliament.

In 1641, he published a "Treatise of Reformation" in two books, against the established Church being anxious to help the Puritans, who were, he said "inferior to the prelites in learning."

Hall the Bishop of Norwich (with whose quaint Meditations our readers are probably acquainted) had published a "Humble Remonstrance in defence of Episcopacy" to which five ministers the initial letters of whose names made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*,<sup>1</sup> replied. "Of this answer a confutation was attempted," says Johnson "by the learned Usher." To this confutation Milton (seeing that the Archbishop had the best of the argument) replied.

His next work was "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy."

"In this book," says Johnson "he discovers not with ostentatious exultation but with calm confidence his high opinion of his own powers and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country." "This," says he (Milton) "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,

<sup>1</sup> They were Stephen Marshall Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's tutor?) Matthew Newcomen and William Spurstow.

and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly arts and affairs till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation."

"From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational," says Johnson "might be expected the '*Paradise Lost*'" <sup>1</sup>

Milton's controversial writings did not interrupt his school duties. He did everything diligently and with earnestness. His youth had been pure and moral, his manhood was almost ascetic, he lived sparingly, drank water and set his pupils an example of hard study. Now and then he took a day's recreation with some gay friends of Gray's Inn, and displayed his beautiful and well-dressed person on the fashionable promenades of Gray's Inn Gardens and Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

After Reading was taken by the King's forces, Milton's beloved father came to live with him, and in 1643 at Whitsuntide, he brought home a fair young bride, whom he had wooed and won from the adverse party of the Cavaliers.

Mary Powel was the daughter of a country gentleman a justice of the peace for Oxfordshire, and had been used, as Philips, her husband's nephew, tells us, 'to a great house, much company,' and the fun and joviality of the ranting Royalists. She was beautiful, but seems to have been a spoilt child and not to have possessed the intellect her husband needed in a companion,—this is inferred from his own words when he speaks of a "mute and spiritless mate."

It is only just also, to give a glance at Mary Powel's side of the question. She found herself suddenly transplanted from a lively and liberal home to a house where profound stillness reigned, save when it was broken by the crying of punished school boys. No visitors came to the house, if they came, they were of the solemn Puritans whom she had been brought up to laugh at as rogues and hypocrites. Her gay Cavalier songs were exchanged for solemn hymns, her feasting for hard fare, her husband, occupied by his pupils and his controversy, could have given her but a small portion of his time, there was no sympathy round her,—in her passionate loyalty, her country tastes and habits. Her parents asked if she

might spend part of the summer with them, and her husband assenting, she left him. He pursued his studies, occasionally visiting the accomplished Lady Margaret Leigh, but at Michaelmas he wrote to Mary to summon her home. He received no answer, he wrote again and again with the same result. At last, knowing how uncertain was the arrival of letters in the now distracted country he despatched a messenger for Mistress Milton. The man was sent back with contempt. Milton, excessively angry, resolved to divorce his disobedient wife, and published, as a preliminary justification of his conduct, a treatise on *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* which was followed by "The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce, and his *Tetrachordon*."

The clergy, then holding their famous assembly at Westminster were greatly scandalized by these productions and had the writer brought before the House of Lords. But that House had matter of more import to engage it than the dreams (as they doubtless thought) of a visionary Puritan and the case was dismissed. But Milton never forgave his former friends, the Presbyterians, for their share in this prosecution. He proceeded to put his theory in practice by wooing Miss Davis the daughter of Dr Davis, who however had scruples on the legality and morality of such a marriage. Whilst she still hesitated, a circumstance decided the doubt for her. As Milton was one day at the house of a relative of the name of Blackborough in St Martin's Lane, his wife rushed from an adjoining room and threw herself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness. He resisted her entreaties for a time, but yielded at length, and received her to his heart and home once more. Their reunion proved happier than might have been expected. Baby hands came to draw them together, and Mary Milton lived to give birth to a third daughter and then died. But long before that period the generous poet had given shelter in his house to all her family when the Republican party had risen to power. Subsequently he arranged their affairs for them.

The new Council of State in which were Bradshaw and Sir Harry Vane, chose Milton as their Latin Secretary, and employed him to write against the celebrated book called *Icon Basilike* then supposed to have been written by the unhappy Charles I and which was turning the hearts of the people back to him. Milton wrote against it the "*Iconoclastes*." But we must not omit to mention the much more interesting fact, that in 1645 his

Latin and English poems were published. It is with regret we add that, after the execution of the King, Milton wrote a treatise to justify it to the Presbyterians, and to "compose the minds of the people." He was right however, in declaring that the Presbyterians had in fact, brought about the King's death themselves. He was now suffering from *gutta serena*, which threatened him with loss of sight, but on being called on by the Parliament in 1651 to answer the celebrated Salmasius's "*Defensio Regis*," written at the request of Charles II (then an exile at The Hague), he undertook the task and pursued it steadily knowing all the time that its cost would be his sight. But he believed it to be his duty and from that he never flinched. He was rewarded for it with a present of a thousand pounds.

Cromwell now assumed the Protectorate but Milton, who appears to have had at that time a sincere admiration for Oliver, and who must have seen that Government in such a state of anarchy could not be carried on without him, retained the Latin Secretaryship.

It would be a weary task to chronicle all the controversial writings of Milton during the ensuing years we will rather return to his domestic history. Three years after the death of Mary Powel he married again. His second wife appears to have won his whole affections. Her name was Katherine Woodcock, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. But their happiness continued only a year she died in giving birth to a child and Milton deplored her loss in a pathetic sonnet, something resembling the famous one of Petrarch to his dead Laura.

Milton now set himself to three great works preparing a Latin Dictionary writing a History of England and commencing his Epic. If an author of our own day had not shown us how possible research and study is even to the blind, we might marvel at such undertakings being attempted by a sightless man, but we think of Prescott, and marvel no longer.

The Dictionary—probably the most difficult undertaking for him—was never finished, the History goes only to the Norman Conquest, the Epic is the immortal "*Paradise Lost*." He had already prepared the same subject for a drama or mystery, which was to begin with Satan's address to the Sun, but his increasing Puritanism, and the remembrance of his having reproached the dead King in the "*Iconoclastes*," for making a companion of the works of



Shakespeare, probably caused him to turn the singular drama into an epic poem

The death of Oliver Cromwell led to the Restoration, and Milton, who had retired from the service of the Parliament on a pension for life, was in considerable danger from his writings against the Royal cause. While all England held festival on the return of her exiled Sovereign, the great poet was obliged to seek safety in concealment, and it is said that his enemies were deceived by a report of his death and a mock funeral. Whether there is truth in this story cannot now be ascertained, but the Act of Oblivion, passed August 19 enabled him again to appear openly. A prosecution was commenced against him for his defence of the execution of the King but it fell to the ground. Charles was not vindictive, and we perhaps owe to his easiness of temper the greatest poem in our language.

Milton retired to Jewin Street near Aldersgate Street and though now poor and blind gained a third wife who survived him—Elizabeth Minshul the daughter of a Cheshire gentleman. They lived happily it is believed but Philips who remembered Mary Powel, says that the stepmother ‘oppressed her (Mary’s) children in Milton’s lifetime, and cheated them at his death.

In 1661, Milton published a school book ‘Accidence commenced Grammar’ to make grammar easy to children. About this time Elwood, the Quaker was recommended to him as a reader, and he attended the poet every afternoon except on Sundays. Milton, who hated to hear Latin read with the English accent taught him to pronounce it in Italian, and his ear was so quick that if the young Quaker did not understand a passage (Elwood relates this fact) Milton would find it out by the want of expression or emphasis and would make him pause, that he might explain it to him.

Milton now removed to a house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields and set seriously to work at the ‘Paradise Lost’ the subject of which he says he had been ‘long choosing and begun late.

But though Milton had passed out of the field of politics and Statecraft his genius still brought him visitors of distinction, both from the Continent and of his own countrymen.

Richardson describes him as sitting before his door in warm sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air, dressed in a grey coat of

coarse cloth, and there, as well as in his own rooms, he received his guests. It is supposed that "Samson Agonistes" was written about this time.

In 1665 the Plague broke out in London, and Flwood, who was living in the family of an opulent Quaker at Chalfont, in Bucks, advised his friend to quit the city. Milton desired him to find his family a refuge in his neighbourhood, and it was at the temporary home thus selected that he finished the "Paradise Lost." He gave the manuscript to Flwood to read. The young Quaker appreciated it but added pleasantly, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' This hint, Milton afterwards told his friend, gave birth to the idea of "Paradise Regained."

On his return to London, Milton sold the copyright of his great poem to a bookseller called Samuel Simmons, for £5 in hand, £5 more when 1 300 copies were sold and the same sum on the publication of the second and third editions. The number of each edition was limited to 1 500 copies. Of this agreement Milton lived to receive £15, his widow sold her claims for future editions for £8.

But though Milton gained but little pecuniary benefit from his masterpiece, it won him 'golden opinions' from the best writers of the age,—Dryden, Marvell, and Denham. Yet the poem was never thoroughly brought before the public till after the Revolution, when Addison by his elegant criticism in the *Spectator*, discovered to the nation the treasure so long hidden from them, which they were then far better able to value than in the troubled days when it first issued from the press.

In 1671, Milton published "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained." He preferred the latter poem to the "Paradise Lost," it is said.

We have a record of how the blind poet spent his day. He rose at four in summer and five in winter and began each day by hearing a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, the man who read, then left him to meditation and returning at seven, read or wrote for him till twelve. He then allowed himself an hour for exercise, generally walking but sometimes he had recourse to a swing. After his early and temperate dinner, he was wont to play for a time on the organ or violoncello—he had a fine voice, and sang well.

It is said that his domestic relations were not happy. Philips gives some clue to the home disturbances by his mention of the

stepmother's oppression of his two daughters, who were employed to read to him in languages they did not comprehend. When, however, the poet discovered how great this infliction was on his children, he released them from their detested task, and sent them to learn embroidery in gold and silver, so that they should be able to support themselves by a trade if required to do so. The youngest, Deborah, spoke with great affection of him after his death.

In July, 1674, he felt so ill that he sent for his brother Christopher, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, to explain his last wishes to him.

"Brother," said he, "the portion due to me from Mr. Powel, my first wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her. But I have received no part of it, and my will and meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. And all the residue of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." Such was the brief testament of the great poet. He sold his books before his death, and left £1,500 to his widow. The daughters received from their stepmother £100 each.

On the 15th November 1674, on Sunday night, quietly and silently John Milton passed away from earth. He was buried in the Church of St. Giles Cripplegate, attended by a numerous concourse of friends.

Of his family, Anne, the eldest daughter, who was deformed, married a master builder and died in childbirth. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1727. She had seven children, but all died childless except Caleb and Elizabeth. The latter married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had seven children, who all died. Caleb went to India and had two sons; it is said that the last descendant of Milton died a parish clerk at Calcutta, but we know of no authority for the assertion beyond an East Indian rumour. Milton's brother took the opposite side in the politics of the time, and when the Republican Party was in the ascendant, his brother's influence enabled him to live quietly. He supported himself so honourably by chamber practice that soon after the accession of James II. he was knighted and made a judge, but retired shortly

afterwards into private life on account of bad health. He was thus saved from the difficulties which beset the path of conscientious judges when Jeffreys was head of the law. Both the nephews of Milton became authors, one his biographer.

The judgment of two centuries and of all Europe has decided as to the merits of Milton. A word from us on the subject of his poems is therefore superfluous. But of his prose, few general readers know much. His controversial writings were chiefly in Latin, and of those in English many would be objectionable and tedious in the present day; nevertheless he wrote English prose with as masterly a pen as he wrote poetry, and when the subject was worthy of his genius his style was as charming as it is in the "Allegio" or in *Comus*, and as noble as in the *Paradise Lost*. We believe we shall be satisfying a want in giving our readers a specimen of it, and we select a portion of his fine pamphlet on the Liberty of the Press —

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are, nay they do preserve, as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss, and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom, and if it extended to the whole impression, a

kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life

“ Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome, and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction, but herein the difference is of bad books that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute to forewarn and to illustrate. Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world we bring impurity much rather, that which purifies us is trial and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue not a pure, her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is

in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

"I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally church revenues that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore ye be loth to dishearten utterly and discontent not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind then know that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school if we have only escaped the formula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him, he searches, meditates is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, after all which is done, he takes

himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him, if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlesured licenser perhaps much his younger perhaps far his inferior in judgment perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing and if he be not repulsed or slighted must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his tensors hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning

And how can a man teach with authority which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent whenas all he teaches all he delivers is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely records not with the hide bound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quots distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the worship of an overseeing fist

‘ And lest some should persuade ye Lords and Commons that these arguments of learned mens discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes, when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought, that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought And though I knew that England then was groaning loudst under the prelatical yoke nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty Yet it was beyond my hope that those

worthies were then breathing in her air who should never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish

"Lords and Commons of England ! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors , a nation not slow and dull but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit acute to invent, subtil and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid day beam , purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance , while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means

' Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength Let her and falsehood grapple , who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter ? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us would thinke of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us there be who envy and oppose if it comes not first in at their casements What a collusion is this when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute ' When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ringed scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambuscades, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty ? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her



victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power, give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps'

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press

Milton received from Dryden an eulogium, so well known that we forbear to repeat it. Other poets have echoed the strain and now at the close of two hundred and sixty four years he occupies his niche of fame beside Shakespeare and the great poets of antiquity his faults, his mistakes, and his controversial writings buried in a merciful oblivion, while the good he did

Fives after him

rejoicing for all times the nation which holds as one of its titles to honour the name of JOHN MILTON

## Early Poems.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,<sup>1</sup> DYING OF A COUGH

1625

O FAIRFEST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken pumiose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour if thou hadst out lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry,  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye  
Th'it did thy cheek envermell thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss

#### II

For since grim Aquilo his chariotceer  
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel<sup>2</sup> got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot  
Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held

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<sup>1</sup> The Poet's infant niece daughter of  
his sister, Mrs Phillips

<sup>2</sup> Boreas or the North Wind  
<sup>3</sup> Orithyia—OVID Met. 16

## III

So mounting up in icy pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,  
There ended was his quest there ceased his care  
Down he descended from his snow soft chan,

But all unware with his cold lind embrace  
Urhouse'd thy virgin soul from her fun biding place

## IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate,  
For so Apollo, with unwetting hand,  
Whilome did slay his dearly lov'd mate,  
Young Hyacinth,<sup>1</sup> born on Eurotas strand,  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land,

But then transform'd him to a purple flower  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

## V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed  
hid from the world in a low delv'd tomb,  
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly loom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality that show'd thou wast divine

## VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest,  
(If so it be that thou these plants dost haunt)  
Tell me, bright Spirit where art thou hoverest,  
Whether above that hush first moving sphere,  
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were)

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight

<sup>1</sup> A prince of Sparta said to have been  
accidentally slain by Apollo. Feivads

to his honour were held annually by the  
Greeks at Amyclæ a city of Laconia

## VII

Went thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shok'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 'Took up and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall  
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Godlike's fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

## XIV

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before  
 Forsook the hated earth O tell me tooth  
 And came to run to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?  
 Or that crown'd matron sage white robed matron?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood  
 Let down in cloudy chariot to do the work of God?

## I

Or wert thou of the golden winged host  
 Who having clad thyself in human veed  
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post  
 And at a short bodie thy bodie with speed,  
 A fit to show what creature heaven doth breed  
 Thereby to set the heart of men on fire  
 To earn the solid world and unto heaven aspire

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven loved innocence,  
 To stablish us with whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift rushing black Perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst but perform that office where thou art

## XI

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,  
 Her false imagined loss cease to lament  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render Him with patience what He lent,  
     This if thou do, He will in offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live

ANNO ÆTATIS 19

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE

1627

PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH

The Latin speeches ended the English thus began —

Hail, native Language, that by sinews we  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And madest imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounced slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
 That now I use thee in my latter task  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
 Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst,  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
 For this same small neglect that I have made  
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,

Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight<sup>1</sup>  
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight,  
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire  
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,  
 And weary of their place do only stay  
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,  
 That so they may without suspect or fears  
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use,  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly snie  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune lives,  
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves,  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was,  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus<sup>2</sup> once told,  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,  
 Are held with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,

<sup>1</sup> Milton alludes to the affected phraseology of the period called *Euphuism* which originated in Lily's *Euphues and his England* a book intended to refine the English language Scott has given

us a lively picture of this affected jargon in his Sir Ihercie Shafton in the *Monastery* see p. 449

<sup>2</sup> A Greek bard See *Odyssey* Book VIII

Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room

Then Ens<sup>1</sup> is represented as father of the Predicaments<sup>2</sup> his ten sons whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canon which Ens thus speaking explains —

Good luck befriend thee, Son, for at thy birth  
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth,  
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed  
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A Sibyl old, bow bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could perceive,  
 And in times long and dark prospective glass  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass,  
 Your son said she (nor can you it prevent),  
 Shall subject be to many an Accident<sup>3</sup>  
 On all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
 Yet every one shall make him underling  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungifted fully shall strive to keep him under,  
 In worth and excellence he shall out go them,  
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them,  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing  
 To find a foot shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap,  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,

<sup>1</sup> Ens a term in metaphysics signifying entity being existence. In this mask it is personified as are also Substance Quantity Quality and Relation.

This affectation, says Warton will appear more excusable in Milton if we recollect that everything in the Masks of this age appeared in a bodily shape.

<sup>2</sup> A Predicament is a category in

logic that is a series of all the predicates or attributes contained under a genus. The logic of Aristotle comprised ten categories Substance Quantity Quality Relation Action Passion Time Place Situation and Habit. These were personified in the Mask.

<sup>3</sup> A pun on the logical accidents — WARTON

Yea it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then Relation was called-  
 by his name

RIVERS, arise, whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Don,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth born giant spreads  
 His thirty arms<sup>1</sup> along the indented meads,  
 Or sullen Moie that runneth underneath<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,<sup>3</sup>  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber load that keeps the Scythian's name,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame

The rest was prose

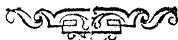
<sup>1</sup> It is said that there were thirty  
 sorts of fish in this river and thirty  
 religious houses on its banks

<sup>2</sup> At Mickleham near Dorking the  
 River Moie in hot summers sinks  
 through its sands and finds a subterra

nean channel In winter and when  
 heavy rains fall it keeps its usual bed

<sup>3</sup> Sabrina See *to me* verse 827

<sup>4</sup> Humber was a Scythian king said  
 to have been drowned in this river by  
 Iocene three hundred years before the  
 Romans landed in Britain





## Odes.

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### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

1629

#### I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,  
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring,  
For so the holy sages<sup>1</sup> once did sing,  
That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace

#### II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity  
He laid aside, and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

#### III

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no pint of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

## IV

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star led wisards<sup>1</sup> haste with odours sweet  
O run prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet,  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,  
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

## THE HYMN

## I

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour

## II

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities

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<sup>1</sup> The Magi. The word wisard  
meant simply wise men, and is used

in Sir John Cheke's translation of St  
Matthew's Gospel

## III

But He her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,  
 She, crown'd with olives green came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

## IV

No war, or battle's sound  
 Was heard the world around  
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,  
 The hooked chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood  
 The trumpet spake not to the rumoured throng  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by

## V

But peaceful was the night,  
 When the Prince of light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began  
 The winds with wonder whist<sup>1</sup>  
 Smoothly the waters list,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

## VI

The stars with deep amazement  
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence,  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence,  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

---

<sup>1</sup> Silent, or hushed

## VII

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame

The new enlighten'd world no more should need,  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear

## VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sit simply chatting in a rustic row,  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan<sup>1</sup>

Was kindly come to live with them below,  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy lee,

## IX

When such music sweet  
Then hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,

As all then souls in blissful rapture took  
The air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

## X

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling,  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union

<sup>1</sup> God of shepherds

## XI

At last surrounds then sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,  
The helmed Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new born Heir

## XII

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well balanced world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

## XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so,  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

## XIV

For if such holy song  
Inwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

## XV

Yea Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow, and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering  
And heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

## XVI

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so,  
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both Himself and us to glorify,  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the deep,

## XVII

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake  
The aged earth aghast,  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
When at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne

## XVIII

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins, for from this happy day  
The old Dragon under ground  
In stricter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

## XIX

The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum  
     Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
     With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell  
 Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell

## XX

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
     A voice of weeping<sup>1</sup> heard and loud lament,  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
     The parting genius is with sighing sent,  
 With flower-mwoven tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

## XXI

In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
     The Lurs,<sup>2</sup> and Lemures<sup>3</sup> moan with midnight plaint,  
 In urns, and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
     Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint,  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat

## XXII

Peor and Baalim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
     With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the voice said to have been heard by mariners at sea crying The great Ian is dead The story is told by Plutarch

<sup>2</sup> Household gods

<sup>3</sup> Ghosts

<sup>4</sup> Dagon.

And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
Heaven's queen and mother both,<sup>1</sup>

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine,  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz<sup>2</sup> mourn

## XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,<sup>3</sup>  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue,  
In vain with cymbals ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue  
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anub's haste

## XXIV

Nor is Osiris<sup>4</sup> seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud,  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
The sable stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark

## XXV

He feels from Juda's land  
The dreaded Infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye,  
Nor all the Gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew

---

<sup>1</sup> She was called Regina cœli and Mater Deum —NEWTON  
<sup>2</sup> Adonis He was killed by a wild boar on Mount Lebanon and was wor

shipped once a year by the Syrian women

<sup>3</sup> The god of the Ammonites

<sup>4</sup> The Egyptian ox god



## XXVI

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
     Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
     Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow skirted Fays  
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze

## XXVII

But see the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,  
     Time is our tedious song should here have ending,  
 Heaven's youngest teemed star  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
     Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow  
 He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease,  
 Alas, how soon our sin  
     Sore doth begin  
     His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above  
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness,  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,  
 'Tis day, but O ere long,  
 Huge pangs and strong  
     Will pierce more near his heart



## THE PASSION

1629

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,  
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing,  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
     In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out living night

## II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo  
     Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

## III

He Sov' reign Priest stooping his regal head,  
 That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,  
 His starry front low roof'd beneath the skies  
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
 Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meckly down fast by his brethren's side

## IV

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound,  
 His god like acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings other where are found,  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump<sup>1</sup> doth sound,  
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things

## V

Be friend me, Night, best patroness of grief,  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe,  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know  
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white

## VI

See, see the chariot and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,<sup>2</sup>  
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood  
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood  
 These doth my soul in holy vision sit  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit

---

<sup>1</sup> Hieronymus Vida's *Christiad* is fine  
 Latin poem    Vida dwelt at Cremona.

<sup>2</sup> Ezek. 1. 15

## VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

## VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had hit a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it,  
 and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished

ON TIME<sup>1</sup>

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden stopping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross,  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss,

---

<sup>1</sup> In Milton's MS written with his own hand,—"On Time. To be set on  
 a clock case — WARTON

## EARLY POEMS

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When everything that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of Him, to whose happy making sight alone  
 When once our heav'nly guided soul shall clumb,  
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
     Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
     O Time

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLFST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high raised phantasy present  
 That undisturb'd song of pure concent,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne  
 To Him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood

In first obedience, and their state of good  
 O may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

## SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose  
     Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
     Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,  
     Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
     Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF  
WINCHESTER<sup>1</sup>

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,  
 A Viscount's daughter an Earl's hen,  
 Besides what her virtues fair

<sup>1</sup> This lady was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester one of the noblest and most devoted of the adherents of Charles I. His House at Basing in Hants stood a two years' siege by the rebels and was finally levelled to the ground by them. Lord Winchester

died in 1674. On his monument is an epitaph by Dryden. It is remarkable says Warton that both husband and wife should have severally received the honour of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden."

Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told, alas! too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise.  
Nature and Fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet  
Quickly found a lover meet,  
The virgin choir for her request  
The god that sits at marriage feast,  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well lighted flame,  
And in his garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cyprus bud<sup>1</sup>  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes  
And calls Lucina to her throes,  
But whether by mischance or blame  
Atropos<sup>2</sup> for Lucina came,  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb  
So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower,  
But the fair blossom hangs the head

<sup>1</sup> An emblem of Death<sup>2</sup> One of the Fates

Side ways, as on a dying bed,  
 And those pearls of dew she wears  
 Prove to be presaging tears,  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hastening funeral  
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have,  
 After this thy travail sore  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
 That to give the world increase,  
 Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease  
 Here, besides the sorrowing  
 That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon,  
 And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name,  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,  
 Next her, much like to thee in story  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light  
 There with thee, new welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen

<sup>1</sup> Rachel, the wife of Jacob



# AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W SHAKESPEARE<sup>1</sup>

1630

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled stones?  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a star'y pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great hen of fame,  
 What need st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live long monument  
 For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy being forbid to go to London,  
 by reason of the Plague

HERE lies old Hobson,<sup>2</sup> Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down,

---

<sup>1</sup> This Epitaph was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare 1632, but without Milton's name. It is the first of his poems which was published

<sup>2</sup> This carrier gave rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice" this or

none, by always obliging the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served and every horse be used in its turn. — See *Spectator*, No. 509

For he had any time this ten years full,  
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd,  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin  
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move,  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere metal never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time  
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term  
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd,  
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out stretch'd,  
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six beareis "  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness, that his cart went light

## L'ALLEGRO

His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome  
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)  
 As he were press'd to death, he cried "more weight,"  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription

L'ALLEGRO <sup>1</sup>

HNCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night raven sings,  
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert<sup>2</sup> ever dwell  
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven y clep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy crowned Bacchus bore,  
 Or whether (as some sage sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

<sup>1</sup> These two Poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—are supposed to have been written in Milton's youth, but were first published in 1648

The three headed dog which kept the gate of Hell

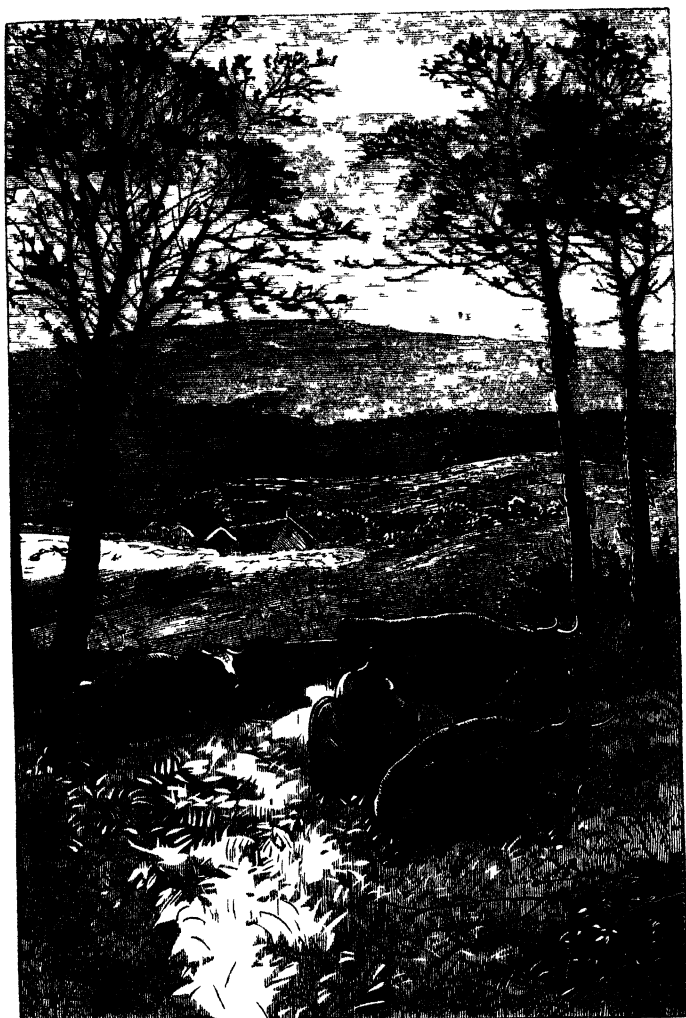
<sup>2</sup> The Cimmerians were proverbial for dwelling in dark caves

Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a Maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek,  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides  
Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free,  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before  
Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill  
Some time walking, not unseen,  
By hedge row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and amber light  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
 Rustic lawns, and furrows gray,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees  
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure<sup>1</sup> of neighb'ring eyes  
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the next handed Phillis dresses,  
 And then in haste the bower she leaves,  
 With Thelys to bind the sheaves,  
 Or, if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,  
 Sometimes with secret delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound

<sup>1</sup> The Pole star—alluding to its magnetic attraction. The magnetic needle always points to it. Your eyes are lodestars, is said by Shakespeare

<sup>2</sup> A rebeck was a fiddle with three strings



While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe  
And the mower whets his scythe —p 28



To many a youth, and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade,  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holiday,  
 Till the live long daylight fail,  
 Then to the spicy nut brown ale<sup>1</sup>  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,  
 And he by friar's lanthorn led,  
 Tells how the dudding Goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpe of morn  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
 That ten day lab'ers could not end,  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,<sup>2</sup>  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hanny strength,  
 And crop full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep  
 Tower'd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 'To win her grace, whom all commend  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream

<sup>1</sup> The gossip's bowl, called Lamb's wool

<sup>2</sup> Will o the Wisp

<sup>3</sup> Puck, the Pixie, in Devonshire—the

Kobold of Germany—supposed to do household work at night for the maids who in return left him a bowl of cream



## IL PENSEROSO

Then to the well trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood notes wild  
     And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lychan airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes, with many a winding bout<sup>1</sup>  
 Of link'd sweetness long drawn out  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony,  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regund Eurydice  
     These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mith, with thee I mean to live

## II. PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bled,  
 How little you bestead,  
     Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
     The fickle pensioners<sup>2</sup> of Morpheus' train

<sup>1</sup> Turn<sup>2</sup> Followers The term was used first in this sense by a band of courtiers, who

were enrolled by Queen Elizabeth under that title They were young nobles of the highest fashion of the period

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy,  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue,  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's<sup>1</sup> sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen<sup>2</sup> that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The Sea Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended  
 Yet thou art higher far descended,  
 Thee bright har'd Vesta,<sup>3</sup> long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore,  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
 Such mixture was not held a stain)  
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole<sup>4</sup> of cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes

<sup>1</sup> Memnon was King of Ethiopia an ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles.

<sup>2</sup> Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus King of Ethiopia. She boasted of being more beautiful than the Nereids who in anger persuaded Neptune to send a sea monster to devour the Ethiopians. Andromeda her daughter was exposed to it but was saved by Perseus. Cassiopeia had a constellation named after her: the Cassiopeia's chair. Hence, Milton says 'starr'd Ethiop queen'.

<sup>3</sup> The goddess of fire. The meaning of Milton's allegory says Warton is that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the bright haired goddess of eternal fire. Saturn the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds."

<sup>4</sup> Stole a veil which covered the head and shoulders, worn by Roman matrons.

There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak,  
 Sweet bud, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy '  
 Thee, chauntie'st, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even song,  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud  
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar,  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removed place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the dooms from nightly harm  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out watch the Bear,<sup>1</sup>  
 With thrice great Hermes,<sup>2</sup> or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook  
 And of those Demons<sup>3</sup> that we found  
 In fire, in flood, or under ground  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element  
 Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,<sup>4</sup>  
 Or the tale of Troy divine  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage  
 But O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus<sup>5</sup> from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as waibled to the string  
 Drew non tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did seek<sup>6</sup>  
 Or call up him<sup>7</sup> that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,

<sup>1</sup> Ursa Major This constellation never sets

<sup>2</sup> Trismegistus i.e. the thrice grand He was an Egyptian priest and astronomer who instructed his countrymen in the sciences. The works translated and published as his are said to be apocryphal

<sup>3</sup> Plato believed that the elements were peopled with spirits

<sup>4</sup> The story of Thebes of Oedipus and

his sons and the horrid tradition of Pelops were the subjects of the great Greek tragedies

<sup>5</sup> Musæus and Orpheus are mentioned together in Plutarch's Republic as two of the genuine Greek poets — L. WATSON

<sup>6</sup> Pluto charmed by the music of Orpheus restored to him his dead wife Eurydice

<sup>7</sup> Chaucer The Squire's Tale is alluded to

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride  
 And if aught else great bards beside<sup>1</sup>  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear  
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frownc'd<sup>2</sup> as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy<sup>3</sup> to hunt,  
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profane eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish<sup>4</sup> eye,  
 While the bee with homed thigh,  
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep,

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to Spenser's 'Fairie Queen'  
<sup>2</sup> Frownc'd meant an excessive or  
 affected dressing of the hair. It is from  
 the French *froncer* to curl. —T. WARTON  
<sup>3</sup> 'Tricked' means 'dressed out'

<sup>3</sup> Cephalus Aurora the goddess of  
 the morning fell in love with him  
 —OVID *Met* VII 701  
<sup>4</sup> Gaudy

And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,<sup>1</sup>  
 And love the high embow'd roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced choir below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heav'n doth show,  
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain  
 These pleasures Melancholy give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live

---

Watson conjectures that the right reading is *cloisters pale* i. e., enclosure

## ARCADES

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Hatfield by some noble persons of her family who appear on the scene in pastoral habit moving toward the seat of state with this song —

### SONG I

Look, nymphs, and shepherds lool,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence desery,  
Too divine to be mistook  
This, this is she  
To whom our views and wishes bend  
Here our solemn search hath end  
Fame, that her high worth to rust,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise  
Less than half we find express'd,  
Envy bid conceal the rest  
Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads,  
This, this is she alone,  
Sitting like a Goddess bright,  
In the centre of her light  
Might she the wise Latona be,  
Or the tower'd Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred Gods?  
Juno dues not give her odds,  
Who had thought this clime had nold  
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward the Genius of the Wood appears and turning toward  
them speaks

GIV' STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

---

<sup>1</sup> Alice Spenser daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe. Milton lived in the neighbourhood of Hatfield which was near Uxbridge. His father lived at Horton near Colnebrook and held

his house under the Paul of Bridge water. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. Spenser was related to her family.

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse,<sup>1</sup>  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,  
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity,  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
 What shallow searching Flame has left untold  
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon  
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in orken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove,  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross due looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with crinkled venom bites  
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,  
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,

<sup>1</sup> A river of Arcadia, which sinks into the earth, passes under the sea, without mixing its waters with the salt waves, and rises near Syracuse, in Sicily

where it joins the Arethusa, and flows conjointly with that stream to the sea. See Shelley's exquisite poem, Arethusa



# COMUS, A MASK

1634

Presented at Ludlow Castle before John Iul of Bridgewater then  
President of Wales

'Comus' was suggested to the Poet by the fact that the two sons and the daughter of the Iul of Bridgewater on their return from a visit to some relations in Herefordshire were bountied in Haywood Forest and the Lady Alice was for a short time lost. The Mask was written for the Michaelmas festivities of 1634 and acted by Lord Bridgewater's children. The music composed for it was by Henry Lawes who performed in it the part of the Spirit or Thyrsis. He was the son of Thomas Lawes a Vicar Choral of Salisbury Cathedral and was at first a chorister himself. He became finally one of the Court musicians to Charles I. Masks and music fled before the stern gloom of the Commonwealth and Lawes was compelled to gain his living by teaching the lute. His greatest friends during this period of difficulty and poverty were the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton. He lived to the Restoration and composed the Coronation Anthem for Charles II. 'Comus' was first published by Iwies without Milton's name in 1637 with a dedication to Lord Brackley. Masks were the fashion of the age and Milton was probably called on by Lord Bridgewater to produce one because he had already written the 'Arcades' for Lady Bridgewater's mother, Lady Derby at Harefield in Middlesex.

## THE PERSONS

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis	First Brother
Comus with his crew	Second Brother
The Lady	Sublime the Nymph

## THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE—

The Lord Brackley	Mr Thomas Egerton, his brother
The Lady Alice Egerton	

The First Scene discovers a Wild Wood

The attendant Spirit<sup>1</sup> descends or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth and with low thoughted care  
Confined, and pester'd<sup>2</sup> in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,  
After this mortal change, to her true servants,  
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sunted seats

<sup>1</sup> The Spirit is called Demon in  
the Cambridge MS.—WARTON

<sup>2</sup> Crowded, from *pesta*, a crowd

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
 That opes the palace of eternity,  
 To such my errand is, and but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
 With the rank vapours of this sin worn mould.

But to my task Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,  
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
 Imperial rule of all the sea girt isles,  
 That like to rich and various gems inlay  
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,  
 By course commits to several government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents but this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue haired deities,  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms<sup>1</sup>  
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,  
 And new intrusted sceptre, but their way  
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding honour of whose shady brows  
 Threats the foilow and wand'ring passenger,  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove  
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard,  
 And listen why, for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bud, in hall or bowel

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,

---

<sup>1</sup> The Welsh

On Circe's island fell who knows not Cice,  
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmèd cup  
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?  
 This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks,  
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus<sup>1</sup> named  
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowel'd  
 Exceeds his mother at her mighty art,  
 Offering to ev'ry weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)  
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,  
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were,  
 And they, so perfect is their misery  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty  
 Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,

<sup>1</sup> Comus was the god of good cheer  
 He had appeared as a dramatic per-

sonage in one of Jonson's Masques before  
 the Court in 1619

Well know, to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand his glass in the other with him a  
 rout of moths (as headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts but otherwise like men  
 and women their apparel glistening they come in making a riotous and unruly  
 noise with torches in their hands*

COMUS The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the etherial goal  
 Of his chamber in the east  
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
 Tipsy Dance and Jollity  
 Bind your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie  
 We that are of purer fire  
 Imitate the stony quene,  
 Who in then nightly watchful spheres  
 Lead in swift round the months and years  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice<sup>1</sup> move,  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves

<sup>1</sup> The morrice, or Moonish dance long  
 a great favourite with our ancestors. It  
 was introduced by John of Gaunt it is

said in the reign of Edward III, on his  
 return from Spain

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
 The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep,  
 What hath night to do with sleep?<sup>1</sup>  
 Night hath better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love  
 Come let us our rites begin  
 'Tis only day light that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report  
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark veil'd Cotytto,<sup>1</sup> t' whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns, mysterious dame  
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon char,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,  
 The morn, on the Indian steep  
 From her cabin'd loophole peep  
 And to the tell tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round

## THE MEASURE

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,  
 Our number may affright Some virgin sue  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods Now to my chains,  
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long  
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother Circe Thus I hush

---

<sup>1</sup> The goddess of wantonness, worshipp'd by the ancient Greeks at night

My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well placed words of glozing courtesy  
 Butted with reasons not unplausible,  
 Wind me into the easy hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares    When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear  
 But here she comes, I fully<sup>1</sup> step aside  
 And hearken, if I may, her business here

The Lady enters

LADY This way the noise was, if mine can be true,  
 My best guide now, methought it was the sound  
 Of not and ill managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the Gods amiss    I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
 Of such late wassailers, yet O where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
 Stopp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind hospitable woods provide  
 They left me then, when the gray hooded Even  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,

---

<sup>1</sup> Softly

Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likest  
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me else, O thievish Night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stus,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd thee lumps  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows due,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience —  
 O welcome pure eyed Faith, white handed Hope,  
 Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove  
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off

## SONG

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen  
 Within thy my shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus air?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of pearly, daughter of the sphere!  
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies

## Enter Comus

COM Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard  
 My mother Once with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,  
 Who as they sung would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!



Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shine  
 Dwelt st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood

LAD Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears,  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch

COM What chance, good Lady, hath beleft you this?

LAD Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth

COM Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

LAD They left me weary on a grassy turf

COM By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LAD To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring

COM And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LAD They were but twain, and purposed quick return

COM Perhaps forestalling night prevented them

LAD How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM Imports then loss, beside the present need?

LAD No less than if I should my Brothers lose

COM Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips

COM Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd<sup>1</sup> hedgehog at his supper sat,

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their port was more than human, as they stood

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play in th' plighted clouds I was awe struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd, if those you seek,

<sup>1</sup> Wearied with toil

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,  
To help you find them

LAD Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM Due west it rises from this shrubby point

LAD To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,  
In such a scant allowance of star light,  
Would overtask the best land pilot's art,  
Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet

COM I know each lane and every alley green,  
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
My daily walls and ancient neighbourhood,  
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged  
Or shroud within these limits I shall know  
Ere morrow wake on the low roosted lark  
From her thatch'd pallet rouse, if otherwise  
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
Till further quest

LAD Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls  
And courts of princes where it first was named,  
And yet is most pretended in a place  
Less warranted than this or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it  
Lyc me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
To my proportion'd strength Shepherd, lead on

Enter the two Brothers

1 BR Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,  
That wou'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades,  
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
With black usurping mists some gentle taper,  
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 O! Tyrian Cynosure<sup>1</sup>

2 BR O! if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
 O! sound of pastoral reed with oaten stop,  
 O! whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathered dunes,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs  
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister  
 Where may she wander now, whither betide her  
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fear  
 What, if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 O!, while we speak, within the dreadful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BR Peace, Brother, be not over exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 O! if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion!  
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,  
 O! so unprincipled in virtue's bow,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into misbecoming plight

<sup>1</sup> Our Greater or Lesser Bear star  
 Calisto the daughter of Lycaon king  
 of Arcady was changed into the Greater  
 Bear called also Helice and her son  
 Arcas into the Lesser, called also Cyno

stina (see p. 28) by observing of which  
 the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their  
 course as the Grecian mariners did by  
 the other — NEWTON

Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impan'd  
 He that has light within his own clear breast,  
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid day sun,  
 Himself is his own dungeon

2 BR 'Tis most true,  
 That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate house,  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence  
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste  
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not,  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned Sister

1 BR I do not, Brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy,  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint suspicion  
My Sister is not so defenceless left,  
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not

2 BR What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

1 BR I mean that too but yet a hidden strength,  
Which, if Heaven give it, may be term'd her own,  
'Tis chastity, my Brother chastity  
She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds  
Where through the sacred ways of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd mien  
Be it not done in pride or in presumption  
Some say no evil thing that wills by night,  
In fog, or fire by lake or moonish fen,  
Blue meagre hag or stubborn unland ghost,  
That breaks his magic charms at our few time,  
No goblin or sylvan fury of the mine  
Hath nuptial power o'er true virginity  
Do ye believe me yet or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the aims of chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Faint silver shifted queen for ever chaste  
Wherewith she tim'd the blinded hounds  
And spotted mount unpraid, but set it nought  
The treacherous bolt of Cupid, Gods and men  
Feard her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods  
What was that snake-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
 And noble grace that dush'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
 So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And n clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in church vaults, and sepulchres,  
 Lingeing and sitting by a new made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it loved  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state

2 BR How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns

1 B List, list, I hear  
 Some far off halloo break the silent air

2 B Methought so too what should it be?

1 B For certain  
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows

2 B Heav'n keep my Sister Again, again, and near,  
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard

1 B I'll halloo,  
 If he be friendly, he comes well, if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us

Enter the attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak,  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else

SPIR What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again

2 B O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure

1 B Thyrsis? Whose rapt strains have oft deliy'd  
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal<sup>1</sup>  
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale  
 How camest thou here, good swain? With any ram  
 Slipt from the fold or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
 How couldst thou find this dail sequester'd nook?

SIR O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf, not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought  
 To this my errand and the care it brought  
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

1 BR To tell thee sadly<sup>2</sup> Shepherd without blame,  
 On our neglect, we lost her and we came

SPIR Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true

1 BR What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithce briefly show

SIR I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
 Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,  
 What the sage poets, taught by the heav'nly Muse,  
 Storied of old, in high immortal verse  
 Of due chimeras, and enchanted isles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind

Within the navel of this hideous wood  
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,  
 Of Babelus and of Cince born, great Comus

<sup>1</sup> A compliment to Lucretius

<sup>2</sup> Sincerely, seriously -- Next to

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,  
 And here to every thirsty wanderer  
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's nuntage  
 Character'd in the face this I have learnt  
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts  
 That brow this bottom glade, whence, night by night,  
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
 In their obscured hunts of inmost bowers  
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way  
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
 Had t'ien their supper on the savoury herb  
 Of knot grass dew bespient, and were in fold,  
 I set me down to watch upon a bank  
 With ivy canopied, and interwove  
 With flaunting honey suckle, and began,  
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,  
 The wonted rout was up amidst the woods  
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,  
 At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,  
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,  
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep,  
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes  
 And stol' upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displaced I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a soul  
 Under the ribs of death, but O ere long



Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister  
 Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
 And O poor helpless nightingale thought I  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
 Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not

2 BR O night and shades,  
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot  
 Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me Brother?

1 BR Yes, and keep it still,  
 Lest on it surely not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me against the threats  
 Of malice or of sovereignty or that power  
 Which cowering men call Chance, though I hold firm,  
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,  
 Yet even that which mischief meant me to thum,  
 Shall in the happy trial prove me to glory  
 But evil on itself shall bick recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness when at last  
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self fed, and self consumed if this fail,  
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness  
 And earth's base built on stubble But come, let's on  
 Against the opposing will and aim of heaven

May never this just sword be lifted up,  
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
 With all the grisly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out  
 And force him to return his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 And end as his life

SPIR Alas! good venturous youth,  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stand,  
 For other arms and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms  
 He with his bare wand can unthrust thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews

I BR Why prithee Shepherd  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
 As to make this relation?

SIR Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray  
 He loved me well and oft would beg me sing  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstacy,  
 And in requit il ope his leathern scup,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out,  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted<sup>1</sup> shoon

<sup>1</sup> Clouts are thin and narrow plates of iron affixed with hobnails to the shoes of rustics — T. WARREN

And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave,  
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bad me keep it as of sovereign use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
 O! ghastly funes' apparition  
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd  
 But now I find it true, for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,  
 Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells  
 And yet came off if you have this about you,  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,  
 Where if he be with dauntless hardihood,  
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground  
 But seize his wand, though he and his cursed crew  
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
 O! like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke  
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink  
 I BR Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us

The Scene changes to a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness soft  
 music tables spread with all dainties Comus appears with his riddle and the  
 Lady set in an enchanted chair to whom he offers his glass which she puts by  
 and goes about to rise

COM Nay, Lady, sit, if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chun'd up in alabaster,  
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
 Root bound, that fled Apollo

LAD Fool, do not boast,  
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal mind  
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sec's good

COM Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates  
 Sorrow flies far See, here be all the pleasures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose season  
 And first behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd  
 Not that Nepenthes,<sup>1</sup> which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And huskily deal, like an ill borrower  
 With that which you received on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must submit,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tired all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted, but, fair Virgin,  
 This will restore all soon

LAD 'Twill not, false traitor,  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies  
 Was this the Cottage and the safe abode  
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy bewitch'd enchantments, foul deceivers,  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With viscid falsehood and base forgery?  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well govern'd and wise appetite

Com O foolishness of men<sup>1</sup> that lend then ears  
 To those budge<sup>1</sup> doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch then piecepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable  
 But all to please, and sate the curious ta<sup>2</sup>  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth hurd silk  
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loms  
 She hutch d<sup>2</sup> the all worshipp d ore, and precious gems,  
 To store her children with if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temp rance feed on pulse  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but fuzze  
 The All giver would be unthank d would be ungraced,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth  
 And live like Nature s bastards not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility,  
 Th' earth cumber d, and the wing d air durl d with plumes,  
 The herds would over multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light and come it last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows  
 Last Lady be not coy, and be not coen d  
 With that same vaunted name Virginitie  
 Beauty is Nature s coin, must not be hoarded  
 But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutuall and partial en bliss,  
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself,

<sup>1</sup> Budge is lamb s fur formerly an ornament of scholastic habits

<sup>2</sup> Hoarded

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's briag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship,  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence, coarse complexions,  
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool  
 What need a vermeil tinctured lip for that,  
 Love darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be advised you are but young yet

LAD I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd um, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules print'd in reason's grub  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride  
 Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance, she good caters,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and becoming share  
 Of that which lowly pamper'd luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams and blasphemes his feeder Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,

Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling force,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced,  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt pursuits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all over, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,  
 To some of Saturn's crew I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is mere mortal babble, and dissent  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood  
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste —

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn wrest his glass out of his hand and break  
 it against the ground his rout make sign of resistance but are all driven in  
 The attendant Spirit comes in

SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
 And bound him fast, without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of discovering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here

In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains  
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,  
 Whilome she was the daughter of Locine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course  
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
 Held up their peck'd wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,  
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbath  
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodel,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropp'd in ambrosial oils till she revived,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the heids along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and all luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to malice,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pansies, pinks, and grudy daffodils  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasp'd chain, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoked in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard besetting need, this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse



## SONG

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber drooping hair,  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save  
 Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth shaling Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' <sup>1</sup> grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look  
 And the Cyprian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's <sup>2</sup> winding shell,  
 And old soothing Glaucus' <sup>3</sup> spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the straits, <sup>4</sup>  
 By Thetis' <sup>5</sup> tinsel slipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Syrens sweet  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb <sup>6</sup>  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring lock  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise now, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral paven bed,  
 And bide in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have  
 Listen and save

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Oceanus

<sup>2</sup> Proteus who had a cave in Cyprianus an island of the Mediterranean. He was a wizard a prophet and Neptune's shepherd and therefore held a crook

<sup>3</sup> Neptune's trumpeter

<sup>4</sup> Glaucus an excellent diver was made a sea god. He was a prophet and is said to have taught Apollo to prophesy

<sup>5</sup> Leucothea i.e. the white goddess

She was Ino who flying from her mad husband Athamas cast her self with her child into the sea. Neptune at the request of Venus changed both into sea deities and gave her the new name of Leucothea

<sup>6</sup> Palaemon the infant in her arms when she sprang into the sea

<sup>7</sup> A sea goddess called by Homer *scylla* *tail'd*

<sup>8</sup> Parthenope and Ligea were two of the Syrens

Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings  
 By the rushy fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
 That in the channel strays,  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
 Thus I set my printless fleet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet herd,  
 That bends not as I tread,  
 Gentle Swain, at thy request  
 I am here

SE. Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distrest,  
 Through the force, and through the wild  
 Of unblest enchantment vile

SAPP. Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity  
 Brightest Lady look on me,  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of precious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow

Sabrina descends and the Lady rises out of her seat

SP. Virgin, daughter of Locrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Locrine was the son of Brutus the great grandson of Æneas

May thy hummed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills  
 Summer drouth, or singed air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud,  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl, and the golden ore,  
 May thy lofty head be crown'd  
 With many a tow'ring terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon  
 Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device  
 Not a waste, or needless sound,  
 Till we come to holier ground,  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide,  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence  
 Where this night we met in state  
 My friend to gratulate  
 His wish'd presence, and beside  
 All the swains that there abide,  
 With jigs, and rural dance resort,  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer,  
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

The Squire changes presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle then come  
 in country dancers after them the attendant spirit with the two Brothers and  
 the Lady

SONG

Sir Back, Shepherds back, enough you play,  
 Till next sunshine holiday,

Here be without duck or nod  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise,  
 With the mincing Dryades,  
 On the lawns, and on the leas

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Thrice fair branches of your own,  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,  
 Then faith, their patience and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance

The daughters ended the *Symposium*

So To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky  
 There I suck the liquid inn  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree<sup>1</sup>  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring  
 The Graces, and the rosy bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring,  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells

<sup>1</sup> The daughters of Hesperus the brother of Atlas had gardens or orchards which produced apples of gold

Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can show,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen,<sup>1</sup>  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,  
 After her wandering labours long  
 Till free consent the Gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy, so Jove hath sworn  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd walkin' slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon

Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime  
 Or if Virtue feeble were,  
 He w'n itself would stoop to her

<sup>1</sup> Venus so called because she was worshipped by the Assyrians See Ovid  
Met IX 66

## LYCIDAS.

1637

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend<sup>1</sup> unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1634, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year  
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer  
Who would not sing for Lycidas?<sup>2</sup> He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind  
Without the meed of some melodious tear  
Begin then Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,  
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud  
For we were nursed upon the self same hill  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill  
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eyelid of the morn,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward King the friend of Milton whose early death is bewailed in this poem was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth James I. and Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland to visit his family his ship struck on a rock on the English coast and he perished in the sea. He was

distinguished for his piety and talents and was a fellow of Christ Church Cambridge

<sup>2</sup> King was at Cambridge with Milton

<sup>3</sup> See marginal reading of Neither let it see the dawning of the day, Job iii 9

We drove a field, and both together heard  
 What tune the gray fly winds her sultry horn,<sup>1</sup>  
 Butt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening bright,  
 Tow'rd heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long  
 And old Damoxis<sup>2</sup> loved to hear our song

But O the heavy charge, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone and never must return!  
 There, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen,  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays  
 As lulling as the curl'd to the rock  
 Or taunt worn to the wailing herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flows that their gray wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white thorn blows,

Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,<sup>3</sup>

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream  
 Ay me! I fondly dream!

Had ye been there, for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,<sup>5</sup>

The Muse herself for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,

<sup>1</sup> The trumpet fly Its hum is loudest at noon

<sup>2</sup> Probably their tutor Dr Chappell

<sup>3</sup> The Druids sepulchres were at Kerig y Drudion in the mountains of Donbighshire

<sup>4</sup> The Isle of Anglesea

<sup>5</sup> The Dec said by Spenser to be the haunt of magicians These places were all near the Irish Sea where Lycidas embarked for Ireland

<sup>6</sup> Calliope was the mother of Orpheus.

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,<sup>1</sup>  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neris in hue?  
 Fame is the spirit that the clean spirit doth abuse  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delight and live laborious days,  
 But the fun given when we hope to find,  
 And thence to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears  
 And cuts the thin spun life. But not the praise,"  
 Lycidas replied and touch'd my trembling ears,  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glist'ring foil  
 Set off to th' world nor in broad rumour lies,  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
 And perfect witness of all judging Jove,  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."  
 O fountain Arethuse and thou honour'd flood,  
 Smooth sliding Mincius,<sup>2</sup> crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood  
 But now my oar proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea,  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That flows from off each beaked promontory  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Bacchantes

<sup>2</sup> In Sicily

<sup>3</sup> Near Mantua

<sup>4</sup> Folus (the Last Wind) was the son  
 of Hippotades



That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters ply'd  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 'That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next Camus,<sup>1</sup> reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe<sup>2</sup>  
 Ah ! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake  
 Two missy keys he bore of metals twain,<sup>3</sup>  
 (The golden opes the iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake,  
 How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,<sup>4</sup>  
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep hook, or have learn'd ought else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped,  
 And when they list, then lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel<sup>5</sup> pipes of wretched straw,  
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,  
 But swoll with wind, and the rank must they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,  
 But that two handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more

<sup>1</sup> The Cam

<sup>2</sup> The Hyacinth supposed to bear the letters A I put on it by Apollo in memory of his grief for Hyacinthus  
 See note at p 2

<sup>3</sup> The pilot of the Galilean lake is St Peter

<sup>4</sup> King intended to take orders in the Church of England

<sup>5</sup> Thin lean, meagre —T WARTON

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk rose, and the well attuned woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strow the laureate herse where Lycid lies  
 For so to interpose a little ease  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise  
 Ay me! Whilst thine the shores, and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Helbrides,  
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,  
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world,  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount<sup>2</sup>  
 Looks toward Namuncos<sup>3</sup> and Bayona's hold  
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth  
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Bellerus a Cornish giant from Belle  
 rum

<sup>2</sup> Mount St Michael near the Lands  
 End Cornwall

<sup>3</sup> In an Atlas of 1623 and in a map of  
 Galicia near Cape Finisterre is marked  
 a place called Namuncos. In this map  
 also is marked the Castle of Bayona

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,  
 So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams and with new spangled o'er  
 Flumes in the forehead of the morning sky,  
 So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,  
 Thro' the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves  
 Where other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love  
 There entertain him all the suns above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing and singing in their glory move  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eye  
 Now Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense and hallow'd flood  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and hills,  
 While the still morn went out with sundry gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropp'd into the western bay,  
 At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new

# Paradise Lost.

## THE METRE OF PARADISE LOST

The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rhime, as that of Homer in Croick and of Virgil in Latin, Rhime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age to stiffen wretched matter and lame Meters, first introduced since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and contentment to express many things of service, and for the most part worse then else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rhime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also the English, since our best English Poets, as a thing of itself to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight, which consists only in apt Number, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of ineffectual endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Latin and all good Poetry. This neglect then of Rhime, so little as to be taken for a defect though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rhiming.

From Milton's own Edition, 1609

### BOOK I

#### THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes first in brief the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereof, in of Paradise, wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent, who revolting from God, and having to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over the Ocean hither into the midst of things presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed, but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him, they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner con-founded, they rise, their numbers array of battle, their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven, for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates then attempt, Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises suddenly built out of the deep, the infernal Powers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing heav'nly Muse that on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd,<sup>1</sup> who first taught the chosen seed,  
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth  
 Rose out of Chaos, or if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Silo's brook that flow'd  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount,<sup>2</sup> while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st, thou from the first  
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,<sup>3</sup>  
 And mad'st it pregnant what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support,  
 That to the height of this great argument  
 I may assert eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men

Say first for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first, what cause  
 Moved our grand Parents in that happy state,  
 Favour'd of heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal serpent, he it was, whose guile,  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride

<sup>1</sup> Moses

<sup>2</sup> A small brook that flowed near the Temple of Jerusalem

<sup>3</sup> A mountain in Boeotia. In mythology the Muses were said to dwell on it

<sup>4</sup> Gen. 12

Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host  
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,<sup>1</sup>  
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God  
 Raised impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt Him the almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantyne chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf  
 Confounded though immortal but his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him, round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate  
 At once, as far as angels ken he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great furnace, flamed, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever burning sulphur unconsumed  
 Such place eternal justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far removed from God and light of heav'n,

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiv 13-15

<sup>2</sup> *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'*

*intrate* was the inscription placed by Dante over the gates of his Inferno

As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fall'  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 Beelzebub<sup>1</sup> To whom th' arch enemy,  
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan<sup>2</sup> with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began

If thou beest he—But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
 From him who in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
 Myriads though bright! If he, whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
 In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fall'n—so much the stronger proved  
 He with his thunder, and till then who knew  
 The force of those divine? yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage  
 ('in else mischievous do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre that fix'd mind  
 And his high disdain from sense of injured merit  
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,  
 That durst dilike his reign, and, me preferring  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,  
 And shook his throne—What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost, th' unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate

<sup>1</sup> The god of flies worshipped by the Philistines (2 Kings 1:2). The Jews considered Beelzebub the greatest of the devils. See their accusation of our Lord St Matt. xii 24-27 where it appears that with them Beelzebub and

Satan were synonymous names. Milton makes them two different fallen angels.

<sup>2</sup> Satan is a Hebrew word, signifying enemy. The enemy both of God and man.

And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome,  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me to bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
 This downfall, since by fate the strength of Gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event,  
 In aims not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,

Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,  
 Vntrusting loud but rack'd with deep despair  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer

O Prince O chief of many throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct and, in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
 Too well I see and rue the due event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us heav'n and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and heavenly essences  
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery  
 But what if he our conqueror, whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,  
 Has left us this our spirit and strength entire,  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,



That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls  
 By right of war whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words th' Arch fiend replied  
     Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
 Doing or suffering but of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will,  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil,  
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
 But see! the angry victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
 Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulphurous hail,  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
 Of heav'n received us falling, and the thunder,  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let us not slip this occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 The seat of desolation, void of light  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
 If not, what resolution from despair

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head up lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size  
 Titanian, or Earth born, that warr'd on Jove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream  
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foun  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd ship  
 Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fix'd anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.<sup>2</sup>  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch fiend lay,  
 Chain'd on the burning lake nor ever thence  
 Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all ruling heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and eniag'd might see  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown  
 On man by him seduced, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature, on each hand the flames  
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd

<sup>1</sup> The Titans were monstrous giants said to have made war against the gods. Briareus had a hundred hands. Typhon was the same as Typhoeus who was

imprisoned by Jupiter in a cave near Tarsus in Cilicia.

<sup>2</sup> The whale is evidently here intended

In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire,  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus<sup>1</sup> or the shattered side  
 Of thund'ring Ætna whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, and the winds,  
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet Him follow'd his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,  
 As Gods and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the sufferance of supernatural power  
 Is this the region thus the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat  
 That we must chunge for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he  
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right furthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals I'll dwell happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells hail horrors, hail  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell  
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least  
 We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence

<sup>1</sup> Capo di Iaro, in Sicily<sup>2</sup> 'There's nothing either good or bad but  
Thinking makes it so —SHAKESPEARE

Here we may reign secure and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n  
But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,  
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,  
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regain'd in heav'n or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake and him Beelzebub  
Thus answer'd Leader of those uncles bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
It once they hear that voice their highest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers heard so oft  
In worst extremities and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it raged in all assaults  
Their surest signal they will soon resume  
New courage and revive though now they lie  
Groving and prostrate on yon hill of fire,  
As we awhile astonish'd and amazed  
No wonder fall'n such a pernicious height<sup>1</sup>

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend  
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield,  
Ethiopian temper massy large and round,  
Behind him cast, the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist<sup>2</sup> views  
At evening from the top of Pico  
Or in Valdarno to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe  
His spear to equal which the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support unsteady steps  
Over the burning marl, not like the steps  
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime

<sup>1</sup> Height  
<sup>2</sup> Galileo Milton became acquainted  
with the great astronomer when travel

led him in Italy. Optic glass was the name  
given then and some time after to the  
telescope

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 ●f that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa,<sup>1</sup> where th' Etrurian shades  
 High overarch'd embower, or scatter'd sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath vex'd the Red sea coast, whose waves o'crathrew  
 Busiris<sup>3</sup> and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot wheels so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change  
 He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded Princes Potentates,  
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n once yours, now lost,  
 If such astonishment is this can seize  
 Eternal spirits, or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for thence you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with link'd thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,

<sup>1</sup> In Tuscany

<sup>2</sup> Orion is the constellation representing an armed warrior. It was supposed to be attended with stormy

weather. ASSUENS fluctu nimiosus  
 Orion Vir. A. I. 59. — NEWTON  
 The Pharaoh of Exodus xiv

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel,  
 Yet to then Generals voice they soon obey'd,  
 Innumerable As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, waiving on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile.<sup>1</sup>  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,  
 "Twixt upper, nether, and sun-bounding fires,  
 Till, as a signal given, th' uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain  
 A multitude like which the populous north  
 Pou'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw<sup>2</sup> when her barbarous sons<sup>4</sup>  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands  
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood  
 Their great Commander, God like shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

<sup>1</sup> Exodus x 15

<sup>2</sup> The populous north as the northern parts of the world are observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries. Sir William Temple calls it the northern hive. I should never have used a very proper word to express the inundations of these northern nations. From her frozen loins it is the Scripture expression of children and descendants coming out of the loins as Gen xxxv 11. Kings shall come out of thy loins, and these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate.—NEWTON

<sup>3</sup> To pass Rhene or the Danaw. He might have said consistently with his verse the Rhine or Danube but he chose the more uncommon names Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the

German both which words are used too in Spenser.—NEWTON

<sup>4</sup> When her barbarous sons &c. They were truly barbarous for besides exercising several cruelties they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. Came like a deluge. Spenser describing the same people has the same simile. Ineric Queen's B II cant 1st 15—And overflowed all countries far away. Like Noyes great flood with their importune sway.

They were the Goths and Huns and Vandals who overrun all the southern provinces of Europe and crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar landed in Africa and spread themselves as far as Libya. Beneath Gibraltar means more southward.—NEWTON

And powers, that erst in heaven sat on thrones,  
 Though of their names in heavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rized  
 By their rebellion from the books of life;<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till wandering over the earth,  
 'Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute adorned  
 With gayer religion full of pomp and gold,  
 And Devils to adore for Deities.  
 Then were they known to men by various names,  
 And various idol through the heathen world  
 Say, Muses, their names then known who fast, who last,  
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch  
 At their great lampion call as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the burning sand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof;<sup>2</sup>  
 The chief were those who from the pit of hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth descended;  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Then altars by his altar, Gods adored  
 Among the nations round, and dust abide  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned  
 Between the Cherubim, yea often placed  
 Within his sanctuary itself then shines,  
 Abominations,<sup>3</sup> and with cur'd things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
 And with their durlin durst affront his light  
 First Moloch, horrid king beset with blood  
 Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud

<sup>1</sup> Psalm ix 5 6 Rev iii 1

<sup>2</sup> Levit xvi 7 Psalm cvi 37

<sup>3</sup> Ezek viii 15, 16

<sup>4</sup> The word *Moloch* in King II  
 is styled *herod* on account of the awful  
 human sacrifices offered to him

Then children's cries unheard, that past through fire<sup>1</sup>  
 To his gum idol Him the Ammonite  
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plun,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon Not content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill,<sup>2</sup> and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom Tophet thence  
 And black Gehem call'd,<sup>3</sup> the type of hell<sup>4</sup>  
 Next Chemos<sup>5</sup> th' obscene dread of Moab's son,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abanum in Hebron  
 And Hieronaim, Seon's realm beyond  
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines  
 And Fleile to the Asphaltic pool  
 Peor his other name when he enticed  
 Israel in Sittim, on then much from Nil  
 To do him wanton rites which cost them voice  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
 Far to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide last hid by hute,  
 Till good Josiah<sup>6</sup> drove them thence to hell  
 With these came they who from the bounding flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that puts  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Balam and Ashtaroth<sup>7</sup> those male  
 These feminine for spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume or both, so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb  
 Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,

<sup>1</sup> Moloch was represented by an idol of brass sitting on a throne crowned. Before him was a furnace. His extended arms sloped down to it. Infants placed in his arms fell into the furnace and were consumed.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Kings xi 7

<sup>3</sup> It was called *Tophet* from *toph* a drum, the noise of drums being em-

ployed to drown the cries of the poor babies offered to the idol.

<sup>4</sup> So used by our Lord

<sup>5</sup> 1 Kings xi 7

<sup>6</sup> 2 Kings xxiii

<sup>7</sup> Frequently named together in Scripture. They were the sun Bael the moon Ashtaroth and the stars *im* being the plural termination of the name Bael.



Like cumbious flesh, but in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods, for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in battle sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes With these in troop  
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns,  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung where stood  
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king,<sup>1</sup> whose heart though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolitresses, fell  
 To idols foul Thammuz<sup>2</sup> came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded the love tile  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw,<sup>3</sup> when by the vision led  
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolitnes  
 Of alienated Judah Next came one

<sup>1</sup> Solomon who built a temple to Astoreth the moon on the Mount of Olives

<sup>2</sup> Adonis See Maundrell's Travels p. 34 We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (the Adonis called by the Turks Ibrahim Bassa) viz that this stream at certain seasons of the year especially about the feast of Adonis is of a bloody colour which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding

from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis Something like this we saw actually came to pass for the water was stained to a surprising redness and as we observed in travelling had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue occasioned doubtless by a sort of mimum or red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain and not by any stain from Adonis blood

<sup>3</sup> Ezek viii 12

Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Mourn'd his brute image, head and hands lapt off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel<sup>1</sup> edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers  
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man  
 And downward fish yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds  
 Him follow'd Rimmon,<sup>2</sup> whose delightful seat  
 Was fan Damascus, on the fertile bank  
 Of Abbana and Phuphar, lucid streams  
 He also against the house of God was bold  
 A leper once he lost<sup>3</sup> and gain'd a king,  
 Ahar his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to dispurge,<sup>4</sup> and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquish'd After these appear'd  
 A crew, who under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus<sup>5</sup> and then tiun,  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Ægypt and her priests to seek  
 Their wand'ring Gods disguised in brutish forms<sup>6</sup>  
 Rather than human Nor did Israel 'scape  
 The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb,<sup>7</sup> and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,<sup>8</sup>  
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd  
 From Ægypt marching, equal'd with one stroke  
 Both her first born and all her bleating gods  
 Belial<sup>9</sup> came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself to him no temple stood

<sup>1</sup> Threshold groundsel

<sup>2</sup> 1 Sam v 4

<sup>3</sup> A Syrian god

<sup>4</sup> Naaman See 2 Kings v 17

<sup>5</sup> 2 Kings xvi 10 2 Chron xxviii 23

<sup>6</sup> Orus was the son of Osiris (the sun)  
and Isis (the moon)

<sup>7</sup> The sacred calf the ram &c

<sup>8</sup> Exod xxxii

<sup>9</sup> 1 Kings xii 28

<sup>10</sup> The god of lewdness and luxury

With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
 From mortal or immortal minds Thus they,  
 Breathing united force, with fix'd thought,  
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, and now  
 Advanced in view they stand a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,  
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
 Had to impose he through the arm'd files  
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views, then order due,  
 Then visages and stature as of Gods,  
 Then number last he sums And now his heart  
 Distends with pride and hardning in his strength  
 Glories, for never since created man,  
 Met such embodied force as nimb'd with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry<sup>1</sup>  
 Would on by crines, though all the giant brood  
 Of Phlegry<sup>2</sup> with th' heroic race were join'd  
 That fought at Thebes<sup>3</sup> and Ilum<sup>4</sup> on each side  
 Mix'd with unkill'd Gods, and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,<sup>5</sup>  
 Begirt with British and Aimoic knights,  
 And all who since, baptized or infidel  
 Jousted in Asprimont or Montalban<sup>6</sup>  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,  
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabie Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd

<sup>1</sup> The Pigmies See Buzilides Atho-  
 nen IX 43

<sup>2</sup> Phlegria a city of Macedonia where  
 the Titans or giants dwell who made  
 war against the gods

<sup>3</sup> Thebes a city of Boeotia famous for  
 the war between the sons of Edipus  
 Pteocles and Polyneices The subject of  
 Statius's Thebaid

<sup>4</sup> Troy the scene of which is the  
 subject of Homer's Iliad The gods  
 took different sides in this war

<sup>5</sup> Arthur Aimoic knights were  
 knights of Aimoic or Brittany

<sup>6</sup> Romantic names of places mentioned  
 in Ariosto's poem Orlando Furioso,  
 and in the old romances

Their dread commander he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness nor appear'd  
 Less than Arch angel ruin'd and th' excess  
 Of glory obscured as when the sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs <sup>1</sup> darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all th' Arch angel but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
 Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced  
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd as when heaven's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
 With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath He now prepar'd  
 To speak, whereat then doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing and half inclose him round  
 With all his peers attention held them mute  
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way  
 O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and th' strife  
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

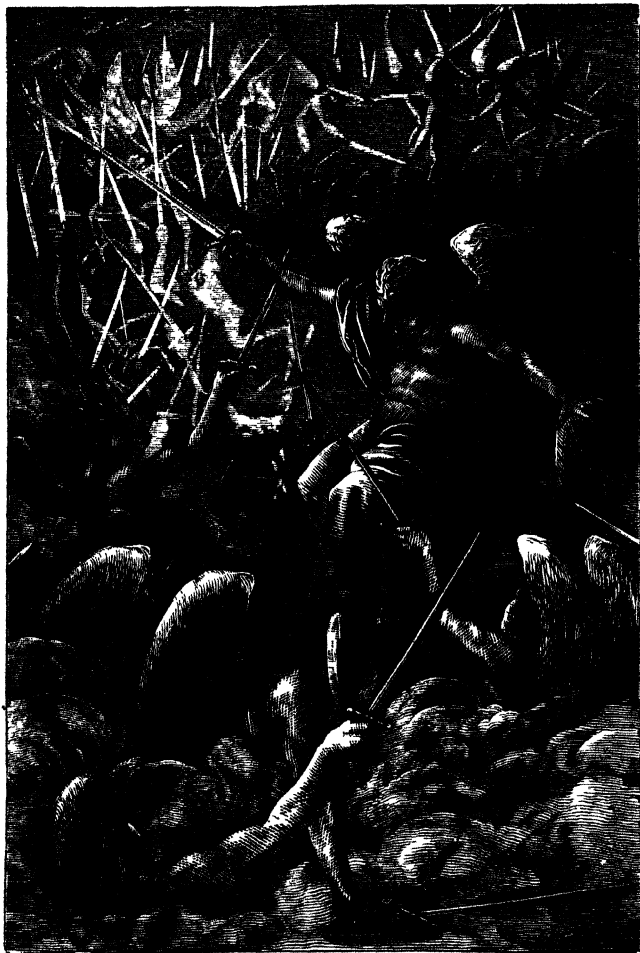
<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the superstition that an eclipse or comet foretold the disturbance of nations

<sup>2</sup> Deprived of by forfeiture Quies Divine loom p 18

See

As this place testifies, and this dire change  
 Hateful to utter but what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging from the depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
 How such united force of Gods how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
 Hath emptied heav'n,<sup>1</sup> shall fail to ascend  
 Self raised, and repossess their native seat?  
 For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,  
 If counsels different or dangers shunn'd  
 By me have lost our hopes but he who reigns  
 Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,  
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
 So is not either to provoke or dread  
 New war, provoked, our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not, that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe  
 Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife  
 There went a fume in heav'n, that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption thither or elsewhere,  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss  
 Long under darkness cover But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature peace is despair'd,  
 For who can think submission? war then, war  
 Open or understood, must be resolved





He spake and to confirm his words outflew  
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined hell —p 95

He spake and to confirm his words outflow  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim, the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined hell highly they raged  
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke, the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur Thither, wing'd with speed,  
A numerous brigade hasten'd, as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,  
Fortify the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart Mamon<sup>1</sup> led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hull a spacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wonder tell  
Of Babel and the works of Memphian king,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame  
And strength and art are easily outdone  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform

<sup>1</sup> The word Mamon is Syriac for riches (Matt vi 24), personified also by Spenser



Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross  
 A third as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook  
 As in an organ from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of pipes the sound board breathes  
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave, nor did there want  
 Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven,  
 The roof was fretted gold Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo<sup>1</sup> such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories to inhume  
 Belus or Serapis their Gods or seat  
 Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury Th ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and straight the doors  
 Op'ning then brazen folds, discover, wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement from the arched roof,  
 Pendant by subtle magic many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect his hand was known  
 In heav'n by many a towered structure high,  
 Where sceptred angels held their residence  
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,

<sup>1</sup> Cairo in Egypt

Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadorned  
 In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber,<sup>1</sup> and how he fell  
 From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements, from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle, thus they relate,  
 Erring for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before, nor aught avail'd him now  
 To have built in heav'n high towers, nor did he 'scape  
 By all his engines but was headlong sent  
 With his industrious crew to build in hell

Meanwhile the winged heralds by command  
 Of sov'reign power with awful ceremony  
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandæmonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers their summons call'd  
 From every band and squar'd regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest, they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended all access was throng'd the gates  
 And porches wide but chief the spacious hall,  
 Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in arm'd and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat or career with lance,  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings As bees  
 In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters, they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw built citadel,

<sup>1</sup> Vulcan See Homer, "Iliad" 1-590

New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer  
Their state affairs So thick the aery crowd  
Swam'd and were straiten'd, till, the signal giv'n,  
Behold a wonder ! they, but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless, like that Pygme in race  
Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Flies,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees while over head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance  
Intent with jocund music charm his ear,  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds  
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
A thousand Demi gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven some advise it others dissuade A third proposal is preferred mentioned before by Satan to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves about this time to be created then doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage is honoured and applauded The council thus ended the rest betake them several ways and to several employments as their inclinations lead them to entertain the time till Satan return He perceives on his journey to hell gates finds them shut and who sat there to guard them by whom at length they are opened and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven with what difficulty he passes through directed by Chaos the Power of that place to the sight of this new world which he sought

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Oïmus<sup>1</sup> and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
Shows on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,<sup>2</sup>  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence, and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught  
His proud imaginations thus display'd  
Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,<sup>3</sup>  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor though oppress'd and fall'n,  
I give not heav'n for lost from this descent  
Celestial virtues rising will appear  
More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate  
Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n  
Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in council or in fight,  
Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,

<sup>1</sup> In the Persian Gulf

<sup>2</sup> It was the Eastern custom for the princes of the blood royal and the emirs to sprinkle gold dust and seed pearl on

the head of the monarch at his coronation See Vie de Tamerlane (translated by M. Petit de la Croix), B II c 1  
<sup>3</sup> Colos 1 16

Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent The happier state  
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior, but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunder's arm  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no goal  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction, for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord  
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assured us, and by what best way,  
 Whether of open war or covert guile,  
 We now debate, who can advise, may speak

He ceased, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king  
 Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair  
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
 Cared not to be at all, with that care lost  
 Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse,  
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake

My sentence is for open war of wiles  
 More unexpert, I boast not them let thee  
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now  
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose,  
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once

O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the torturer, when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his angels, and his throne itself  
 Mixt with Tartar in sulphur and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. But perhaps  
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
 Insulting and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then  
 The event is fear'd, should we again provoke  
 Our stronger some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction: if there be in hell  
 Fewer to be worse destroy'd, what can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inevitably, and the torturing hour  
 Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus  
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier far,  
 Than miserable to have eternal being  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing, and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne <sup>1</sup>  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
 Desperate revenge and battle dangerous  
 To less than Gods On th' other side up to e  
 Behal, in act more graceful and humane,  
 A fairer person lost not heav'n, he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit  
 But all was false and hollow, though his tongue  
 Dropp'd Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low,  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began

I should be much for open war O Peers,  
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd,  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success,  
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms  
 In what he counsels and in what excels  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some due revenge  
 First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable, oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,  
 With blackest insurrection to confound  
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy  
 All incorruptible would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould

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<sup>1</sup> Upheld by fate —NEWTON

Incapable of stain would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious Thus repulsed, our final hope  
 Is flat despair we must exasperate  
 Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
 To be no more sad cure, for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain this intellectual being  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good whether our angry foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
 Is doubtful, that he never will is sure  
 Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence or unaware,  
 To give his enemies then wish and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel war,—We are decreed  
 Reserved and destined to eternal woe,  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What, when we fled again, pursued and struck  
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse  
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires<sup>1</sup>  
 Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
 Should intermitted vengeance aim again  
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

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<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xxx 33



One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades, for what can force or guile  
 With him, or who deceive his mind whose eye  
 Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth  
 All these our motions vain sees and derides,  
 Not more almighty to resist our might,  
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles  
 Shall we then live thus vile, th' race of heav'n,  
 Thus trampled thus expell'd, to suffer here  
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse  
 By my advice, since fate inevitable  
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
 The victor's will To suffer, as to do,  
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
 That so ordains this war at first resolved,  
 If we were wise against so great a foe  
 Contending and so doubtful what might fall  
 I laugh when those who at the spear are bold  
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
 What yet they know must follow, to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their conqueror this is now  
 Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps thus far removed  
 Not mind us not offending satisfied  
 With what is punish'd whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Then noxious vapour, or enured not feel,  
 Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light  
 Besides what hope the never ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
 Not perceiving and after him thus Mammon spake

Either to disenthronè the King of heav'n  
 We war, if war be best or to regain  
 Our own right lost Him to unthronè we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife  
 The former vain to hope argues as vain  
 The latter for what place can be for us  
 Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme  
 We overpower? suppose He should relent  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection, with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits  
 Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
 In heav'n, this our delight, how wearisome  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
 Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
 Of servile pomp Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
 We can create, and in what place so e'er  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and endurance    This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne,<sup>1</sup> from whence deep thunders roar  
 Must ring their rage and heav'n resembles hell?  
 As He our darkness, cannot we His light  
 Imitate when we please? this desert soil  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,  
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
 Magnificence, and what can heav'n shew more?  
 Our torments also may in length of time  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper, which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain    All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war    Ye have what I advise  
     He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men o'er watch'd whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest    such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace    for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than hell    so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxviii 11-13, xcvi 2

Wrought still within them, and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,  
 By policy and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to heav'n  
 Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A pillar of state deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care,  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic though in ruin sage he stood,  
 With Atlantean<sup>1</sup> shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies, his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noon tide in while thus he spake  
 Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,  
 Ethereal Virtues, or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd  
 Princes of hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines, here to continue and build up here  
 A growing empire Doubtless, while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd  
 This place our dungeon not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm to live exempt  
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
 Under the inevitable curb reserv'd  
 His captive multitude for he, be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part  
 By our revolt, but over hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule,  
 Us here, & with his golden those in heav'n  
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable, terms of peace yet none

<sup>1</sup> Atlas was fabled to have held the heavens on his shoulders

<sup>2</sup> Psalm ii 9

Vouchsafed or sought, for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
 Nor will occasion want nor shall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find  
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place,  
 (If ancient and prophetic fime in heav'n  
 Err not,) another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race call'd Man about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
 Of Him who rules above, so was His will  
 Pronounced among the Gods and by an oath  
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference confirm'd  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
 Or substance how endued, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness how attempted best,  
 By force or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut,  
 And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may he expos'd,  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achieved  
 By sudden onset, either with hell fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven  
 The puny habitants or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party that then God  
 May prove their foe and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own world. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires — Thus Beelzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised  
 By Satan, and in part proposed, for whence,  
 Put from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? but their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes, with full assent  
 They vote. whercat his speech he thus renews

Will have ye judged, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Neerer our ancient seat, perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring aims  
 And opportune excursion we may chance  
 Re-enter heav'n or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell, not unvisited of heav'n's fair light  
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom, the soft delicious air  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> An old English idiom — See Shakespeare's *Henry VI* Part iii. Act v.

The happy isle?<sup>1</sup> what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage, for on whom we send  
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies

This said, he sat, and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt but all sat mute,  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and each  
 In others countenance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd, none among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n warring champions could be found  
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept  
 Along the dreadful voyage, till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake

O Progeny of heav'n, empirical Thrones,  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seized us though undismay'd long is the way  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light,  
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Bar'd over us prohibit all egress  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf  
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
 With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed

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<sup>1</sup> The earth surrounded by air

<sup>2</sup> Void of being

And judged of public moment, in the shape  
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
 Me from attempting Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
 Terror of heav'n though fall'n 'intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render hell  
 More tolerable, if there be cure or charm  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion Intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
 Deliverance for us all this enterprize  
 None shall putake with me Thus saying rose  
 The monarch and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, lest from his resolution raised  
 Others among the chief might offer now,  
 Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd,  
 And so refused might in opinion stand  
 His rivals winning cheap the high repute,  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn But they  
 Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice  
 Forbidding, and at once with him they rose  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone, and as a God  
 Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,  
 That for the general safety he despised  
 His own, for neither do the spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief



As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heav'n's cheeful face, the low'ring element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower,  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings  
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd  
 Fum concord holds men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational though under hope  
 Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy<sup>1</sup>  
 As if, which might induce us to accord,  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait

The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers,  
 Midst came then mighty priamont, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of heav'n, nor less  
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme  
 And God like imitated state him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed  
 With bright emblazonry and horient<sup>2</sup> arms  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets regal sound the great result  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,<sup>3</sup>  
 By heralds' voice explain'd the hollow abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim

Thence more at ease then minds, and somewhat lull'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the rang'd Powers  
 Disband, and wand'ring each his several way

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the age of civil strife  
 and controversies in which Milton's lot  
 was cast

<sup>2</sup> Bristling  
<sup>3</sup> Gold or silver trumpets Herald's  
 alchymy would be 'or and argent

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return  
 Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form  
 As when to warn proud cities war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky,<sup>1</sup> and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms  
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns  
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind <sup>2</sup> hell scarce holds the wild uproar  
 As when Alcides<sup>3</sup> from Cæchala crown'd  
 With conquest felt the envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Ceta threw  
 Into the Eubœic sea Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate  
 Free virtue should enthral to force or chance  
 Then song was partial, but the harmony,  
 What could it less when spirits immortal sing?  
 Suspended hark, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience In discourse more sweet,  
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,

<sup>1</sup> These appearances in the clouds have been frequently recorded. On the Mount of Or the night before the battle in which Philip von Artvelde was killed an armed host was seen continuing in the sky

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the war of the Titans

<sup>3</sup> Hercules, named Alcides after his grandfather, Alceus. On his return

from the conquest of Cæchala a city of Bœotia he received from his wife the envenomed robe of the Centaur. It clung to him and could only be removed with the flesh. In his agony the demigod tore up pines by the roots and threw Lichas the messenger who had brought him the robe from the top of Mount Ceta into the Eubœan Sea.

Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy  
 Yet with pleasing sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or aim th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel  
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways then flying much along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams,  
 Abhorred Styx,<sup>1</sup> the flood of deadly hate  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and due hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile, all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog

<sup>1</sup> The names and qualities of these rivers are all taken from the Greek mythology

<sup>2</sup> Serbonis was a huge bog in Egypt sometimes so covered with sand as to

be indistinguishable from the land. It was 200 furlongs long and 1000 round. Damietta was a city on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile

Betwixt Damiaata and mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk the parching air  
 Burns froze,<sup>1</sup> and cold perform' th' effect of fire,  
 Thither by harpy footed Furies haled  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought, and fed by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Then soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire  
 They ferry o'er this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro their sorrow to augment  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one sin ill drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The fild, and of itself the water flies  
 All tame of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on  
 In confused march forloin th' adventurous bands,  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot and found  
 No rest through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds,  
 Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras<sup>3</sup> dire

<sup>1</sup> Frostily See Ecclesiastes xlii 20 21

<sup>2</sup> Medusa was a Gorgon of horrid beauty who had the power of turning those who gazed on her into stone

Forgetfulness could never be permitted to the lost spirits

<sup>3</sup> Monsters of the heathen mythology

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight, sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala on the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore,<sup>1</sup> whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape  
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole so seem'd  
 Far off the flying fiend At last appear  
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice threifold the gates, three folds were brass,  
 Three non, three of adamantine rock,  
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire  
 Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape,<sup>2</sup>  
 The one seem'd woman to the waist and fur,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting about her middle round  
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd  
 With wide Cerberean<sup>3</sup> mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peel yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within unseen Far less abhorr'd than these  
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore<sup>4</sup>  
 Nor uglier follow the Night hag, when call'd

<sup>1</sup> Two of the Molucca islands

<sup>2</sup> Here begins the famous allegory of Milton which is a sort of paraphrase of St James i 15 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death

<sup>3</sup> Like those of Cerberus the dog with three heads supposed to keep the gate of hell

<sup>4</sup> Trinacria was the ancient name for Sicily Scylla and Charybdis were the whirlpools between it and Italy

In secret riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,  
 Fierce a ten furies terrible as hell  
 And shod a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides: hell trembled as he strode.  
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admird,  
 Admired not found God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught valued he nor shunn'd  
 And with disdainful look thus first began

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape  
 That dar'st though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assured without leave ask'd of thee  
 Retire, or taste thy folly and learn by proof  
 Hell born not to contend with spirits of heav'n

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied  
 Art thou that traitor angel art thou he  
 Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Diew after him the third part of heav'n's sons  
 Conjur'd<sup>1</sup> agunst the Highest, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,  
 Hell doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

<sup>1</sup> Conspired

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee and pangs unfelt before

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threat'ning grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform on the other side  
 Incensed with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd  
 That fires the length of Ophiucus<sup>1</sup> huge  
 In the ætherial sky and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Levell'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian,<sup>2</sup> then stand front to front  
 Howling a space till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants that hell  
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood,  
 For never but once more<sup>3</sup> was either like  
 To meet so great a foe and now great deeds  
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung  
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat  
 Fast by hell gate, and leapt the fatal bay  
 Rais'n and with hideous outcry rush'd between  
 O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,  
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?  
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd His dudge to execute  
 Whate'er His wrath, which He calls justice bids,  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both

<sup>1</sup> Serpentarius a northern constellation. Its length would be about forty degrees. Comets were supposed to threaten pestilence and war.

The Caspian is a remarkably tempestuous sea.

<sup>3</sup> Jesus Christ is here intimated who was to destroy death and him that has the power of death (Heb. ii. 14).

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest  
 Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd  
 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, th'it my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends, till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double form'd and why,  
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee  
 To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 New in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair  
 In heav'n when at th' assembly and in sight  
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined  
 In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surprized thee dim thine eyes and dizzy swum  
 In dulness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fur, a Goddess um'd,  
 Out of thy head I sprung<sup>1</sup> amazement seized  
 All the host of heav'n, back they recoil'd afraid  
 At first and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me but familiar grown,  
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing  
 Becam'st enamour'd and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived  
 A growing burthen Meanwhile war arose,  
 And fields were fought in heaven, wherein remain'd,  
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe  
 Clean victory, to our part loss and rout

<sup>1</sup> The allegory here follows the Greek fable of the birth of Minerva—*Wisdom*—said to have sprung from the head of

Jupiter as *Sin* is here figured to have sprung from the head of Satan



Through all the empyrean down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down  
Into this deep and in the general fall  
I also, at which time this powerful key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes  
At last this odious off-spring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain  
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
Made to destroy <sup>1</sup> I fled, and cried out Death,  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded Death  
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,  
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far  
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,  
And, in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry  
Surround me as thou saw'st, hourly conceived  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw  
My bowels, then repast, then bursting forth  
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round  
That rest or intermission none I find  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involved, and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,

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<sup>1</sup> St James i 15

Whenever that shall be, so Fate pronounced  
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth  
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire  
And my fun son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys  
Then sweet now sad to mention through due change  
Befall'n us, unforeseen unthought of, know  
I count no enemy, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
Of spirits that, in our just pretences aim'd,  
Fell with us from on high from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
Myself expose with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
To search with wandering quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the palace of heaven, and therein placed  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,  
Lest heav'n surcharged with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broils Be this, or aught  
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste  
To know, and, this once known, shall soon return  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
With odours, there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey  
He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death  
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destined to that good hour no less rejoiced

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire  
 'The key of this infernal pit by due,  
 And by command of heav'n s all powerful King,  
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
 'These adamantine gates, against all force  
 Death ready st inds to interpose his dart,  
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might  
 But what owe I to his commands above,  
 Who hates me, and hath hithert thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office, here confined,  
 Inhabitant of heav'n and heav'nly born,  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain  
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author thou  
 My being gav'st me, whom should I obey  
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To thit new world of light and bliss among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as becoms  
 Thy daughter and thy darling without end  
 Thus saying from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe she took,  
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
 Which but herself not all the Stygian powers  
 Could once have moved, then in the keyhole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
 Unfastens on a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her power, the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host  
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array,  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
 The secrets of the hoary deep a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
 Without dimension where length, breadth, and height,  
 And time and place are lost, where eldest Night  
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature<sup>1</sup> hold  
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise  
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand  
 For hot cold moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
 Strive here for mastery and to battle bring  
 Their embryon atoms, they around the flig  
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
 Light and dark, or heavy, sharp smooth, swift, or slow,  
 Swarm populous unnumber'd as the sands  
 Of Barca or Cyrene's<sup>2</sup> torrid soil  
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,  
 He rules a moment, Chaos umpire sits,  
 And by decision more imbrails the fray  
 By which he reigns next him high arbiter  
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,  
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,  
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire  
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
 Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain  
 His dark materials to create more worlds,  
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend  
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,  
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith  
 He had to cross Nor was his ear less peal'd  
 With noises loud and ruinous, to compare  
 Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,  
 With all her battering engines bent to rase  
 Some capital city, or less than if this frame

<sup>1</sup> All the ancients believed that Night  
 (or darkness) existed from the begin

ning and that Chaos (or confusion) was  
 the origin of all things

<sup>2</sup> A city and province of Libya

Of heav'n were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The stedfast earth At last his sail broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a league  
 As in a clouded chair ascending rides  
 Audacious, but, that seat soon failing meets  
 A vast vacuity all unwaies  
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling had not by ill chance  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud  
 Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him  
 As many miles aloft that fury stay'd,  
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land nigh foundered on her fues,  
 Treading the crude consistence half on foot,  
 Half flying, behoves him now both on and sail  
 As when a gryphon<sup>1</sup> through the wilderness  
 With wing'd course o'er hill or moory dale  
 Pursues the Arimaspians,<sup>2</sup> who by stealth  
 Had from his watchful custody purloin'd  
 The guarded gold so eagerly the hound  
 O'er bog or steep through stout rough, dense, or rude,  
 With head, hands wings or feet pursues his way  
 And swims, or snails or wades, or creeps or flies  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
 Booms through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest vehemence thither he plies,  
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power  
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss  
 Might in that noise reside of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,  
 Bordering on light, when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread

<sup>1</sup> Gryphon a fabulous creature a lion with an eagle's head, said to guard gold mines

<sup>2</sup> The Arimaspians were a one-eyed

people of Scythia who took gold when they could get it from the gryphons who guarded it See Pliny's Natural History lib vii c 2

Wide on the wasteful Deep with him enthroned  
 Sat sable vested Night, eldest of things  
 The consort of his reign, and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades,<sup>1</sup> and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon,<sup>2</sup> Rumor next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths  
 To whom Satan turning boldly, thus — Ye Powers,  
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint,  
 Wandring this dull some desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, halt lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with heav'n, or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won the ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course,  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway,  
 Which is my present journey, and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night,  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge  
 Thus Satan, and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answer'd I know thee, stranger who thou art,  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late  
 Made head against heav'n's King though overthrow  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Flew not in silence through the frightened deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded, and heav'n gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands

<sup>1</sup> Orcus Pluto Ades a personification,  
 any dark place — RICHARDSON

<sup>2</sup> A fiend whose very name the heathen  
 feared to pronounce

Pursuing I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve,  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine boils  
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night first hell  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,  
 Now lately heaven and earth another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain  
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far,  
 So much the nearer danger go and speed,  
 Plavock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain

He ceased, and Satan stay'd not to reply,  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd  
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd, wins his way, harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo<sup>1</sup> pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the jostling rocks  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd,  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he,  
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death again  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,  
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf  
 Timely endured a bridge of wondrous length,  
 From hell continued reaching th' utmost orb  
 Of this frail world, by which the spirits perverse  
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good Angels guard by special grace  
 But now at last the sacred influence

<sup>1</sup> The ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis in the Black Sea

Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn here Nature first begins  
Her furthest verge and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
That Satan with less toil and now with ease  
Watts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port though shrouds and tackle torn,  
On in the emptier waste, resembling an,  
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendant world<sup>1</sup> in bigness as a ball  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a curs'd hour, he hies

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<sup>1</sup> See *Measure for Measure* Act iii Sc 1



## BOOK III

## THE ARGUMENT

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world then newly created shows him to the Son who sits at his right hand foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind declares his own justice and wisdom from all imputation having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan but by him seduced The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence and undergo his punishment The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man the Father accepts him ordains his incarnation pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth commands all the Angels to adore him they obey and hymning to their harps in full choir celebrate the Father and the Son Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity what persons and things fly up thither thence comes to the gate of heaven described ascending by stairs and the waters above the firmament that flow about it his passage thence to the orb of the sun he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed here inquires of him the place of his habitation and is directed alights first on Mount Niphates

Hail holy light, offspring of heav'n first born  
 Or of th' Eternal co eternal beam  
 May I express thee unblam'd<sup>1</sup> since GOD is light,<sup>1</sup>  
 And never but in unapproach'd light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell?<sup>2</sup> before the sun,  
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite  
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 St John i 5 1 Tim vi 16

<sup>2</sup> Job xxxviii 19

<sup>3</sup> Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night

addressing her as Mother of gods and men

T<sup>h</sup> sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent and up to reascend,  
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sov'rain vital lamp, but thou  
 Revisit st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn  
 So thick a drop serene<sup>1</sup> hath quench'd their orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veild Yet not the more  
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
 Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill  
 Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief  
 Thee Sion and the flowery brooks beneath  
 That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow,  
 Nightly I visit, nor sometimes forget  
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate  
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
 Blind Thamyris<sup>2</sup> and blind Meonides,<sup>3</sup>  
 And Tiresias<sup>4</sup> and Phineus prophets old  
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird  
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
 Tunes her nocturnal note thus with the year  
 Seasons return, but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,  
 But cloud instead, and ever during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out  
 So much the rather thou celestial Light  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

<sup>1</sup> Milton's blindness was caused by  
*gutta serena*.

<sup>2</sup> A Thracian who invented the Doric  
 measure.—NEWTON

<sup>3</sup> Homer

<sup>4</sup> A blind Theban prophet.—NEWTON

<sup>5</sup> King of Arcadia.—NEWTON

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
 From the pure empyrean where he sits  
 High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,  
 His own works and their works at once to view  
 About him all the sanctities of heaven  
 Stood thick as stars and from his sight received  
 Beatitude past utterance, on his right  
 The radiant image of his glory sat  
 His only Son on earth He first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, univall'd love,  
 In blissful solitude He then survey'd  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night  
 In the dun an sublime and ready now  
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,  
 Uncertain which in ocean or in air  
 Him God beholding from His prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future He beholds,  
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains  
 Heap'd on him there nor yet the main abyss  
 Wide interrupt can hold so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head And now  
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
 Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new created world,  
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
 By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert,

For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny Whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall  
 Such I created all th' ethereal Powers  
 And Spirits both them who stood and them who fall'd  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell  
 Not free what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,  
 Not what they would: what praise could they receive?  
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
 When will and reason (reason also is choice,)   
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
 Made passive both, had served necessity,  
 Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,  
 So were created, nor can justly accuse  
 Their Maker or their making, or their fate,  
 As if predestination over ruled  
 Their will disposed by absolute decree  
 Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed  
 Their own revolt not I if I foreknew,  
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown  
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
 Both what they judge and what they choose, for so  
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,  
 Till they enthrall themselves, I else must change  
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree,  
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
 Self tempted, self depraved man falls deceived  
 By the other first man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none in mercy and justice both,

Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,  
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine

Thus whue God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All heav'n, and in the blessèd spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused  
Beyond compare the Son of GOD was seen  
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd,<sup>1</sup> and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end and without measure grace,  
Which uttering thus he to his father spake

O Father gracious was that word which closed  
Thy sov'reign sentence that man should find grace  
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs wherewith thy throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest  
For should man finally be lost should man  
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud though join'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
Or shall the adversary thus obtain  
His end and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell  
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence

To whom the great Creator thus replied  
O Son, in-whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

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<sup>1</sup> Heb 1 3 —HUME.

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsafed once more I will renew  
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Flect above the rest so is my will  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be wain'd  
 Their sinful state and to appease betimes  
 The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites for I will clear their senses dark.  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts<sup>1</sup>  
 To pray, repent and bring obedience due  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due  
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire Conscience whom if they will hear  
 Light after light well used they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting safe arrive  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste,  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude  
 But yet all is not done, man disobeying  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,  
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote

He with his whole posterity must die,  
 Die he or justice must, unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death  
 Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of you will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?<sup>1</sup>  
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in heav'n on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd  
 Much lest that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd

Father thy word is pass'd man shall find grace,  
 And shall grace not find means that finds her way,  
 The speediest of thy wing'd messengers  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplored unsought?<sup>2</sup>  
 Happy for man, so coming, he her aid  
 Can never seek once dead in sins and lost,  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring  
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life,  
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall,  
 Account me man, I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleased, on me let Death wreak all his rage,  
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd, thou hast given me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,<sup>2</sup>  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due

<sup>1</sup> 1 Peter iii 18<sup>2</sup> John v 1

All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell <sup>1</sup>  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher spoil'd of his vaunted spoil,  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead hell captive mangle hell, and show  
 The powers of darkness bound Thou, at the sight  
 Pleased out of heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last and with his carcase glut the grave <sup>2</sup>  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
 Shall enter heaven long absent and return  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain but peace assured  
 And reconciliation wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire  
 His words here ended but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
 To mortal men above which only shone  
 Filial obedience as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd he attends the will  
 Of his great Father Admiration seized  
 All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend  
 Wond'ring, but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd  
 O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence<sup>1</sup> well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works nor man the least,  
 Though last created, that for him I spar  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost  
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem  
 Their nature also to thy nature join,  
 And be thyself man among men on earth,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xvi 10

Psalm lxxviii 18 Col ii 15

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor xv 26



Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son  
 As in him perish all men so in thee,  
 As from a second loot, shall be restored,<sup>1</sup>  
 As many as are restored, without thee none  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life So man as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man be judged and die,  
 And dying rise and rising with him raise  
 His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life  
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace  
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
 Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own  
 Because thou hast though throned in highest bliss  
 Equal to God and equally enjoying  
 God like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high, because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne,  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal king, all power  
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits, under thee as head supreme  
 Thrones, Principedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 22<sup>2</sup> Phil. ii. 10

In heav'n, or earth or under earth in hell;  
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n  
 Shalt in the sky appear and from thee send  
 The summoning archangels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds  
 The living and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages to the general doom  
 Shall hasten such a peal shall rouse their sleep  
 Thou, all thy saints assembled thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and angels, they arraigned shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence, hell her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut Meanwhile  
 The world shall burn and from her ashes spring  
 New heav'n and earth<sup>1</sup> wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long  
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds  
 With joy and love triumphing and fair truth  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all<sup>2</sup> But all ye Gods  
 Adore him who to compass all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me  
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
 The multitude of angels with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number sweet  
 As from blest voices uttering joy heav'n rung  
 With jubilee and loud hosannas fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions Lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast<sup>3</sup>  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,  
 Immortal amarant,<sup>4</sup> a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life  
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence  
 To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,

<sup>1</sup> <sup>o</sup> Peter iii 12 13

<sup>2</sup> Heb i 6

<sup>3</sup> 1 Cor xv 24

<sup>4</sup> Rev iv 10

<sup>5</sup> A flower of a purple velvet colour

It was supposed not to die when gathered but recovered its lustre when sprinkled with water The name is Greek for 'unfading' —From HUME.

And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,  
 With these that never fade the spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled  
 Then crown'd again their golden harps they took  
 Harps ever tuned that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song and waken raptures high,  
 No voice exempt no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part such concord is in heav'n  
 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable Immortal Infinite  
 Eternal King Thee author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, Thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitt'st  
 Throned inaccessible but when Thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of Thy beams and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine  
 Dark with excessive bright Thy skirts appear,  
 Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes  
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold on Thee  
 Impress'd the effulgence of His glory abides,  
 Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests  
 He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein  
 By Thee created and by Thee threw down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations Thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd  
 Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim

Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on man, him thro' their malice fall'n,  
 Father of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline  
 No sooner did Thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He to appease Thy wrath and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat  
 Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence O unexampled love,  
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!<sup>1</sup>  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget nor from thy Father's praise disjoin

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent  
 Mear'while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous interior orbs inclosed  
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks a globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark waste, and wild, under the frown of night  
 Starless exposed, and ever threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round inclement sky  
 Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n  
 Though distant far some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud  
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field  
 As when a vulture on Imaus<sup>1</sup> bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearning kids

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<sup>1</sup> A mountain in Asia Its name signifies snowy It is the eastern boundary of Western Tartary

On hills where flocks are fed flies toward the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana<sup>1</sup> where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light  
 So on this windy sea of land the fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
 Alone, for other creature in this place<sup>2</sup>  
 Living or lifeless to be found was none  
 None yet but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men  
 Both all things vain and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds  
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,  
 Abortive monstrous or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolved on earth fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd,<sup>3</sup>  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind  
 Hither of ill join'd sons and daughters born<sup>4</sup>  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit though then renown'd  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build  
 Others came single, he who to be deem'd

<sup>1</sup> Serica lies between China on the east and Imaus on the west — *From*  
*NEWTON*

<sup>2</sup> Limbo

<sup>3</sup> Ariosto in the *Orlando Furioso*

<sup>4</sup> The sons of God 'ill joined with the daughters of men — see Gen vi 4  
 Subject of Moore's *Loves of the Angels*,  
 and Byron's *Heaven and Earth*

A God leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles,<sup>1</sup> and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus,<sup>2</sup> and many more too long,  
 Embryoes and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White black, and grey<sup>3</sup> with all their trumpery  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n,  
 And they who to be sure of paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,<sup>4</sup>  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd,<sup>5</sup> and that first moved  
 And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys and now at foot  
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!  
 A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air then might ye see  
 Cowl'd hoods and habits with their wearers tost  
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds all these upwhirl'd aloft  
 Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,  
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
 Long after now unpeopled and untrod  
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wander'd till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste  
 His travelled steps, far distant he descries,  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high,

<sup>1</sup> A Pythagorean philosopher His attempt at disappearing in an extraordinary manner from the earth was defeated by the volcano throwing back his iron pattens

<sup>2</sup> An Epirot

<sup>3</sup> Carmelites Dominicans and Franciscans

<sup>4</sup> In the dark ages a ridiculous superstition prevailed that a dying sinner who put on the habit of a religious order was sure of salvation It was frequently done

<sup>5</sup> Milton speaks here according to Ptolemy's astronomy — *From* NEWTON

At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Imbellish'd, thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, immitable on earth  
 By model or by shading pencil drawn  
 The sturs were such as whereon Jacob saw<sup>1</sup>  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan Aram in the field of Luz,  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cried, *This is the gate of heav'n*  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always but drawn up to heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper or of liquid pearl whereon  
 Who after came from earth sailing arrived  
 Wafted by angels or flew o'er the lake,  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds  
 The stairs were then let down whether to dare  
 The fiend by easy ascent or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss  
 Direct agunst which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,  
 A passage down to th earth a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,  
 By which to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,  
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set  
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave  
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair,  
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,

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<sup>1</sup> Gen xxviii 12, 13

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis,  
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams  
 Such wonder seized though after heaven seen,  
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair  
 Round he surveys and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of night's extended shade from eastern point  
 Of Libya to the fleecy star<sup>1</sup> that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond the horizon then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down a night into the world's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars that shone  
 Stars distant but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
 Fortunate fields and groves and flow'ry vales,  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to enquire above them all  
 The golden sun in splendour likest heaven  
 Allured his eye thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament, but up or down,  
 By centre or eccentric hard to tell,  
 Or longitude where the great luminary,  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thuck,

<sup>1</sup> Aries i.e., from one half of the ecliptic to the other from east to west  
 The constellation Andromeda is immediately above or over Aries — NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> The Cape Verde Islands the 'Fortunate Islands'



That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far, they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, towards his all cheering lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep,  
 So wond'rously was set his station bright  
 There lands the fiend a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compared with aught on earth metal or stone,  
 Not all parts like but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light as glowing iron with fire,  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear,  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast plate<sup>1</sup> and a stone<sup>2</sup> besides  
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone or like to that which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought  
 In vain though by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes,<sup>3</sup> and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch chemic sun so far from us remote  
 Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

<sup>1</sup> Exod xxviii 15-21

<sup>2</sup> The philosopher's stone supposed to have the power (if found) of turning the baser metals into gold

<sup>3</sup> Quicksilver, called Hermes by the

alchemists. The names of heathen gods were applied to the materials of the alchemist's laboratory. Proteus was a sea god capable of transforming himself into various shapes

Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
 Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' Equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,  
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far wherby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun<sup>1</sup>  
 His back was turn'd but not his brightness hid,  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tair  
 Circled his head nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledg'd with wings  
 Lay waving round, on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd or fix'd in cogitation deep  
 Glad was the spirit impure as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
 To paradise the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end and our beginning woe  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger or delay  
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smiled celestial and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffus'd so well he figur'd,  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore  
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,  
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,  
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
 Th' arch angel Uriel,<sup>2</sup> one of the sev'n

<sup>1</sup> Rev xix 17

Uriel is derived from two Hebrew

words signifying *God is my light*  
 —NEWTON See mention made of him  
 in Apoclypha, 2 Esdras 4 ,

Who in God's presence nearest to his throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth  
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land him Satan thus accosts

Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend,  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain and as His eye  
To visit oft this new creation round,  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd  
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim  
Alone thus wand'ring Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
His fixed seat or fix'd seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
On open admiration, him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd,  
That both in him and all things as is meet,  
The universal Maker we may praise,  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of men  
To serve him better wise are all his ways  
So spake the false dissembler unperceived,  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems, which now for once beguiled  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
 The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n  
 Who to the fraudulent imposter foul  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd

Fair angel thy desire which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great Work master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
 Contented with report hear only in heav'n  
 For wonderful indeed are all His works,  
 Pleasant to know and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight  
 But what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
 I saw, when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined,  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth flood air, fire,  
 And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n  
 Flew upward spumed with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe  
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected shines,  
 That place is earth the seat of man, that light  
 His day, which else as th' other hemisphere  
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon,  
 So call that opposite fair star, her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending still renewing through mid heav'n,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night  
 That spot to which I point is paradise,  
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires  
     Thus said he turn'd and Satan bowing low,  
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from th' ecliptic sped with hop'd success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top<sup>1</sup> he lights

<sup>1</sup> A mountain bordering on Mesopotamia near which the earthly paradise is supposed to have been placed — *Idem* HUMB.

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan now in prospect of Eden and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man falls into many doubts with himself and many passions fear envy and jealousy but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to pursue whose outward aspect and situation is described overleaps the bounds its in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of life as the highest in the garden to look a out him The garden described Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve his wonder at their excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work their fall overhears their discourse thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death and there intends to found in their diet by seducing them to transgress then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel who had in charge the gate of paradise that some evil spirit had escap'd the deep and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to paradise discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount Gabriel promises to find him ere morning Night coming on Adam and Eve hours of going to their rest their bower described their evening worship Gabriel drawing forth his sword of nightwatch to walk the round of paradise appoints two strong angels to Adam's bow lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream and bring him though unwilling to Gabriel by whom question'd he scornfully answers prepares resistance but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise

O'ER that warning voice, which he,<sup>1</sup> who saw  
The Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men  
'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,  
Haply so scaped his mortal snare, for now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage came down,  
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,  
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle and his flight to hell  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast  
Begins his dire attempt which, nigh the birth  
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And like a devilish engine back recoils

<sup>1</sup> St John Rev xii 10 And I heard  
a loud voice saying in heaven  
and at verse 12 Woe to the inhabitants

of the earth and of the sea' for the devil  
is come down unto you  
<sup>2</sup> Devil

Upon himself, horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The hell within him, for within him hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was what is, and what must be  
 Worse, of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue  
 Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant his grieved look he fixes sad,  
 Sometimes towards heav'n and the full blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r  
 Then much revolving thus in sighs began

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads to thee I call  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King  
 Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return  
 From me, whom He created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with His good  
 Upbraided none, nor was His service hard  
 What could be less than to afford Him praise,  
 The easiest recompence and pay Him thanks,  
 How due! yet all His good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high  
 I scorn'd subjection and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe,

<sup>1</sup> Milton originally designed to write a tragedy on the Fall and this grand speech was intended to begin it This

is asserted by Porson on the authority of Milton's nephew Edward Philips  
<sup>2</sup> Disdamed.

Forgetful what from Him I still received,  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged, what burden then ?  
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy, no unbounded hope had rused  
 Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other power  
 As great might have aspired, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part, but other powers as great  
 Fell not but stand unshaken from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
 Thou hadst whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,  
 To me alike it deals eternal woe  
 Nav cursed be thou, since against His thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so ju'tly rues  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n  
 O then at last relent is there no place  
 Left for repentance none for pardon left ?  
 None left but by submission, and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent Ay me ! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery, such joy ambition finds  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain



By act of grace my former state, how soon  
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void  
 For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart  
 This knows my Punisher, therefore as far  
 From granting He, as I from begging peace  
 All hope excluded thus behold in stead  
 Of us out cast, exiled, his new delight  
 Mankind, created and for him this world  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse all good to me is lost,  
 Evil, be thou my good, by thee at least  
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,  
 As man ere long and this new world shall know

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
 Thrice changed with pale ire envy, and despair  
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
 Him counterfeit if any eye beheld  
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
 Are ever clear Whereof he soon aware  
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,  
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first  
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,  
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge  
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
 Uriel once warn'd, whose eye pursued him down  
 The way he went and on th' Assyrian mount  
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
 Spirit of happy sort his gestures fierce  
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,  
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen  
 So on he fares, and to the border comes  
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head  
 Of a steep wilderness whose hairy sides  
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
 Access denied, and over head up grew  
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend  
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
 Of stateliest view Yet higher than their tops  
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung,  
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round  
 And higher than that wall uncuching row  
 Of goodliest trees laden with fairest fruit,  
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
 Appeared with gay enamell'd colours mixt  
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
 Than in fair evening cloud or humid bow  
 When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely seem'd  
 That landscape and of pure now purer air  
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales  
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmy spoils As when to them who sail  
 Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past  
 Mozambic, off at sea north east winds blow  
 Sabea odours from the spicy shore<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The perfumes from the shores of India and its islands can be perceived far out at sea when the wind blows off the land—

The spicy breezes  
 Blow soft from Ceylon's isle  
 says Bishop Heber in his fine Missionary Hymn and every one who has lived in the East will remember how oppressive on shore the scent-laden air heavy with perfume is How constantly it recalls to one's mind Byron's exquisite lines in the Bride of Abydos —

The light wings of Zephyr oppress'd  
 with perfume  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom

but coming on the briny sea breezes this fragrance is delightful to the mariner It is in spring when the wind blows off the shore that the air thus becomes the harbinger of a near haven —  
 Milton is said to have taken his description from *Diodorus Siculus* B III 40 —  
*Notes on GRAY*

Of Araby the blest, with such delay  
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles  
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend  
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
 Than Asmodeus<sup>1</sup> with the fishy fume,  
 That drove him, though enamour'd from the spouse  
 Of Tobit's son and with a vengeance sent  
 From Media post to Egypt there fast bound

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow,  
 But further way found none so thick entwined  
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
 All path of man or beast that past that way  
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
 On th' other side which when th' arch felon saw,  
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt  
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
 Of hill or highest wall and sheer within  
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling wolf,  
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold  
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
 Cross barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles  
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold,  
 So since into his church lewd hirelings clomb  
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
 Sat like a cormorant, yet not true life  
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death

<sup>1</sup> An evil spirit who loving Sarah the daughter of Raguel would not suffer any of the young men who espoused her to live. He was exorcised by the fumes arising from the heart and liver

of a fish which Tobit by the instruction of an angel burnt on the evening of his wedding. See Apocrypha, Tobit, viii

<sup>2</sup> Gen. ii. 9

To them who lived, nor on the virtue thought  
 Of that life giving plant but only used  
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge  
 Of immortality So little knows  
 Any, but God alone, to value right  
 The good before him, but perverts best things  
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use  
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
 To all delight of human sense exposed  
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
 A heav'n on earth for blissful Paradise  
 Of God the garden was by him in the east  
 Of Eden planted, Eden stretch'd her line  
 From Auran<sup>1</sup> eastward to the royal towers  
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
 Or where the sons of Eden long before  
 Dwelt in T'elassar<sup>2</sup> In this pleasant soil  
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd,  
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell taste,  
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
 High eminent blooming ambrosial fruit  
 Of vegetable gold, and next to life  
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,  
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill  
 Southward through Eden went a river large,  
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown  
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised  
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
 Water'd the garden, thence united fell  
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
 And now divided into four main streams  
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm

<sup>1</sup> Haran — *From* NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> Isaiah xxxvii 12 A province of the

children of Eden placed by Ptolemy in  
 Babylonia — *From* NEWTON

And country, whereof here needs no account,  
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
 How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,  
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
 With mazy error under pendant shades  
 Ran Nectar visiting each plant and fed  
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise which not nice art  
 In beds and curious knots but nature boon  
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale, and plain,  
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
 'The open field, and where the unpicced shade  
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs Thus was this place  
 A happy rural seat of various view  
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
 Hung amiable Hesperian fables true,  
 If true, here only and of delicious taste  
 Betwixt them lawns or level downs and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flow'rs of all hue and without thorn the rose  
 Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves  
 Of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams  
 The birds their choir apply, airs, vernal airs  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on th' eternal spring Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,  
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis

<sup>1</sup> Pan was a symbol of Nature. The Graces symbolized Spring Summer and Autumn. The Hours the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.—RICHARDSON

<sup>2</sup> Pluto. All the loveliest dreams of mythology and the places remarkable for natural beauty—the Plains of Enna in Sicily the laurel grove of Daphne by the River Orontes the Castalian Spring

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
 To seek her through the world, nor that sweet grove  
 Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired  
 Castalian spring might with this paradise  
 Of Eden strive nor that Nyseian isle  
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
 Hid Amalthæa and her florid son  
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye,  
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
 Mount Amara<sup>1</sup> though this by some supposed  
 True paradise under the Ethiop line  
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
 From this Assyrian garden where the herd  
 Saw undelighted, all delight all kind  
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange  
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall  
 Godlike erect with native honour clad  
 In native majesty, seem'd lords of all,  
 And worthy seem'd for in their lool's divine  
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
 Severe but in true filial freedom placed,  
 Whence true authority in men though both  
 Not equal as their sex not equal, seem'd,  
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,  
 He for God only she for God in him  
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
 Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad  
 She as a veil down to the slender waist

haunted by the Muses the Greek Isle  
 where Bacchus was nursed the Happy  
 Valley where the Princes of Abyssinia  
 were nursed—are here named to exalt  
 the wondrous beauty of the earthly  
 Paradise by comparison

<sup>1</sup> High hills in Ethiopia under the  
 equator within their circuit lay the  
 guarded valley where the royal children  
 of Abyssinia dwelt—MASSEY Our  
 readers will be reminded of *Russelas*

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor xi 7-9

Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevell'd but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of nature's works honour dishonourable  
Sin bred how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, more shows of seeming pure,  
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
Of God or Angel for they thought no ill  
So hand in hand they pass'd the loveliest pan  
That ever since in love's embraces met,  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
More easy wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful to their supper fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them side long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs  
The savoury pulp they chew and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream,  
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league  
Alone as they About them frisking play'd  
All beasts of th' earth since wild, and of all chase  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den,  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gamboll'd before them, th' unyielding elephant  
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis, close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating for the sun  
 Declined was hasting now with prone career  
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose  
 When Satan still in gaze as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad  
 O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould earth born perhaps,  
 Not spirits yet to heavenly spirits bright  
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd!  
 Ah gentle pair ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
 More woe the more your taste is now of joy  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n  
 Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity so straight, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair paradise, your sense, yet such  
 Accept, your Maker's work, He gave it me  
 Which I as freely give hell shall unfold<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah xiv 9.



To entertain you two, her widest gates  
 And send forth all her kings there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits to receive  
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do yet public reason just,  
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
 By conquering this new world, compels me now  
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor

So spake the fiend, and with necessity  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those fourfooted kinds himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape served best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey and unespied  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn  
 By word or action mark'd about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance had spied  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straut couches close, then rising changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Griped in each paw when Adam first of men,  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow

Sole partner and sole part of all those joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of His good  
 As liberal and free as infinite,  
 That raised us from the dust and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at His hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof He hath need, He who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees

In paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only Tree  
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that Tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth air, and sea Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights  
 But let us ever praise him and extol  
 His bounty following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,  
 Which were if toilsome, yet with thee were sweet  
 To whom thus Eve replied O thou, for whom  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head what thou hast said is just and right  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks, I chiefly, who enjoy  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,  
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n, I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd

Bending to look on me I started back,  
 It started back, but pleased I soon return'd,  
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love there I had fix'd  
 Mine eyes till now and pined with vain desire  
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,  
 What there thou seest fair creature is thyself,  
 With thee it came and goes but follow me,  
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 Thy coming and thy soft embraces, he  
 Whose image thou art him thou shalt enjoy  
 Inseparably thine to him shalt bear  
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
 Mother of human race What could I do,  
 But follow straight invisibly thus led?  
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
 Under a platan, yet, methought less fair,  
 Less winning soft less amiably mild  
 Than that smooth wat'ry image, back I turn'd,  
 Thou following criest aloud, Return, fair Eve,  
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest of him thou art,  
 His flesh his bone, to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life to have thee by my side  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear  
 Part of my soul, I seek thee and thee claim,  
 My other half With that thy gentle hand  
 Seized mine, I yielded and from that time see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair  
 So spake our general mother, and, with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unrepined  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first father half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid he, in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds  
 That shed May flowers, and press'd her matron lip



Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall  
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair  
Less winning soft less amiably mild  
Thou hast made me more than ever fair



With kisses pure aside the devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Eyed them askance and to himself thus plain'd  
 Sight hateful sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy then fill  
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths: all is not thus it seems,  
 One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd  
 Forbidden them to taste knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious reasonless: Why should then Lord  
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance? is that then happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods, aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what liker can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden and no corner leave unspied,  
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
 Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd: Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair, enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed  
 So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam  
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern gate of paradise  
 Levell'd his ev'ning rays it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel<sup>1</sup> sat,  
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night,  
 About him exercised heroic games  
 Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury shields helms and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold  
 Thither came Uriel, ghiding through the even  
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
 Impress the air, and show the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste  
     Gabriel to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in  
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit zealous, as he seem'd to know  
 More of the Almighty's works and chiefly man  
 God's latest image I descried his way  
 Bent all on speed and mark'd his aery gait  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from heav'n with passions foul obscured  
 Mine eye pursued him still but under shade  
 Lost sight of him, one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise  
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find  
     To whom the wingèd warrior thus return'd  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

<sup>1</sup> The angel sent to Daniel (Dan ix 21), and to the Virgin Mary and to Zacharias (see Luke i 19 and 26)

See far and wide in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
 Well known from heav'n, and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence If spirit of other sort,  
 So minded have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds  
 On purpose hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar  
 But if within the circuit of these walls  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know  
 So promised he and Uliel to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam whose point now rais'd  
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' Azores whether the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd  
 Diurnal on this less volubil earth,  
 By shorter flight to th' east had left him there,  
 Amaying with reflected purple and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend  
 Now came still evening on and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad,  
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird  
 They to their grassy couch these to their nests,  
 Were slunk all but the wakeful nightingale  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung,  
 Silence was pleased now glow'd the firmament  
 With living sapphires Hesperus that led  
 The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty at length  
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw  
 When Adam thus to Eve Fair consort, the hour  
 Of night and all things now retired to rest  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eyelids other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind



Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of heaven on all his ways,  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account  
 To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth  
 Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease  
 Meanwhile as nature wills, night bids us rest  
 To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd  
 My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
 Unargued I obey so God ordains,  
 God is thy law, thou mine, to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise  
 With thee conversing I forget all time  
 All seasons and their change, all pleasures alike  
 Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew, fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild, then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heav'n her starry train  
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied  
 Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,  
 Those have their course to finish, round the earth,  
 By morrow evening and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministring light prepared they set and use,  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm  
 Temper or nourish or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray  
 These then though unbeheld in deep of night  
 Shine not in vain, nor think though men were none  
 That heav'n would want spectators God woult praise  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night how often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator's praise in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number join'd their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven  
 Thus talking hand in hand along they pass'd  
 On to their blissful bower it was a place  
 Chosen by the sov'reign planter when he fram'd  
 All things to man's delightful use the roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side  
 Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub  
 Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic, under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broader'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem other creature here,  
 Beast, bird insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
 Such was their awe of man In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequester'd though but feign'd,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,  
 Nor Faunus haunted Here in close recess  
 With flowers garlands and sweet smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
 And heav'nly chorus the Hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial angel to our sire  
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
 More lovely than Pandoia<sup>1</sup> whom the Gods  
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
 In sad event when to the unwise son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared  
 Mankind with her fair looks to be avenged  
 On him who had stolc Jove's authentic fire

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
 Both turn'd and under open sky adored  
 The God that made both sky air, earth and heav'n  
 Which they beheld the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day  
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants

<sup>1</sup> Pandoia was a most beautiful woman on whom the gods bestowed all their gifts. Jupiter enrag'd with Prometheus the son of Japhet for having stolen fire from heaven sent Pandora with a box of supposed treasures to him to punish him but he refused to receive her. Hermes (or Mercury) then led her to Prometheus an unwise

brother Epimetheus who received her and was persuaded by her to open the box she brought as her dowry. It contained all the ills which have since afflicted humanity but *Hope* remained at the bottom. It is very probable that this fable originated in the true story of Eve's disobedience and her enticing Adam to share her sin.

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek as now thy gift of sleep

This said unanimous and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best into their inmost bowels  
Handed they went, and eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear  
Straight side by side were laid nor turn'd I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity and place and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure and commands to some, leaves free to all  
Our Maker bids increase who bids abstain  
But our destroyer foe to God and man?  
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring sole propriety  
In paradise of all things common else  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
Among the bestial herds to range by thee  
Founded in reason loyal just and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities<sup>1</sup>  
Of father son, and brother first were known  
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets  
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used  
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reins here and revels, not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,  
Casual fruition, nor in court amours,

<sup>1</sup> Affections

Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenate which the starved lover sings  
 To his proud fan, best quitted with disdain  
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
 Shower'd roses which the morn repair'd Sleep on  
 Blest pair, and O' yct happiest if ye seek  
 No happier state and know to know no more

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood arm'd  
 To their night watches in warlike parade,  
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake

Uzziel<sup>1</sup> half these draw off and coast the south  
 With strictest watch, these other wheel the north,  
 Our circuit meets full west As flame they part,  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear  
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd  
 That near him stood and gave them thus in charge

Ithuriel and Zephon with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsarch'd no nook  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm  
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent who could have thought<sup>2</sup> escaped  
 The bars of hell on errand bid no doubt  
 Such where ye find, seize fast and hither bring

So saying on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon, these to the bowels direct  
 In search of whom they sought him there they found,  
 Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams,

<sup>1</sup> This angel's name signifies the strength of God

<sup>2</sup> The name of Ithuriel signifies the

discovery of God of Zephon a secret or searcher of secrets — *From Hume*

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure thence raise  
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touch'd lightly for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness up he starts  
 Discover'd and surpriz'd As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder laid  
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the in  
 So started up in his own shape the fiend  
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels half amazed  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king  
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear accost him soon

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to hell  
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transformed  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no more  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar,  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng, or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon answering scorn with scorn  
 Think not, revolted spirit thy shape the same  
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known  
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure,  
 That glory then when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul  
 But come, for thou, beside, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
 Invincible abash'd the devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined  
 His loss, but chiefly to find here observed  
 His lustre visibly impair'd, yet seem'd  
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
 Or all at once more glory will be won,  
 Or less be lost. Thy fear said Zephon bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can do  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak

The fiend replied not overcome with rage,  
 But like a proud steed rein'd went haughty on,  
 Champing his non curb to strive or fly  
 He held it vain, awe from above had quell'd  
 His heart not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western point, where those half rounding guards  
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief  
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hasting this way and now by glimpse discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 But faded splendour wan, who by his gait  
 And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,  
 Nor likely to part hence without contest  
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,  
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
 How busied in what form and posture couch'd  
 To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have power and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place,  
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow  
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee, but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt: Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
Though thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let Him surer bar  
His non gates, if He intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd  
The rest is true, they found me where they say,  
But that implies not violence or harm

Thus he in scorn: The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied  
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew  
And now returns him from his prison scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to scape his punishment  
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying: meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provoked  
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive



To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern  
 Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear  
 But still thy words at random as before,  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past  
 A faithful leader not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by myself untried  
 I therefore I alone first undertook  
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
 This new created world whereof in hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
 To settle here on earth or in mid air,  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions due against  
 Whose easier business were to serve then Lord  
 High up in heaven with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practised distances to cringe not fight  
 To whom the warrior angel soon replied  
 To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced  
 Satan and couldst thou faithful add? O name  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends fit body to fit head  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledged Power supreme?  
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd and cring'd and servilely adored  
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I arreared thee now, Avaunt,  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst if from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd  
 And seal thee so,<sup>1</sup> as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd

So threaten'd he but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed but waxing more in rage replied

Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud liminary Cherub but ere then  
 For heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings,<sup>2</sup> and thou with thy compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of heav'n star-paved

While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red sharp'ning in moon'd horns  
 Then phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind  
 Sways them, the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff On the other side Satan alarm'd,  
 Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise  
 In this commotion but the stony cope  
 Of heav'n perhaps or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,<sup>3</sup> yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,

<sup>1</sup> Rev xx 3

<sup>2</sup> Ezek i x and xi 22

<sup>3</sup> The constellation Libra. This image of the Deity weighing the fates of the combatants is found both in Homer  
 XXII Iliad —and in Virgil who re-

presents Jupiter as weighing the fate of Turnus and Aeneas — Addison 1  
 Homer and Virgil the combatants weighed one against another but in Satan only is weighed in one scale the consequence of his retreating in the other

Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events  
 Battles and realms in these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight  
 The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam  
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend  
     Satan I know thy strength and thou know'st mine  
 Neither our own but given, what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do, since thine no more  
 Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mine? for proof look up,  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign  
 Where thou art weigh'd<sup>1</sup> and shown how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist The fiend look'd up and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft nor more, but fled  
 Murmuring and with him fled the shades of night

of his fighting. And there is this further  
 improvement that as in Homer and  
 Virgil the fates are weighed to satisfy  
 Jupiter himself it is here done to satisfy

only the contending parties—for Satan  
 to read his own destiny! —NEWTON  
<sup>1</sup> Dan v 27

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached. Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream. He tells it not yet comforts her. They come forth to their daily labours. Their morning hymn at the door of their bower. Col to render Man inexcusable. Says Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is and why his enemy, and whatever discourse avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to pursue his argument described. His coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower. He goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of paradise, got toke her by Eve. Their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy. Relates at Adam's request who that enemy is and how he came to be beginning from his first revolt in heaven and the occasion thereof. How he drew his legion after him to the parts of the north and there incited them to rebel with him, yet winning all but only Abdiel a scraph who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn' her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was airy light from pure digestion bred,  
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills Aurora's fan  
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest he on his side  
 Leaning half rais'd with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd and beheld  
 Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then with voice  
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,  
 My rarest, my espoused, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tenced plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How nature paints her colours how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet  
 Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startled eye  
 On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake  
 O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 Thy face and mien returned, for I this night,  
 Such night till this I never pass'd have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont of thee,  
 Works of day pass'd or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble which my mind  
 Knew never till this unksome night methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
 With gentle voice I thought it thine it said  
 Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
 The cool the silent eve where silence yields  
 To the night warbling bird that now awake  
 'Tunes sweetest his love labour'd song now reigns  
 Full orb'd the moon and with more pleasing light  
 Shadowy sets off the face of things in vain,  
 If none regard heav'n wilcs with all his eyes,  
 Whom to behold but thee nature's desire  
 In whose sight all things joy with ravishment  
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze  
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not,  
 To find thee I directed then my walk,  
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
 Of interdicted knowledge fair it seem'd,  
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day  
 And as I wondering look'd, beside it stood  
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heav'n  
 By us oft seen, his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia, on that tree he also gaz'd,  
 And O fair plant said he with fruit surcharged  
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor man, is knowledge so despised?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?

Thus said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm  
 He pluck'd, he tasted, me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold  
 But he thus overjoy'd O fruit divine,  
 Sweet of thyself but much more sweet thus crop'd,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For Gods yet able to make Gods of men  
 And why not Gods of men since good the more  
 Communicated more abundant grows,  
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more  
 Here happy creature fan angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also happy though thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be worthier canst not be  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined  
 But sometimes in the air as we sometimes  
 Ascend to heav'n by merit thine and see  
 What life the Gods live there and such live thou  
 So saying he drew nigh and to me held,  
 I ven to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd, the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetit that I methought,  
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various wond'ring at my flight and change  
 To this high exultation suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought sunk down,  
 And fell asleep but O how glad I waked  
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
 Related and thus Adam answer'd sad

Best image of myself and dearer half  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally, nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure But know that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief among these Fancy next  
 Her office holds, of all external things,

Which the five watchful senses represent  
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm, or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires  
 Into her private cell when nature rests  
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes  
 To imitate her, but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late  
 Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream  
 But with addition strange, yet be not sad  
 Evil into the mind of God or man  
 May come and go so unapproved, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do  
 Be not dishearten'd then nor cloud those looks  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves the fountains and the flow'rs,  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserved from night and kept for thee in store  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye and wiped them with her hair  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice he ere they fell  
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,  
 And pious awe that fear'd to have offended  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste  
 But first, from under shady arborous roof  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of dayspring and the sun who scarce uprisen  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons each morning duly paid  
 In various style, for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness and they thus began

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!<sup>1</sup>  
 Unspeakable who sittest above these heavens,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine  
 Speak ye who best can tell ye sons of light,  
 Angels for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first him last him midst and without end  
 Fairest of stars last in the train of night  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn  
 Sure pledge of day thou crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright enclasp'd in thy sphere  
 While day arises that sweet hour of prime  
 Thou sun of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st  
 And when high noon hast gain'd and when thou fall'st  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun now fly'st,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song<sup>1</sup> resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light  
 Air, and ye elements the eldest birth  
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternions run

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<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres



Perpetual circle multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake dusky or grey,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling still advance his praise  
 His praise ye winds that from four quarters blow  
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines  
 With every plant in sign of worship wave  
 Fountains and ye that warble as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs warbling tune his praise  
 Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,  
 That singing up to heaven give ascends,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,  
 Ye that in waters glide and ye that walk  
 The earth and stately tread or lowly creep,<sup>1</sup>  
 Witness if I be silent morn or even  
 To hill or valley fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise  
 Hail universal Lord be bounteous still  
 To give us only good and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts  
 Firm peace recovered soon and wonted calm,  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dew and flowers where any row  
 Of fruit trees over woody reach'd too far  
 Their pamper'd<sup>2</sup> boughs and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces or they led the vine  
 To wed her elm she spous'd about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms and with her brings  
 Her dower th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves Them thus employ'd beheld

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<sup>1</sup> See Psalm cxlviii.

<sup>2</sup> Unrestrained

With pity heav'n's high King and to Him called  
 Raphael, the sociable spirit that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seventimes wedded maid

Raphael, said he thou hear'st what stir on earth  
 Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf,  
 Hath rais'd in paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind  
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
 To respite his day labour with repast,  
 Or with repose, and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state  
 Happiness in his power left free to will  
 Left to his own free will his will though free,  
 Yet mutable whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure, tell him withal  
 His danger and from whom, what enemy  
 Late full'n himself from heaven, is plotting now  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss,  
 By violence? no for that shall be withstood,  
 But by deceit and lies this let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal unadmonish'd unforewarn'd

So spake the eternal Father and fulfill'd  
 All justice nor delay'd the winged saint  
 After his charge received, but from among  
 Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
 Flew through the midst of heav'n, th' angelic choirs,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road, till at the gate  
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate itself open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning as by work  
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd  
 From hence, no cloud, or to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interposed, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,

Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd  
 Above all hills as when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon  
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades<sup>1</sup>  
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens  
 A cloudy spot Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the luxuriant air, till within soar  
 Of tow ring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix gazed by all as that sole bird  
 When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple to Egyptian Thebes he flies<sup>2</sup>  
 At once on the eastern cliff of paradise  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
 A seraph wing'd six wings he wore to shade  
 His lineaments divine the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament the middle pair  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colours dipp'd in heaven the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mul  
 Sky tinctur'd gun Like Man's son<sup>3</sup> he stood,  
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of angels under witch and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honour rise  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound  
 Their glittering tents he pass'd and now is come  
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flow ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm,

<sup>1</sup> Islands of the Archipelago

<sup>2</sup> The phoenix was a fabled bird of which one only was said to exist at a time. It was exquisitely beautiful and lived many hundred years. At the end of its life it made a pile of aromatic woods which it kindled, and, fanning

the flames with its wings, perished in the blaze. From its ashes sprang another phoenix. The phoenix made his funeral pyre in the sun's temple at Thebes.

<sup>3</sup> The feathered Mercury — SHAKESPEARE. Mercury had wings on his feet as well as his shoulders.

A wilderness of sweets, for nature here  
 Wanton d as in her prime, and play d at will  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern d, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bower while now the mounted sun  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
 Earth s inmost womb more warmth than Adam needs,  
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
 True appetite and not disrelish thirst  
 Of nectarous draughts between from mill y stream,  
 Berry, or grape to whom thus Adam call'd

Haste hither Eve and worth thy sight behold  
 Eastward among those trees what glorious shipe  
 Comes this way moving seems another main  
 Risen on mid noon some great behest from heav'n  
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
 This day to be our guest But go with speed  
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
 Abundance fit to honour and receive  
 Our heav'nly stranger, well we may afford  
 Our givers their own gifts and large bestow  
 From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies  
 Her fertile growth and by disburd'ning grows  
 More fruitful which instructs us not to spare

To whom thus Eve Adam, earth s hallow'd mould,  
 Of God inspired small store will serve where store  
 All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk,  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish and superfluous moist consumes  
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
 To entertain our angel guest, as he  
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in heav'n  
 So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,

What order, so contrived as not to mix  
 Tastes, not well join'd inelegant, but bring  
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,  
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
 Whatever earth, all bearing mother, yields  
 In India east or west, or middle shore  
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast,<sup>1</sup> or where  
 Alcinous reign'd fruit of all kinds in coat  
 Rough, or smooth rind or bearded husk or shell,  
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board  
 Heaps with unspiring hand for drink the grape  
 She crushes inoffensive must<sup>2</sup> and meaths<sup>4</sup>  
 From many a berry and from sweet kernels press'd  
 She tempers dulcet creams nor these to hold  
 Wants her fit vessels pure then strews the ground  
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd  
 Meanwhile our primitive great sire to meet  
 His god-like guest calls forth without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections in himself was all his state  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led and grooms besmear'd with gold  
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape  
 Nearer his presence Adam though not awed  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior nature bowing low  
 Thus said Native of heav'n for other place  
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain,  
 Since by descending from the thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
 To wait and honour these vouchsafe with us  
 Two only who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline

<sup>1</sup> Carthage<sup>2</sup> Ilicia, an island in the Ionian Sea<sup>3</sup> Grape juice unfermented<sup>4</sup> Mead

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild  
 Adam I therefore came nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell  
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,  
 To visit thee lead on then where thy bower  
 O'ershades for these mid hours till evening rise,  
 I have at will So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's harbour smiled  
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells but Eve  
 Undeck'd save with her self more lovely fair  
 Than wood nymph or the fairest goddess sigh'd  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naid strove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n no veil  
 She needed virtue proof no thought infirm  
 Altered her cheek On whom the angel Hail  
 Bestow'd the holy salutation used  
 Long after to blest Mary second Eve

Hail mother of mankind whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
 Thin with these various fruits the trees of God  
 Have heap'd this table Raised of grassy turf  
 Then table was and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square from side to side •  
 All autumn piled though spring and autumn here  
 Danced hand in hand A while discourse they hold,  
 No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began  
 Our author Heavenly stranger, please to taste  
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
 All perfect good unmeasured out descends,  
 To us for food and for delight hath caused  
 The earth to yield, unsavoury food, perhaps,  
 To spiritual natures only this I know,  
 That one celestial Father gives to all

To whom the angel Therefore what He gives,  
 Whose praise be ever sung to man in part  
 Spiritual may of purest spirits be found  
 No ingrateful food and food alike those pure

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the judgment of Paris  
 when Juno Minerva and Venus con-

tended for the apple inscribed To the  
 fairest

Intelligent substances require,  
 As doth your rational, and both contain  
 Within them every lower faculty  
 Of sense, whereby they hear see, smell, touch, taste,  
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn  
 For know whatever was created needs  
 'To be sustain'd and fed, of elements  
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires  
 Ethereal and as lowest first the moon,  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs  
 The sun that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimential recompence  
 In humid exhalations and it even  
 Sips with the ocean Though in heav'n the trees<sup>1</sup>  
 Of life ambrosial fruite be u and vines  
 Yield nectar tho from off the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dewes and find the ground  
 Cover'd with peeuily grain,<sup>2</sup> yet God hath here  
 Vnied his bounty so with new delights  
 As may compare with heaven, and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The angel nor in mist, the common gloss  
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger and concoctive heat  
 'To transubstantiate what redounds transpires  
 Through spirits with ease, nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of sooty coal the empyric alchymist  
 Can turn or holds it possible to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold  
 As from the mine Meanwhile at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups

<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxviii 25 cv 40

<sup>2</sup> The bread of Heaven, &c, manna. Rev xxii. 2 Matt xxvi 29

With pleasant liquors crown'd O innocence  
Deserving paradise ' if ever, then,  
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
Famour'd at that sight, but in those hearts  
Love unbridled reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood the injured lover's hell

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
Not burden'd nature sudden mind arose  
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,  
Given him by this great conference to know  
Of things above his world and of their being  
Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence whose high power so far  
Exceeded human, and his weak speech  
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd

Inhabitant with God now I now I will  
Thy favour in this honour done to man,  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed  
To enter and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of angels yet accepted so  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At heav'n's high feasts to have fed yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarchy replied  
O Adam one Almighty is from whom  
All things proceed and up to Him return,  
If not depraved from good created all  
Such to perfection, one first matter ill,  
Indued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance and, in things that live of life  
But more refined, more spirituous and pure  
As nearer to Him plac'd, or nearer tending  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
Till, Iody up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk from thence the leaves  
More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
Spirits odorous breathes, flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,



To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding, whence the soul  
 Reason receives and reason is her being,  
 Discursive or intuitive, discourse  
 Is ofttest yours the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same  
 Wonder not then what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance time may come when men  
 With angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet nor too light fare  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit  
 Improved by tract of time and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal as we or may at choice  
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell,  
 If ye be found obedient and retain  
 Unalterably firm His love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend incapable of more

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied  
 O favourable spirit propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found  
 Obedient? Can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who form'd us from the dust and placed us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel Son of heaven and earth  
 Attend that thou art happy owe to God,  
 That thou continu'st such owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience, therein stand  
 This was that caution given thee, be advised  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,

And good He made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over ruled by fate  
 Inextricable or strict necessity  
 Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated, such with him  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
 Can hearts, not free be tied whether they serve  
 Willing or no who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself and all th' angelic host that stand  
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state  
 Hold as you yours while our obedience holds  
 On other surety none, freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love as in our will  
 To love or not in this we stand or fall  
 And some are fallen to disobedience fallen  
 And so from heaven to deepest hell O fallen  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!  
 To whom our great progenitor Thy words  
 Attentive and with more delighted ear  
 Divine instructor I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aereal music send nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free,  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our Maker and obey Him whose command  
 Single is yet so just my constant thoughts  
 Assured me and still assure though what thou tellest  
 Hath past in heaven some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear if thou consent,  
 The full relation which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard  
 And we have yet large day for scarce the sun  
 Hath finish'd half his journey and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of heav'n  
 Thus Adam made request and Raphael,  
 After short pause assenting thus began  
 High matter thou enjoinst me, O prime of men,  
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits  
 Of warring spirits,<sup>1</sup> how without remorse  
 The ruin of so many, glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good,  
 This is dispensed and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense I shall delineate so  
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms  
 As may express them best though what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein  
 Each to other like more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll where earth now rests  
 Upon her centre poised when on a day  
 For time, though in eternity applied  
 To motion measures all things durable  
 By present past and future, on such day  
 As heav'n's great year<sup>1</sup> brings forth the empyreal host<sup>2</sup>  
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd  
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne  
 Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd  
 Under their high arches in orders bright  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
 Standards and gonfions twixt van and rear  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
 Holy memoirs, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake  
 Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light

<sup>1</sup> Plato's great year was probably in Milton's mind. It was a revolution of all the spheres. Everything returns

to where it set out when their motion first began. —From RICHARDSON  
<sup>2</sup> Job i 6 Dan. vi 10

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
 Hear my decree,<sup>1</sup> which unrevoked shall stand  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
 At my right hand, your head I him appoint,  
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord  
 Under his great vice gerent reign abide  
 United, as one individual soul,  
 For ever happy him who disobey  
 Me disobey breaks union, and, that day  
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
 Into utter darkness deep ingulf'd his place  
 Ordin'd without redemption, without end

So spake th' Omnipotent and with his words  
 All seem'd well pleas'd, all seem'd but were not all  
 That day as other solemn days, they spent  
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,  
 Mystical dance which yonder starry sphere  
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels  
 Resembles nearest mazes intricate,  
 Eccentric intervolv'd, yet regular  
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,  
 And in their motions harmony divine  
 So smooths her charming tones that God's own ear  
 Listens delighted Ev'ning now approach'd,  
 For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,  
 We ours for change delectable not need,  
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,  
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled  
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows,  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n  
 On flow'rs reposed and with fresh flowerets crown'd,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who shower'd  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy  
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade  
 Spring both the face of brightest heav'n had changed  
 To grateful twilight, for night comes not there  
 In darker veil, and roseate dew's disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,<sup>1</sup>  
 Wide over all the plain and wider far  
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,  
 Such are the courts of God, th' angelic throng  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,<sup>2</sup>  
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reard,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fann'd with cool winds save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne  
 Alternate all night long But not so waked  
 Satan, so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in heav'n, he of the first  
 If not the first arch angel, great in power,  
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear  
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipp'd, unbey'd, the throne supreme,  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake  
 Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close  
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday so late hath past the lips

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxxi 4 ' He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep

<sup>2</sup> Rev xxii.

Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart  
 Both waking we were one, how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou see'st imposed,  
 New laws from Him who reigns new minds may raise  
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
 To utter is not safe Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief  
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The quarters of the north<sup>1</sup> there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws  
 So spake the false arch angel and infused  
 Bad influence into the unwary breast  
 Of his associate, he together calls,  
 On several one by one the regent Powers,  
 Under him regent tells as he was taught,  
 That, the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,  
 The great hierarchial standard was to move,  
 Tells the suggested cause and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies to sound  
 On taint integrity but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate, for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in heav'n,  
 His countenance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies

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<sup>1</sup> How art thou fallen O Lucifer  
 son of the morning For thou  
 hast said in thine heart I will ascend  
 into heaven I will exalt my throne  
 above the stars of God I will sit also  
 upon the mount of the congregation:  
*the sides of the north*—Isaiah xiv part  
 of 12 and 13 vs In Shakespeare 1st Part

of Henry VI Act V Sc 3 Joan of Arc  
 addressing the fiends calls them -  
 substitutes

Unto the lordly monarch of the north  
*i.e.* the devil This was probably in  
 accordance with popular superstition  
 which actually gave an ill name to the  
 north side of even a churchyard

Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host <sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps <sup>2</sup> that burn  
Nightly before Him, saw without their light  
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
Among the sons of morn <sup>3</sup> what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose His high decree,  
And smiling to His only Son thus said

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
In full resplendence heir of all my might,  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of deity or empire, such a foe  
Is rising who intends to erect his throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north,  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battle what our power is or our right  
Let us advise and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place our sanctuary, our hill

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear  
Light'ning divine, ineffable serene,  
Made answer Mighty Father, Thou Thy foes  
Justly hast in derision and secure  
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,<sup>4</sup>  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy rebels or be found the worst in heav'n

So spake the Son but Satan with his powers  
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun

<sup>1</sup> Rev xii 3, 4.  
<sup>2</sup> Rev iv 5

<sup>3</sup> Isaiah xiv 12.  
<sup>4</sup> Psalm ii. 4.

Impearls on every leaf and every flower  
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones  
In their triple degrees, regions to which  
All thy dominion, Adam is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
And all the sea from one entire globose  
Stretch'd into longitude, which having pass'd,  
At length into the limits of the north  
They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
Rused on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs  
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,  
The palace of great Lucifer, so call  
That structure in the dialect of men  
Interpreted which not long after he,  
Afficting all equality with God  
In imitation of that mount<sup>1</sup> whereon  
Messiah was declared in sight of heav'n  
The mountain of the congregation call'd,  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their king,  
Thither to come and with calumnious art  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears

Thrones, dominations, principedoms virtues, powers,  
If these magnificent titles yet remain  
Not merely titular since by decree  
Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
Of king anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,  
This only to consult how we may best  
With what may be devised of honours new  
Receive him, coming to receive from us  
Knee tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one; but double how endured,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

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<sup>1</sup> Psalm li. 6



But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of heav'n, possess before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free, for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist  
 Who can in reason then or right assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in power and splendour less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern not to serve?

Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience, when among the seraphim  
 Abdiel thine whom none with more zeal adored  
 The Duty and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus opposed

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud,  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n  
 Expected, least of all from thee ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of GOD, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to His only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee<sup>1</sup> and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful king<sup>2</sup> unjust thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power

<sup>1</sup> Philip ii 9 19 11

Shalt thou give law to God?<sup>1</sup> shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n  
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident He is, how far from thought  
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state under one head more near  
 United But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign  
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
 As by His word the mighty Father made  
 All things ev'n thee and all the spirits of heav'n  
 By him created in their bright degrees,<sup>2</sup>  
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named  
 Thrones dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,  
 Essential powers, nor by his reign obscured,  
 But more illustrious made, since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduced becomes,  
 His laws our laws all honour to him done  
 Returns our own Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these, but hasten to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father and th' incens'd Son<sup>3</sup>  
 While pardon may be found in time besought  
 So spake the fervent angel, but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd  
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
 The Apostate, and more haughty thus replied  
 That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd who saw  
 When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?

<sup>1</sup> Rom ix 20

<sup>2</sup> Colos i 15, 16, 17

<sup>3</sup> Psalm ii

We know no time when we were not as now,  
 Know none before us, self begot, self raised  
 By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address and to begird th' Almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed king,  
 And fly ere evil intercept thy flight

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host, nor less for that  
 The flaming seraph fearless, though alone  
 Encompass'd round with foes thus answer'd bold

O alienate from God O spirit accurst  
 Fors'en of all good I see thy fall  
 Determin'd and thy hapless crew involved  
 In this perfidious fraud contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment Henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of GOD'S MESSIAH, those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsafed, other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall  
 That golden sceptre which thou didst reject  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted lest the wrath  
 Impendent raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not, for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know

So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,  
 Among the faithless faithful only he  
 Among innumerable false unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept his love, his zeal,  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd

## BOOK VI

## THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described. Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He in the power of his Father coming to the place and causing all his legions to stand still on either side with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven which opening they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless angel unpursued  
 Through heav'n's wide champaign held his way, till morn,  
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns which makes through heav'n  
 Grateful vicissitude like day and night  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door  
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour  
 To veil the heav'n though darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here, and now went forth the morn  
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyrean, from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot through with orient beams when all the plain  
 Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
 Chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view  
 War he perceived, war in prospect, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought  
 To have reported gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly powers, who him received  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
 That of so many myriads fall'n yet one

Return'd not lost    On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice  
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth in word mightier than they in arms,  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach far worse to bear  
Than violence    for thus was all thy care,  
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse    The easier conquest now  
Remains thee aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their king  
Messiah who by right of merit reigns  
Go, Michael of celestial armies prince,  
And thou, in military prowess next,  
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armèd Saints  
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,  
Equal in number to that godless crew  
Rebellious, them with fire and hostile arms  
Fearless assault and to the brow of heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery chaos to receive their fall

So spake the sovereign voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd    nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow  
At which command the powers militant  
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions, to the sound

Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
 Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,  
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah On they move  
 Indissolubly firm nor obvious hill,  
 Nor strait ning vale, nor wood nor stream, divides  
 Their perfect ranks, for high above the ground  
 Their march was and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind  
 Of birds in orderly array on wing  
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
 Their names of thee so over many a tract  
 Of heav'n they march'd and many a province wide  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene At last  
 Far in the horizon to the north appear'd  
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd  
 In battalious aspect and nearer view  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument pourtray'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 The banded powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition for they ween'd  
 That self same day, by fight or by surprize,  
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain  
 In the mid way Though strange to us it seem'd  
 At first, that angel should with angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting<sup>2</sup> meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous as sons of one great Sire,  
 Hymning th eternal Father, but the shout  
 Of battle now began,<sup>3</sup> and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought  
 High in the midst exalted as a God  
 Th' apostate in his sun bright chariot sat,

<sup>1</sup> Here is an allusion to the designs and mottoes on shields

<sup>2</sup> Mustering of hosts or armies

<sup>3</sup> There was war in heaven Michael

and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels and prevailed not &c See Rev xii. 7, 8, 9

Idol<sup>1</sup> of Majesty divine, enclosed  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields  
 'Then lighted from his gorgeous throne for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood in terrible array  
 Of hideous length before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold  
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores

O heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain where faith and reality<sup>2</sup>  
 Remain not, wherefore should not strength and might  
 There fail where virtue fails or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable<sup>2</sup>  
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried  
 Unsound and false, nor is it aught but just,  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won  
 Should win in arms in both disputes alike  
 Victor though brutish that contest and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome

So pondering and from his armed peers  
 Forth stepping opposite half way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed and thus securely him defied

Proud art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd  
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed,  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue fool, not to think how vain  
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms,  
 Who out of smallest things could without end

<sup>1</sup> For Counterfeit—false deity

<sup>2</sup> Reality.



Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly, or, with solitary hand  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow  
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
 Thy legions under darkness but thou seest  
 All are not of thy train, there be, who faith  
 Prefer and pity to God, though then  
 To thee not visible, when I alone  
 Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all my sect thou seest, now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye iskance,  
 Thus answer'd Ill for thee but in wish'd hour  
 Of my revenge first sought for thou return'st  
 From flight seditious angel to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked since first that tongue  
 Inspired with contradiction durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
 Their duties to assert who while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them can allow  
 Omnipotence to none But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows ambitious to win  
 From me some plume that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest this pause between,  
 Unanswer'd lest thou boast to let thee know,  
 At first I thought that liberty and heav'n  
 To heav'nly souls had been all one, but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Minst'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song,  
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd  
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote  
 Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name  
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature, God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs    This is servitude,  
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd,  
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid  
Reign thou in hell thy kingdom let me serve  
In heav'n God ever bless'd, and His divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
Yet chains in hell not realms expect    meanwhile  
From me return'd as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive

So saying a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not but so swift with tempest full  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
Such ruin intercept    ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth  
Winds under ground or waters, forcing way  
Side long had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half sunk with all his pines    Amazement seized  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Presage of victory and fierce desire  
Of battle    whence Michael bid sound  
The arch angel trumpet, through the vast of heav'n  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosanna to the Highest    nor stood at gaze  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock    Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour, such as heard in heav'n till now  
Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd, dire was the noise  
Of conflict, over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage, all heav'n

Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encounter angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions how much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat,  
Had not the eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of heav'n high overruled  
And limited their might, though number'd such,  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when and when to close  
The ridges of grim war, no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear, each on himself relied,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite, for wide was spread  
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the air, all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire Long time in even scale  
The battle hung, till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once, with huge two handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference At his approach  
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil

Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch foe subdued  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflamed, first thus began

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnamed in heav'n now plenteous, as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
And thy adherents how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands once upright  
And faithful now prov'd false! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest, heav'n casts thee out  
From all her confines heav'n the seat of bliss  
Brooks not the works of violence and war  
Hence then and evil go with thee along,  
Thy offspring to the place of evil hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew these mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain

So spake the prince of angels, to whom thus  
The adversary Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style  
The strife of glory which we mean to win,  
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign meanwhile thy utmost force,  
And join Him named Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue

Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
 Human imagination to such highth  
 Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd  
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles, two broad suns their shields  
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror, from each hand with speed retired,  
 Where erst was thickest fight th' angelic throng  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
 Should combat and their jarring spheres confound  
 Together both, with next to Almighty arm,  
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine and not need repeat,  
 As not of power at once, nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armoury of God  
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor stay'd,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent ring, shared  
 All his right side, then Satan first knew pain,  
 And with'd him to and fro convolved, so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd thro' him, but th' ethereal substance closed,  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin<sup>e</sup>, such as celestial spirits may bleed,<sup>1</sup>  
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright

<sup>1</sup> Homer calls the blood of the gods  
*achor*, and describes it as differing from

human blood as Milton does that of  
 Satan the Archangel.

Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interposed  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired  
 From off the files of war there they him laid  
 Gnashing for anguish and despite, and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power  
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die,  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect all sense, and as they please  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
 Assume, as likes them best condense or rare  
 Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king who him defied,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous, but anon,  
 Down cloven to the waist with shatter'd aims  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd, Adrameleck<sup>1</sup> and Asmadai,<sup>2</sup>  
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their fight  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence

<sup>1</sup> One of the idols of Sepharvaim. 2 Kings xvii. 31

<sup>2</sup> The same as Asmodeus the persecutor of Sara in Tobit

Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,  
 Seek not the praise of men the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager yet by doom  
 Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell  
 For strength from truth divided and from just,  
 Illaudable naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires  
 Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,  
 With many an inroad gored, deformed rout  
 Enter'd and foul disorder all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd  
 And fiery foaming steeds, what stood, recoil'd  
 O'erwearied through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprized,  
 Then first with fear surprized and sense of pain  
 Fled ignominious to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
 Invulnerable impenetrably arm'd  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved

Now night her course began, and, over heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
 And silence on the odious din of war  
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
 Victor and vanquish'd On the foughten field  
 Michael and his angels prevalent

Encamping placed in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires on th' other part  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodged, and void of rest  
 His potentates to council call'd by night,  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began

O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion glory, and renown,  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,  
 (And if one day why not eternal days?)  
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 Against us from about His throne and judged  
 Sufficient to subdue us to His will,  
 But proves not so then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem Him though till now  
 Omniscient thought True is, less firmly arm'd  
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,  
 Till now not known, but known, as soon condemn'd,  
 Since now we find this our empvreal form  
 Incapable of mortal injury  
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound  
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd  
 Of evil then so small as easy think  
 The remedy, perhaps more valid arms,  
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes  
 Or equal what between us made the odds,  
 In nature none if other hidden cause  
 Left them superior, while we can preserve  
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,  
 Due search and consultation will disclose  
 He sat, and in th' assembly next upstood  
 Nisroch,<sup>1</sup> of principalities the prime,  
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,

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<sup>1</sup> Nisroch was worshipped by the Assyrians. It was in his temple that

Sennacherib was slain by his two sons.  
 See 2 Kings xix 37



Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,  
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake  
 Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods, yet hard  
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain  
 Against unpaïd, impassive, from which evil  
 Ruin must needs ensue, for what avails  
 Valour or strength though matchless, quell'd with pain,  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hand  
 Of mightiest? sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps and not repine,  
 But live content which is the calmest life  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and excessive overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend  
 Our yet unwounded enemies or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe

Whereto with look composed Satan replied  
 Not uninvented that which thou aught  
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
 Of spumous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These in their dark nativity the deep  
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
 Which into hollow engines long and round  
 Thick ram'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far with thund'ring noise among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash

To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish    Meanwhile revive,  
Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd,

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived  
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible    yet haply of thy race  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired  
With dev'lish machination, might devise  
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
Th' originals of nature in their crude-  
Conception    sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art  
Concocted and adusted they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd  
Part hidden veins digg'd up nor hath this earth  
Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin, part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire  
So all ere day spring, under conscious night  
Secret, they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unespied

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,  
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung    in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded, others from the dawning hills

Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armèd scour,  
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh in slow  
 But firm battalion back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried

Arm, warriors arm for fight the foe at hand  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day Fear not his flight so thick a cloud  
 He comes, and settled in his face I see  
 Sad resolution and secure let each  
 His adamantine coat gird well and each  
 Fit well his helm, gape fast his orb'd shield  
 Borne even or high for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,  
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
 In order quit of all impediment  
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
 And onward move embattell'd, when behold  
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
 Trailing his devilish enginry, impaled  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud At interview both stood  
 Awhile, but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
 That all may see, who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse,  
 But that I doubt, however witness heaven,  
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge  
 Freely our part ye who appointed stand  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear  
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce

Had ended, when to right and left the front  
 Divided, and to either flank retired  
 Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
 A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
 On wheels for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
 Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir  
 With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,  
 Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
 With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
 Portending hollow tvice at each behind  
 A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
 Stood waving tipp'd with fire while we suspense  
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
 Not long for sudden all at once then reeds  
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
 With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,  
 But soon obscured with smoke all heav'n appear'd,  
 From those deep throat'd engines belch'd, whose roar  
 Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air  
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
 Their devilish glut chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
 Of iron globes which on the victor host  
 Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,  
 That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,  
 Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
 By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,  
 The sooner for their arms unarm'd they might  
 Have easily as spirits evaded swift  
 By quick contraction or remove but now  
 Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout  
 Nor served it to relax their serr'd files  
 What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse  
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
 Doubled, would render them yet more despised,  
 And to their foes a laughter for in view  
 Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,  
 In posture to displode their second tire  
 Of thunder back defeated to return  
 They worse abhorr'd Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd

O friends why come not on these victors proud ?  
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,  
 To entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
 As they would dance yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace but I suppose,  
 If our proposals once again were heard,  
 We should compel them to a quick result

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents and full of force urged home,  
 Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
 And stumbled many, who receives them right,  
 Had need from head to foot well understand,  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright  
 So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
 Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond  
 All doubt of victory eternal might  
 To match with their inventions they presumed  
 So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,  
 And all His host derided, while they stood  
 Awhile in trouble, but they stood not long,  
 Rage prompted them at length, and found them aims  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose  
 Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty angels placed !  
 Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,  
 For earth hath this variety from heav'n  
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,  
 Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,  
 From their foundations loos'ning to and fro  
 They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops  
 Up lifting bore them in their hands Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them so dread they saw

The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,  
 Till on those cursed engines triple row  
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep,  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung which in the air  
 Came shadowing and opprest whole legions arm'd  
 Their armour help'd their harm crush'd in and bruised  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
 Out of such prison though sprits of purest light  
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them and the neighbouring hills uptore,  
 So hills amid the an encounter'd hills  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade,  
 Infernal noise, war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar, horrid confusion heap'd  
 Upon confusion rose and now all heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,  
 Consulting on the sum of things foreseen  
 This tumult and permitted all advised  
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honour his anointed Son avenged  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All power on him transferr'd whence to his Son  
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began  
 Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,  
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,  
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,  
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame  
 These disobedient, sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd,

For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,  
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom,  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found  
 War wean'd hath perform'd what war can do,  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd which makes  
 Wild work in heav'n and dangerous to the main  
 Two days are therefore past the third is thine,  
 I or thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
 Of ending this great war since none but thou  
 Can end it Into thee such virtue and grace  
 Immense I have transfused that all may know  
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,  
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be heir  
 Of all things to be heir and to be king  
 By sacred unction,<sup>1</sup> thy deserved right  
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh,<sup>2</sup>  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out  
 From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep  
 There let them learn as likes them, to despise  
 God and Messiah his anointed king  
 He said and on his Son with rays direct  
 Shone full He all his Father full exprest  
 Ineffably into His face received,  
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake  
 O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,  
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
 To glorify thy Son,<sup>3</sup> I always thee,  
 As is most just, thus I my glory account,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xlv 7<sup>2</sup> Psalm xlv 3 4.<sup>3</sup> John xvii 4 5

My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
 That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will  
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss  
 Sceptre, and power thy giving I assume  
 And gladlier shall resign when in the end  
 Thou shalt be all in all,<sup>1</sup> and I in thee  
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st<sup>2</sup>  
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
 Image of thee in all things and shall soon,  
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down  
 To chains of darkness<sup>3</sup> and th' undying worm,<sup>4</sup>  
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
 Whom to obey is happiness entire  
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
 Far separate circling thy holy mount  
 Unfain'd hallelujahs to thee sing,  
 Hymns of high praise and I among them chief  
 So said he o'er his sceptre bowing rose  
 From the right hand of glory where he sat,  
 And the third sacred morn began to shine  
 Dawning through heav'n forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
 The chariot of paternal Deity  
 Flashing thick flames wheel within wheel undrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
 By four cherubic shapes, four faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl<sup>5</sup> and careering fires between<sup>6</sup>  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch  
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd  
 Of radiant Uim<sup>7</sup> work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended, at his right hand Victory

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor xv 28

<sup>2</sup> John xvii 21 23

<sup>3</sup> 2 Peter ii 4

<sup>4</sup> Mark ix 44

<sup>5</sup> A beryl is a precious stone of sea-green colour —NEWTON

<sup>6</sup> See Ezek i

<sup>7</sup> Exod xxviii 2



Sate eagle winged, beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver with three bolted thunder storea,  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke,<sup>1</sup> and bickering flame, and sparkles dire  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints<sup>2</sup>  
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,  
 And twenty thousand,<sup>3</sup> I their number heard,  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen  
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime<sup>4</sup>  
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned  
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
 First seen, them unexpected joy surprised,  
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,  
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n<sup>5</sup>  
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
 His army circumfused on either wing  
 Under their Head<sup>6</sup> embodied all in one  
 Before him power divine his way prepared  
 At his command the uprooted hills retired  
 Each to his place they heard his voice and went  
 Obsequious Heav'n his wonted face renew'd  
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled  
 Thus saw his hapless foes but stood obdured,  
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers  
 Insensate hope conceiving from despair  
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?  
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
 Grieving to see His glory, at the sight  
 Took envy and, aspiring to His highth,  
 Stood combatled fierce, by force or fraud  
 Weening to prosper and at length prevail  
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
 In universal ruin last, and now  
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xviii 8 1 3<sup>2</sup> Jude 14<sup>3</sup> Psalm lxviii 17<sup>4</sup> Psalm xviii 10<sup>5</sup> Matt xxiv 30<sup>6</sup> Rom xii 5

Or front retreat, when the great Son of God  
 To all his host on either hand thus spake  
 Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,  
 Ye angels arm'd this day from battle rest,  
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
 Accepted, fearless in His righteous cause,  
 And as ye have received, so have ye done  
 Invincibly but of this cursed crew  
 The punishment to other hand belongs,  
 Vengeance is His <sup>1</sup> or whose He sole appoints  
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold  
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
 By Me, not you but me they have despised,  
 Yet envied against me is all their rage  
 Because the Father to whom in heav'n supreme  
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,  
 Hath honour'd me according to his will  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd,  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels,  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe  
 So spake the Son and into terror changed  
 His countenance too severe to be beheld  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies  
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host  
 He on His impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night, under His burning wheels  
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God Full soon  
 Among them He arrived, in His right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent

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<sup>1</sup> Deut. xxxii. 35 Rom. xii. 19

<sup>2</sup> The four Cherubim Ezek. 1.

Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues they astonish'd all resistance lost,  
 All courage, down their idle weapons dropp'd,  
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmèd heads He rode  
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
 'That wish'd the mountains now might be again<sup>1</sup>  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 His arrows from the fourfold visaged Four,  
 Distinct with eyes and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
 Glued light'ning and shot forth pernicious fire  
 Among th' accurst that wither'd all their strength,  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
 Exhausted, spiritless afflicted fall'n  
 Yet half his strength He put not forth, but check'd  
 His thunder in mid volley, for He meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n  
 The overthrown He rused and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd  
 Drove them before Him thunder struck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide  
 Roll'd inward and a spacious gap disclosed  
 Into the wasteful deep, the monstrous sight  
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urged them behind, headlong themselves they threw  
 Down from the verge of heav'n eternal wrath  
 Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit  
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound  
 Nine days they fell, confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin hell at last

Yawning received them whole, and on th'm closed,  
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable the house of woe and pain  
 Disburden'd heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes  
 Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd  
 To meet Him all His saints, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of His almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanced and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm each order bright  
 Sung triumph, and Him sung victorious King,  
 Son Heir, and Lord to Him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid heav'n into the courts  
 And temple of His mighty Father throned  
 On high, who into glory Him received.<sup>1</sup>  
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,  
 At thy request and that thou may'st beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human race been hid  
 The discord which befell and war in heav'n  
 Among th' angelic powers and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan, he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake  
 His punishment eternal misery,  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe  
 But listen not to his temptations, wain  
 Thy weaker, let it profit thee to have heard  
 By terrible example the reward  
 Of disobedience, firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell remember, and fear to transgress

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim iii 16 Heb i 3.

## BOOK VII

## THE ARGUMENT

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein: sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n Urania<sup>1</sup> by that name  
 If rightly thou art call'd whose voice divine  
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing<sup>2</sup>  
 'The meaning not the name, I call for thou  
 Not of the Muses nine,<sup>3</sup> nor on the top  
 Of old Olympus dwellest, but heavenly born,  
 Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd,  
 Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
 Wisdom thy sister and with her didst play  
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presumed,  
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air  
 Thy temp'ring, with like safety guided down  
 Return me to my native element  
 Least from this flying steed unrein'd as once  
 Bellerophon,<sup>4</sup> though from a lower chime,  
 Dismounted on the Aleian field I fall  
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn

<sup>1</sup> The word Urania signifies heavenly. Here the Poet means *Heavenly Muse*.

<sup>2</sup> The winged horse Pegasus said to belong to the Muses was emblematical of flights of imagination.

<sup>3</sup> Urania amongst the Muses was the patroness of Astronomy.

<sup>4</sup> Bellerophon the son of Glaucus was a beautiful youth who was falsely accused by Sthenoboea Queen of Argos to her hus-

band Proetus King of Argos sent him in consequence into Lycia with letters commanding that he should be exposed to destruction. He escaped from many perilous enterprises forced on him but when he attempted to mount to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus (incited to the trial by vain glory) he was thrown off and wandered on the Aleian plains for the remainder of his life. The Aleian plains were in Cilicia.

Half yet remains unsung but narrower bound,  
 Within the visible diurnal sphere  
 Standing on earth not rapt above the pole,  
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
 To hoarse or mute though fall'n on evil days  
 On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues  
 In darkness and with dangers compass'd round  
 And solitude, yet not alone while thou  
 Visitest my slumbers nightly or when morn  
 Purples the east Still govern thou my song  
 Let him and his audience find though few  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope where woods and rocks had cusp  
 To rapture till the savage climour drown'd  
 Both harp and voice, nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son<sup>1</sup> So fail not thou who thee implor'st  
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream  
 Say Goddess what ensued when Raphael,  
 'The affable such angel had forewarn'd  
 Adam by dire example to beware  
 Apostasy by what befell in heav'n  
 To those apostates, lest the like befall  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command  
 So easily obey'd amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite  
 Though wandering He with his consorted Eve  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,  
 And war so new the peace of God in bliss  
 With such confusion but the evil soon

<sup>1</sup> Orpheus was torn to pieces by  
 the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope  
 a mountain of Thrace nor could his

mother the Muse Calliope, save him  
 Newton thinks that Milton here alludes  
 to the dissolute Court of Charles II

Driven back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
 With blessedness Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose and now  
 Led on, yet sinless with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began,  
 When, and whereof, created for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without, was done  
 Before his memory as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest  
 Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,  
 Far differing from this world thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter by favour sent  
 Down from the empyrean to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown which human knowledge could not reach  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and His admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end  
 Of what we are But since thou hast vouchsafed  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
 Our knowing as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known  
 How first began this heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable and this which yields or fills  
 All space the ambient air wide interfused  
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause  
 Moved the Creator in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity so late to build  
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we not to explore, the secrets, ask  
 Of His eternal empire, but the more

To magnify His works, the more we know  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race though steep, suspense in heav'n  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unapparent deep  
Or in the star of evening and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring  
Silence, and sleep listening to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his absence till thy song  
End and dismiss thee ere the morning shine

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought,  
And thus the Godlike Angel answered mild

This also thy request with caution ask'd  
Obtain though to recount mighty works  
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend<sup>1</sup>  
Yet what thou canst attain which best may serve  
To glorify the Maker and infer  
That also happier shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing such commission from above  
I have received to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain  
To ask nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King<sup>1</sup>  
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night  
To none communicable in earth or heav'n  
Enough is left besides to search and know  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temperance over appetite to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain,  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind

Know then that after Lucifer from heav'n,  
So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of angels, than that star the stars among  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep

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<sup>1</sup> 1 Tim. i. 17



Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his saints th' omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of deity supreme, us dispossess,  
 He trusted to have seized, and into fiand  
 Drove many whom their place knows here no more  
 Yet far the greater part have kept I see,  
 Their station heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministries due and solemn rites  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the triumph  
 Already done to have dispeopled heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd I can repay  
 That detriment if such it be to lose  
 Self lost and in a moment will create  
 Another world out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable there to dwell,  
 Not here till by degrees of merit raised,  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither under long obedience tried,  
 And earth be changed to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end  
 Meanwhile inhabit lax<sup>1</sup> ye powers of heav'n,  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform speak thou, and be it done  
 My overshadowing spirit and might with thee  
 I send along wide forth and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,  
 Boundless the deep because I AM who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,  
 Though I unincircumscribed myself retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free

<sup>1</sup> The meaning seems to be Occupy the space left by the fall of the angels

To act, or not, necessity and chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate  
 So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the Fihal Godhead, gave effect  
 Immediate are the acts of God: more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,  
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will,  
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace,  
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ire  
 Had driven out th' ungodly from His sight  
 And th' habitations of the just, to Him  
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create instead  
 Of spirits malign a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd  
 Girt with omnipotence with radiance crown'd  
 Of Majesty divine, sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones  
 And Virtues winged Spirits and Chariots wing'd,  
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodge'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand  
 Celestial equipage, and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd  
 Attendant on their Lord, heav'n open'd wide  
 Hei ever during gates harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of glory, in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's highth, and with the centre mix the pole  
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,  
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end  
 Nor stay'd, but, on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode  
 Hur into Chaos and the world unborn,  
 Nor Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
 Creation and the wonders of his might  
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses<sup>1</sup> prepared  
 In God's eternal store to circumscribe  
 This universe and all created things  
 One foot he centred and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said Thus far extend thus far thy bounds  
 This be thy just circumference O world  
 Thus God the heav'n created thus the earth  
 Mitten uniform'd and void Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' Abyss, but on the watery calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread<sup>2</sup>  
 And vital virtue infused and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged  
 The black, tartareous cold, infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life then founded then conglobed  
 Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air  
 And earth self balanced on her centre hung  
 Let there be light, said God and forthwith light  
 Ethereal first of things quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east  
 To journey through the aery gloom began,  
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun  
 Was not \* she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while God saw the light was good,

<sup>1</sup> Prov viii. 27 — RICHARDSON<sup>2</sup> Gen i 2, 2.

And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided light the day, and darkness night,  
 He named Thus was the first day ev'n and morn  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial choirs when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,  
 Birth day of heav'n and earth, with joy and shout<sup>1</sup>  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised  
 God and his works creator him they sung  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn

Again God said Let there be firmament<sup>2</sup>  
 Amid the waters and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters and God made  
 The firmament expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent elemental air diffused  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great round, partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing for us earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm in wave  
 Crystalline ocean and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame  
 And heav'n He named the firmament so ev'n  
 And morning chorus sung the second day

The earth was form'd but, in the womb as yet  
 Of waters embryon immaturity involved  
 Appeared not over all the face of earth  
 Main ocean flow'd not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Satiated with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

<sup>1</sup> Job xxxviii 4 7

<sup>2</sup> Firmament signifie expansion —NEWTON

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky  
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste, such flight the great command import  
 On the swift floods as armies at the call  
 Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard  
 Troop to their standard, so the watery throng  
 Wave rolling after wave where way they found,  
 If steep with torrent rapture if through plain  
 Soft ebbing nor withstood them rock or hill,  
 But they or under ground or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wandering found their way  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,  
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train  
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters He call'd seas,  
 And saw that it was good and said, Let the earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,  
 And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth  
 He scarce had said when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
 Brought forth the tender grass whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green  
 Then herbs of every leaf that sudden flow'd  
 Opening then various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet and these scarce blown  
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,  
 And bush with fizzled hair implicit last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd  
 Their blossoms with high woods the hills were crown'd,

With tufts the valleys and each fountain side  
 With borders long the rivers that earth now  
 Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
 Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd  
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
 None was, but from the earth a dewy mist  
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,  
 God made and every herb before it grew  
 On the green stem God saw that it was good  
 So ev'n and morn recorded the third day

Again th' Almighty spake Let there be lights  
 High in th' expanse of heaven to divide  
 The day from night, and let them be for signs,  
 For seasons and for days, and circling years,  
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
 Their office in the firmament of heav'n  
 To give light on the earth, and it was so  
 And God made two great lights, great for their use  
 To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
 The less by night, altern and made the stars,  
 And set them in the firmament of heav'n,  
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day  
 In then vicissitude, and rule the night,  
 And light from darkness to divide God saw,  
 Surveying His great work, that it was good  
 For of celestial bodies first the sun,  
 A mighty sphere, He fram'd, unlightsome first,  
 Though of ethereal mould then form'd the moon  
 Globose, and every magnitude of stars,  
 And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field  
 Of light by far the greater part he took,  
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
 In the sun's orb made porous to receive  
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light  
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
 Repairing in their golden urns draw light,  
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns

By tincture or reflection they augment  
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
 So far remote, with diminution seen  
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
 His longitude through heav'n's high road the gray  
 Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,  
 Shedding sweet influence<sup>1</sup> Less bright the moon,  
 But opposite in level'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him for other light she needed none  
 In that respect, and still that distance keeps  
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,  
 Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd  
 With their bright luminies that set and rose,  
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day

And God said Let the waters generate  
 Reptile with spawn abundant living soul  
 And let fowl fly above the earth with wings  
 Display'd on the open firmament of heav'n  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds,  
 And every bird of wing after his kind  
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
 Be fruitful, multiply and in the seas,  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill,  
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth  
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,

<sup>1</sup> The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus which rising about the time of the vernal equinox are called by the Latins *Verigiliae*. Milton therefore in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation implies that creation began with the spring — *From NEWTON* It has been

a recent idea of astronomers that the Pleiades or seven stars—for fixed stars are suns—are the centre of the universe round which the heavens revolve but this is not yet clearly ascertained. Job speaks of the sweet influences of the Pleiades — See Job xxxviii 31

<sup>2</sup> Gen i 20 22

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls<sup>1</sup> that oft  
 Bank the mid sea part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,  
 Or in their pearly shells at ease attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch on smooth the seal  
 And bended dolphins play, part huge of bulk,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean there Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps, or swims  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in and at his trunk spouts out a sea  
 Meanwhile the tepid caves and fens, and shores,  
 Their brood is numerous hatch from the egg that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed  
 Their callow young but feather'd soon and fledge,  
 They summ'd their pens<sup>2</sup> and soaring the air sublime  
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect there the eagle and the stork  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build<sup>3</sup>  
 Part loosely wing the region part more wise  
 In common ranged in figure<sup>4</sup> wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons<sup>5</sup> and set forth  
 Their aery caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight, so steers the prudent crane  
 Her annual voyage borne on winds, the air  
 Flóts, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings

<sup>1</sup> *Schools* We say a school of whales for a shoal now Scull comes from the Saxon *scolle* an assembly

<sup>2</sup> Pens are feathers Here the meaning is They used their pinions as full fledged birds

<sup>3</sup> Jeremiah xxxix 2, 98

<sup>4</sup> Migratory birds fly in shape of a wedge one bird leading alternately

<sup>5</sup> Jeremiah viii. 7



Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale  
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast, the swan, with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet yet oft they quit  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower  
 The mid aerial sky Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm the crested cock whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours and the other whose gay train  
 Adorns him colour'd with the florid hue  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd and the air with fowl,  
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day

The sixth, and of creation last arose  
 With evening harps and matin, when God said  
 Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle and creeping things and beast of the earth  
 Each in their kind The earth obey'd, and straight  
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown Out of the ground up rose  
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wonns<sup>1</sup>  
 In forest wild in thicket brake, or den,  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd,  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds upsprung  
 The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce  
 The libbard<sup>2</sup> and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks, the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head, scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved

<sup>1</sup> *He* one is Saxon for to dwell to inhabit — See CHAUCER *Comptouners Tale*, line 7715

<sup>2</sup> Leopard

His vastness fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground  
 Insect or worm, those waved their limber fans  
 For wings and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green  
 These as a line their long dimension drew,  
 Striking the ground with sinuous trace not all  
 Minims<sup>1</sup> of nature, some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involved  
 Then snaky folds and added wings First crept  
 The parsimonious eminent provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter join'd in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st and gav'st them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated, nor unknown  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific though to thee  
 Not noxious but obedient at thy call

Now heaven in all her glory shone and roll'd  
 Her motions as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smiled, air water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast was flown, was swum, was walk'd  
 Frequent, and of the sixth day yet remain'd,  
 There wanted yet the master work the end  
 Of all yet done, a creature, who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but indued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene

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<sup>1</sup> Something exceedingly small a dwarf

Govern the rest self knowing and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme who made him chief  
 Of all His works therefore the omnipotent  
 Eternal Father,—for where is not He  
 Present?—thus to his Son audibly spake

Let us make now man in our image, man<sup>1</sup>  
 In our similitude and let them rule  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground  
 Thus said He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed  
 The breath of life in his own image he  
 Created thee in the image of God  
 Express, and thou becamest a living soul  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for race then bless'd mankind, and said  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth  
 Subdue it and throughout dominion hold  
 Over fish of the sea and fowl of the air  
 And every living thing that moves on the earth  
 Wherever thus created, for no place  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste,  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
 Variety without end, but of the tree,  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not in the day thou eat'st thou diest,  
 Death is the penalty imposed, beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant death

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. i 26-28

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made  
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good,  
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day  
 Yet not, till the Creator from His work  
 Desisting though unwearied up return'd,  
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new created world,  
 Th' addition of His empire how it show'd  
 In prospect from His throne, how good how fur,  
 Answering His great idea Up He rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned  
 Angelic harmonies the earth, the air  
 Resounded, thou remember'st for thou hear'd'st,  
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung  
 The planet in their station list'ning stood  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant  
 Open ye everlasting gates they sung<sup>1</sup>  
 Open ye heavens your living doors, let in  
 The great Creator from His work return'd  
 Magnificent, His six days' work, a world  
 Open'd and henceforth oft, for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men  
 Delighted and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace So sung  
 The glorious train ascending He through heav'n  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample road whose dust is gold,  
 And pavement stars, as stairs to thee appear  
 Scarr'd in the galaxy, that milky way  
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest  
 Powder'd with stars And now on earth the seventh  
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night, when at the holy mount

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xxiv 7 This Psalm was sung by the Levites when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount

Sion and is understood as a prophecy of our Lord's ascension — *From NEWTON, and Mant's Bible*

Of heaven's high seated top, th' imperial throne  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat Him down  
 With His great Father, for He also went  
 Invisible, yet stay'd such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,  
 As resting on that day from all His work,  
 But not in silence holy kept, the harp  
 Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison of incense clouds  
 Fuming from golden censurs hid the mount  
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,  
 Great are thy works Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy power, what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant angels, thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnified, but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy  
 Who can impair thee mighty King or bound  
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt  
 Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers Who seeks  
 To lessen thee against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might his evil  
 Thou usest and from thence creat'st more good  
 Witness this new made world, another heav'n  
 From heaven gate not far founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destined habitation, but thou know'st  
 Their seasons among these the seat of men,  
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,

Their pleasant dwelling place    Thrice happy men,  
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,  
Created in His image, there to dwell  
And worship Him, and in reward to rule  
Over His works on earth, in sea, or air,  
And multiply a race of worshippers  
Holy and just    thrice happy if they know  
Then happiness and persevere upright

So sung they and the empyrean rung  
With Hallelujahs    thus was Sabbath kept  
And thy request think now fulfill'd that ask'd  
How first this world and fœe of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know    If else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing him in measure, say

## BOOK VIII

\*  
THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions is doubtfully answer'd and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents and still desirous to detain Raphael relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation his placing in Paradise his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society his first meeting and nuptials with Eve his discourse with the angel thereupon who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE angel ended and in Adam's ear  
 So charming left his voice that he awhile  
 Thought him still speaking still stood fix'd to hear  
 Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied  
 What thanks sufficient or what recompence  
 I equal, have I to render thee, divine  
 Historian? who thus largely hast unlay'd  
 The trust I had of knowledge and vouchsafed  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable now heard  
 With wonder but delight and as is due,  
 With glory attributed to the high  
 Creator something yet of doubt remains  
 Which only thy solution can resolve  
 When I behold this goodly frame this world,  
 Of heav'n and earth consisting and compute  
 Their magnitudes this earth a spot, a grain,  
 An atom with the firmament compared  
 And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
 Spaces incomprehensible for such  
 Their distance argues and their swift return  
 Diurnal merely to officiate light  
 Round this opacous earth this punctual<sup>1</sup> spot,  
 One day and night in all their vast survey  
 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
 How nature wise and frugal could commit

<sup>1</sup> Small as a point in punctuation.

Such disproportions with superfluous hand  
 So many nobler bodies to create,  
 Greater so manifold to this one use,  
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose  
 Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Served by more noble than herself attains  
 Her end without least motion, and receives,  
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light  
 Speed to describe whose swiftness number fails<sup>1</sup>

So spake our sire and by his countenance seemed  
 Intending on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
 Perceiving where she sat retired in sight  
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
 Rose and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
 Her nursery they at her coming sprung  
 And touch'd by her fan-tendancy gladder grew  
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse  
 Delighted or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high such pleasure she received,  
 Adam relating she sole auditress,  
 Her husband the relation she preferred  
 Before the angel and of him to ask  
 Chose rather, he she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions and solve high dispute  
 With conjugal caresses, from his lip  
 Not words alone pleased her O when meet now  
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd?  
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight

<sup>1</sup> One is here reminded of the fact that Milton had held communion with

Galileo whose *Pyppure si muove* is historical



And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed  
Benevolent and facile thus replied

'To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read His wondrous works and learn  
His seasons, hours or days or months, or years  
This to attain whether heav'n move or earth  
Imports not if thou reckon right,<sup>1</sup> the rest  
From man or angel the great architect  
Did wisely to conceal and not divulge  
His secrets to be scanned by them who ought  
Rather admire, or if they list to try  
Conjecture He his fabric of the heav'n's  
Hath left to them disputes perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n  
And calculate the stars how they will wield  
The mighty frame how build unbuild, contrive,  
To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er  
Cycle and epicycle,<sup>2</sup> orb in orb  
Already by thy reasoning thus I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit Consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence the earth  
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,  
Not glistening, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful earth there first received  
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find

<sup>1</sup> The subject was then matter of discussion and in the Roman Church of persecution. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the system and the sun and stars move round it the Copernican made the sun the centre and the earth move as Galileo asserted

<sup>2</sup> These terms were used by Ptolemaic astronomers to explain their system. *Centric* means a sphere whose centre is the same as that of the earth. *eccentric* a sphere whose centre is quite different to that of the earth. *Cycle* is a circle. *epicycle* a circle on another circle.

Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.  
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak  
 The Maker's high magnificence who built  
 So spacious, and His line stretch'd out so far  
 That man may know he dwells not in his own,  
 An edifice too large for him to fill  
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
 Though numberless to his omnipotence  
 That to corporeal substances could add  
 Speed almost spiritual — me thou think'st not slow  
 Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n  
 Where God resides and ere middy arrived  
 In Eden distance inexpressible  
 By numbers that have name — But this I urge  
 Admitting motion in the heav'ns to show  
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved  
 Not that I so affirm though so it seem  
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth  
 God to remove His ways from human sense,  
 Placed heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight  
 If it presume, might err in things too high,  
 And no advantage gain — What if the sun  
 Be centre to the world and other stars,  
 By his attractive virtue and their own  
 Incited, dance about him various rounds<sup>1</sup>  
 Their wand'ring course now high now low, then h'd  
 Progressive, retrograde or standing still,  
 In six thou seest<sup>1</sup> and what if seventh to these  
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem  
 Inensibly three different motions<sup>2</sup> move?  
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,

<sup>1</sup> The moon and the five planets visible to Adam

<sup>2</sup> Three motions were attributed by the Copernicans to the earth. The *diurnal* round her own axis causing day and

night the *annual* round the sun and the *motion of libration* as it is called whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit as that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world — NEWTON

Or save the sun his labour, and that swift  
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
 Of day and night, which needs not thy belief,  
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day  
 Travelling east, and with her part averse  
 From the sun's beam meet night her other part  
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
 Enlightning her by day as she by night  
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
 Fields and inhabitants her spots thou seest  
 As clouds and clouds may run, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soft'ned soil for some to eat  
 Allotted there, and other suns perhaps  
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light,  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live  
 For such vast room in nature unpossessed  
 By living soul, desert and desolate  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
 Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the sun predominant in heav'n  
 Rise on the earth or earth rise on the sun  
 He from the east his flaming road begin,  
 Or she from west her silent course advance  
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle while she paces even  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along  
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid  
 Leave them to God above, Him serve and fear  
 Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,  
 Wherever placed, let Him dispose joy thou  
 In what He gives to thee, this paradise  
 And thy fair Eve, heav'n is for thee too high

To know what passes there, be lowly wise  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being,  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
 Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied  
 How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
 Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,  
 And freed from intricacies taught to live  
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain  
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd and of her roving is no end,  
 Till warn'd or by experience taught, she learn,  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom, what is more is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd unprepared and still to seek  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask  
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance now hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,  
 And day is not yet spent, till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,  
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast they satiate, and soon fill,  
 Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine  
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek  
 Not are thy lips ungraceful sire of men,  
 Not tongue ineloquent, for God on thee  
 Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd  
 Inward and outward both His image fur  
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
 Attends thee, and each word each motion forms  
 Not less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,  
 Than of our fellow servant, and inquire  
 Gladly into the ways of God with man  
 For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
 On man his equal love Say therefore on,  
 For I that day was absent, as befell  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,  
 Squared in full legion such command we had,  
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
 Or enemy while God was in his work  
 Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd  
 Not that they durst without His leave attempt  
 But us He sends upon His high behests  
 For state, as Sovereign King and to enure  
 Our prompt obedience Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal gates, and barricaded strong  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise other than the sound of dance or song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light  
 Fre sabbath ev'ning so we had in charge  
 But thy relation now for I attend,  
 Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine  
 So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire  
 For man to tell how human life began  
 Is hard, for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me As new waked from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed  
 Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams, by these  
 Creatures that lived, and moved and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling, all things smiled,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd  
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd and sometimes went and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led  
 But who I was or where, or from what cause  
 Knew not to speak I tried, and forthwith spake  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,  
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains  
 And ye that live and move fair creatures tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here  
 Not of myself, by some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in power pre eminent  
 Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs  
 Pensive I sat me down, there gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
 My drows'd sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,

Whose inward apparition gently moved  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And lived one came methought, of shape divine,  
 And said Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 First father ' call'd by thee I come thy guide  
 'To the garden of bliss thy seat prepared  
 So saying, by the hand He took me raised  
 And over fields and waters, as in air  
 Smooth sliding without step last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd Each tree  
 Loaden with finest fruit, that hung to the eve  
 Tempting stir'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat where it I wak'd and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not He who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence Divine Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at His feet I fell  
 Submiss He rais'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am  
 Said mildly author of all this thou seest  
 Above or round about thee, or beneath  
 This paradise I give thee count it thine  
 To till and keep and of the fruit to eat  
 Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 Eat it freely with glad heart, fear here no dearth  
 But of the Tree whose operation brings  
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith  
 Amid the garden by the Tree of Life  
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
 And shun the bitter consequence for know,  
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress, inevitably thou shalt die,  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world

Of woe and sorrow Sternly He pronounced  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear though in my choice  
 Not to incur, but soon His clear aspect  
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd  
 Not only these fair bounds but all the earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give, as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast fish, and fowl  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names and pay thee faulty  
 With low subjection, understand the same  
 Of fish within their wat'ry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot chance  
 Their element to draw the thinner air  
 As thus he spake each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two these cowering low  
 With blandishment each bird stoop'd on his wing  
 I nam'd them as they pass'd and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indu'd  
 My sudden apprehension but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still,  
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presumed

O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher  
 Surpassest far my naming how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe  
 And all this good to man, for whose well being  
 So ample, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things? but with me  
 I see not who partakes In solitude  
 What happiness who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous, and <sup>tho' the</sup> vision bright  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd  
 What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures and the air  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not



Their language and their ways ? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly, with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule, thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering I, with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied

Let not my words offend thee heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set ?

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight ?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due,  
Given and received, but in disparity  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
( cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tidious alike of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined,  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse nor with the ox the ape,  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeased  
A nice and subtle happiness I see  
Thou to thyself propos'st in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state ?  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess  
Of happiness or not ? who am alone  
From all eternity, for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less  
How have I then with whom to hold converse,  
Save with the creatures which I made and those  
To me inferior, infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?

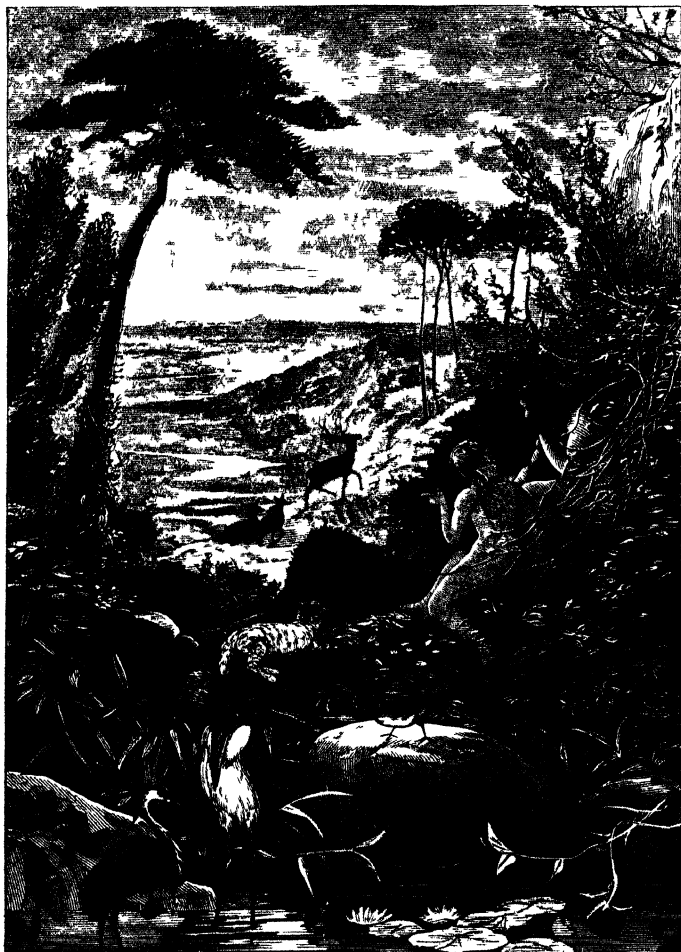
He ceased, I lowly answer'd To attain

The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things,  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found not so is man,  
 But in degree the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite  
 And through all numbers absolute, though one  
 But man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like his image multiplied,  
 In unity defective which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity  
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
 Best with thyself accompanied seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleased  
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt  
 Of union or communion, desired,  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find  
 Thus I embolden'd spake and freedom used  
 Permissive and acceptance found which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine  
 Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,  
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image not imparted to the brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
 And be so minded still I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone,  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire  
 He ended, or I heard no more, for now

My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
 Of sleep which instantly fell on me call'd  
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes<sup>1</sup>  
 Mine eyes He closed but open left the cell  
 Of fancy my internal sight by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping where I lay and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood  
 Who stooping open'd my left side and took  
 From thence a rib with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life blood streaming fresh, wide was the wound  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with His hands,  
 Under His forming hands a creature grew  
 Manlike but different sex, so lovely fair  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now  
 Me in, or in her summ'd up in her contain'd  
 And in her looks which from that time infused  
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspired  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight  
 She disappear'd and left me dark I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss and other pleasures all abjure  
 When out of hope, benighted not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable on she came  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love

<sup>1</sup> Gen ii 21





'This turn hath made amends thou hast fulfilled  
Thy words Creator bounteous and benign  
Giver of all things fair but fairest this  
Of all Thy gifts, nor enviest —p 257

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud

This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me, woman is her name of man  
Extracted, for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,  
And they shall be one flesh one heart, one soul

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious not obtrusive but retir'd,  
The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd,  
I follow'd her she what was honour knew  
And with obsequious majesty approved  
My pleaded reason To the nuptial bow'r  
I led her blushing like the morn all heav'n,  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence, the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill,  
Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whisper'd it to the woods and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star  
Or his hill top to light the bridal lamp

Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
Walks, and the melody of buds but here  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,

Transported touch, here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
 Or from my side subducting took perhaps  
 More than enough, at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament in outward show  
 Elaborate of inward less exact  
 For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of nature her th' inferior in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion giv'n  
 O'er other creatures yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally, and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic placed

To whom the angel with contracted brow  
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part,  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
 By attributing overmuch to things  
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?  
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection weigh with her thyself,  
 Then value oft times nothing profits more  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well managed of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shows,  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other think the same vouchsafed  
 To cattle and each beast, which would not be  
 To them made common and divulged if aught  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational love still  
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
 Wherein true love consists not love refines  
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges hath his seat  
 In reason and is judicious, is the scale  
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,  
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.  
 To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied  
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught  
 In procreation common to all kinds,  
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far  
 And with mysterious reverence I deem,)  
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love  
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul,  
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair,  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear  
 Yet these subject not, I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense



Variously representing, yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve  
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
 Leads up to heav'n is both the way and guide,  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask  
 Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how then love  
 Express they? by looks only? or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosy red love's proper hue,  
 Answer'd Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happy, and without love no happiness  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy st,  
 (And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars  
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
 Desiring, nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul  
 But I can now no more, the parting sun  
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and Verdant Isles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hesperian<sup>2</sup> sets, my signal to depart  
 Be strong live happy, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey,<sup>3</sup> and keep  
 His great command, take heed lest passion sway  
 Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will  
 Would not admit, thine and of all thy sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is placed, beware  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
 And all the blest stand fast, to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies,  
 Perfect within, no outward aid require,  
 And all temptation to transgress repel  
 So saying, he arose, whom Adam thus  
 Follow'd with benediction Since to part,  
 Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,

<sup>1</sup> (Cape de Verde and the Cape de Verde Islands

<sup>2</sup> In the West where Hesperus, the evening star appears — From Newton  
<sup>3</sup> 1 John v 8

Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful memory thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still and oft return.

So parted they, the angel up to heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

## BOOK IX.

## THE ARGUMENT

Satan having compassed the earth with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into paradise and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours which Eve proposes to divide in several places each labouring apart. Adam consents not alleging the danger lest that enemy of whom they were forewarned should attempt her found alone. Eve loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough urges her going apart the rather desirous to make trial of her strength. Adam at last yields the serpent finds her alone his subtle approach first gazing then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the serpent speak asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now the serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden the serpent now grown bolder with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat she pleased with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not at last brings him of the fruit relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam at first amazed but perceiving her lost resolves through vehemence of love to part with her and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit the effects thereof in them both they seek to cover their nakedness then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest  
 With man, as with his friend familiar used  
 To sit indulgent and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblamed, I now must change  
 These notes to tragic foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,  
 And disobedience on the part of heav'n  
 Now alienated distance and distaste,  
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,  
 That brought into this world a world of woe,  
 Sin and her shadow Death, and misery  
 Death's harbinger sad task, yet argument  
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his foe<sup>1</sup> pursued  
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek<sup>3</sup> and Cytherea's son<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hector See *Iliad*  
<sup>2</sup> See *Æneid*

<sup>3</sup> Ulysses  
<sup>4</sup> Æneas

If answerable style I can obtain  
 Of my celestial patroness who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late <sup>1</sup>  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights  
 In battles fign'd, the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung, or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture emblazon'd shields  
 Impresses quaint <sup>2</sup> caparisons and steeds,  
 Bases <sup>3</sup> and tinsel trappings gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament then marshall'd feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers and scenshals  
 The skill of artifice or office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name  
 To person or to poem Me of these  
 Nor skill'd nor studious higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate or years damp my intended wing  
 Depress'd, and much they may if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear  
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the earth short arbiter  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round  
 When Satan who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved

<sup>1</sup> Milton is supposed to have begun his great poem in his forty eighth year and finished it in his fifty seventh. It was

published in 1667 when the Poet was in his sixtieth year

<sup>2</sup> Devices on shields

<sup>3</sup> The mantles worn by knights

In meditated fraud and malice bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel regent of the sun descied  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch, thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled four times cross'd the ear of night  
 From pole to pole traversing each colure,<sup>1</sup>  
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic watch by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way There was a place,  
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where 'Igris at the foot of paradise  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan involved in rising mist then sought  
 Where to he hid, so he had search'd, and land  
 From Eden over Pontus,<sup>2</sup> and the pool  
 Maëotis up beyond the river Ob,<sup>3</sup>  
 Downward as far Antarctic, and in length  
 West from Orontes<sup>4</sup> to the ocean barr'd  
 At Darien,<sup>5</sup> thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus<sup>6</sup> thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field<sup>7</sup>  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest ump of fraud, in whom

<sup>1</sup> The colures are two great imaginary circles encompassing the globe from north to south. Satan moved thus to keep in the shades of night.—From  
 NEWTON

The Euxine or Black Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Obi a river of Siberia near the pole

<sup>3</sup> A river of Syria

<sup>4</sup> The Isthmus of Panama

<sup>5</sup> India

<sup>7</sup> Gen. iii. 1

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight for in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observed  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute  
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd  
 O earth, how like to heav'n, if not prefer'd  
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
 For what God after better worse would build ?  
 Terrestrial heav'n, danced round by other heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone as seems,  
 In thee concentring all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence As God in heav'n  
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs in thee,  
 Not in themselves all their known virtue appears  
 Productive in herb, plant and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of growth, sense reason all summ'd up in man  
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
 Rocks, dens, and caves ! but I in none of these  
 Find place or refuge, and the more I see  
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
 Torment within me as from the hateful siege  
 Of contraries, all good to me becomes  
 Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state  
 But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n  
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme,  
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
 By what I seek, but others to make such  
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound  
 For only in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts and him destroy'd,  
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
 For whom all this was made all this will soon  
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe  
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range  
 To me shall be the glory sole among  
 The infernal powers in one day to have marr'd  
 What He, Almighty styl'd six nights and days  
 Continued making and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I in one night freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of His adorers He to be avenged  
 And to repair His numbers thus impair'd,  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More angels to create if they at least  
 Are His created, or to spite us more,  
 Determined to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original  
 With heavenly spoils our spoils what he decreed  
 He effected, man he made and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him lord pronounced and O indignity!  
 Subjected to his service angel wings,<sup>1</sup>  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
 Their earthy charge Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude thus wrapp'd in mist  
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring  
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the highth of deity aspir'd,

But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
To basest things    Revenge at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils  
Let it, I reckon not, so it light well aim'd  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy this new favourite  
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
From dust    spite then with spite is best repaid

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search where soonest he might find  
The serpent    him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self roll'd  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
Fearless unfeard he slept    In at his mouth  
The devil enter'd and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
With act intelligential, but his sleep  
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breathed  
Their morning incense when all things that breathe  
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator and His nostrils fill

With grateful smell forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir  
Of creatures wanting voice, that done partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs  
Then commune, how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work, for much their work outgrew  
The hands' dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide  
And Eve first to her husband thus began

Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flow'r,  
Our pleasant task enjoin'd, but till more hands



Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint, what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
Tending to wild Thou therefore now advise,  
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbour or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I  
In yonder spring<sup>1</sup> of roses intermix'd  
With myrtle find what to redress till noon  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd  
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd  
Sole Eve associate sole to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear,  
Well hast thou motion'd well thy thoughts employ'd,  
How we might best fulfil the work which here  
God hath assign'd us nor of me shall pass  
Unpraised, for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
Labour, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute denied and are of love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

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<sup>1</sup> A spring is a small coppice or thicket.

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us but if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Betall thee sever'd from me, for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
Envy'ing our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need,<sup>1</sup>  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more,  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects  
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
As one who loves and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus replied  
Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
And from the parting angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'rs  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe  
May tempt it I expected not to hear  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,  
As we, not capable of death or pain,

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<sup>1</sup> Eccles iv 9, 10

Can either not receive, or can repel  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replied  
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art from sin and blame entire  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself intended by our foe  
 For he who tempts though in vain at least aspires  
 The tempted with dishonour foul supposed  
 Not incorruptible of faith not proof  
 Against temptation Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone which on us both at once  
 The enemy though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn,  
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce  
 Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength, while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over reach'd,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love, but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd

If this be our condition thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,

Subtle or violent, we not endued  
 Single with his defence, wherever met  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself, then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
 Favour from heav'n: our witness from th' event  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
 Alone without exterior help sustain'd?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd  
 Frail is our happiness: if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed  
 To whom thus Adam fervently replied  
 O woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them, His creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that He created, much less man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force, within himself  
 The danger lies: yet lies within his power  
 Against his will he can receive no harm  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason is free, and reason He made right,  
 But bid her well beware and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely, if from me  
 Thou sever not trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience, th' other who can know?  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus wain'd thou seem'st,  
 Go, for thy stay not free absents thee more,  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done His part, do thine  
     So spake the patriarch of mankind, but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submiss, though lust, replied  
     With thy permission then, and thus forewain'd,  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
 The willinger I go nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek,  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse  
     Thus saying from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a wood nymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's<sup>1</sup> train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
 In gait surpass'd and goddess like deport  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,  
 But with such girdling tools as art, yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought  
 To Pales<sup>2</sup> or Pomona<sup>3</sup> thus adorn'd,  
 Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus,<sup>4</sup> or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return

<sup>1</sup> A surname of Diana because born in  
 Velos

<sup>2</sup> Goddess of sheepfolds

<sup>3</sup> Goddess of fruits

<sup>4</sup> The god of orchards who assumed  
 many shapes to win Pomona

Repeated, she to him as oft engaged  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast or afternoon s repose  
 O much deceived much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presumed return ' event perverse!  
 Thou never from that hour in paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ,  
 Such ambush hid among sweet flow rs and shades  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence of faith of bliss  
 For now, and since first break of dawn the hnd,  
 Meie serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind but in them  
 The whole included race, his purposed prey  
 In bow'r and field he sought where any tuft  
 Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay,  
 Their tendance or plantation for delight,  
 By fountain or by shady rivulet  
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
 Eve separate, he wish'd but not with hope  
 Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,  
 Beyond his hope Eve separate he spies,  
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
 Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round  
 About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
 Each flow r of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
 Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
 Hung drooping unsustain'd , them she upstays  
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while,  
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,  
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh  
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed  
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,  
 Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
 Among thick woven arborets and flow'rs  
 Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve  
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

Or of revived Adonis,<sup>1</sup> or renown'd  
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiient king  
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse<sup>3</sup>  
 Much he the place admired, the person more  
 As one who long in populous city pent  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
 The smell of grain or tedded grass,<sup>4</sup> or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,  
 If chance with nymph like step fan virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most and in her look sums all delight  
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
 This flow'ry plot, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early thus alone her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence her every air  
 Of gesture or least action, overaw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought  
 That space the evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
 Of guile of hate, of envy, of revenge,  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid heav'n soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.  
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste

<sup>1</sup> At the request of Venus, he was restored to life

<sup>2</sup> Ulysses. For description of the gardens of Alcinous see the 'Odyssey'

<sup>3</sup> Gardens of Solomon

<sup>4</sup> Hay spread out

Of pleasure but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
 The woman opportune to all attempts,  
 Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun  
 And strength, of courage haughty and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable<sup>1</sup> exempt from wound  
 I not so much hath hell debased, and pain  
 Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n  
 She fair divinely fair, fit love for gods,  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love  
 And beauty not approach'd by stronger hate  
 Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd,  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed  
 In serpent inmate bad, and toward Eve  
 Address'd his way, not with indent'd wive,  
 Prone on the ground, as since but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, thit tower'd  
 Fold above fold a suiging maze, his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
 Amidst his circling spues that on the grass  
 Floated redundant pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely, never since of serpent kind  
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed  
 Hermione and Cadmus,<sup>1</sup> or the God<sup>2</sup>  
 In Epidaurus, nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian<sup>3</sup> Jove on Capitoline<sup>4</sup> was seen,  
 He with Olympias this with her who bore

<sup>1</sup> Cadmus who introduced letters into Greece and Hermione his wife. They were changed by serpents into serpents.

<sup>2</sup> Esculapius the god of medicine. He is said to have taken the form of a serpent when he appeared at Rome during a pestilence.—From WATSON

<sup>3</sup> Lybian

<sup>4</sup> Roman. These lines relate to the fable of Jupiter being the father of Alexander the Great and of Scipio also. All these images picture the magnificence of the serpent's form.



Scipio the highth of Rome With tract oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt side long he works his way  
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh rivers mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft as oft so steers, and shifts her sail  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye, she busied heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field,  
 From every beast, more dutious at her call,  
 Than at Cuckean call the herd disguised  
 He bolder now uncall'd before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring oft he bow'd  
 His t'rrer crest and sleek enamell'd neck,  
 Fawning and lick'd the ground whereon she trod  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play, he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd with serpent tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began  
 Wonder not sov'reign mistress if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder much less aim  
 Thy looks the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore  
 With ravishment beheld thee best beheld  
 Where universally admired but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? and what is one? who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served  
 By angels numberless, thy daily train  
 So glozed the tempter, and his poem tuned,

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marvelling at length  
 Not unamazed she thus in answer spake  
 What may this mean? Language of man pronounced  
 By tongue of brute and human sense express'd?  
 The first at least of these I thought denied  
 To beasts, whom God on their creation day  
 Created mute to all articulate sound,  
 The latter I demur, for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears  
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued,  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind that duly are in sight?  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due  
 To whom the guileful tempter thus replied  
 Empress of this fair world resplendent Eve,  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
 What thou command'st and right thou shouldst be obey'd  
 I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food nor ought but food discern'd  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high  
 Till on a day roving the field I chanced  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
 Ruddy and gold I nearer drew to gaze,  
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
 Grateful to appetite more pleased my sense  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid that tend their play  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved  
 Not to defer, hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw with like desire,  
 Longing and envying, stood but could not reach  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward powers and speech  
 Wanted not long though to this shape retain'd  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,  
 Or earth, or middle all things fair and good,  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld, no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd  
 Me thus though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame  
     So talk'd the spirited sly snake, and Eve  
 Yet more amazed unwary thus replied  
     Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved  
 But say where grows the tree? from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden nature of her birth  
     To whom the wily adder blithe and glad  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee hither soon

Lead then, said Eve He leading swiftly roll'd

In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,

To mischief swift hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest as when a wand ring fire

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night

Condenses, and the cold envious round,

Kindled through agitation to a flame,

Which oft, they say some evil spirit attends,

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,

Misleads the amazed night wanderer from his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far

So glister'd the due snake and into fraud

Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree

Of prohibition root of all our woe

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake

Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,

Fruitless to me though fruit be here to excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,

Wondrous indeed if cause of such effects

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,

God so commanded, and left that command

Sole daughter of his voice, the rest we live

Law to ourselves, our reason is our law

To whom the tempter guilefully replied

Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,

Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless Of the fruit

Of each tree in the garden we may eat,

But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst

The garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it lest ye die

She scarce had said, though brief when now more bold

The tempter, but with show of zeal and love

To man, and indignation at his wrong,

New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act

Raised, as of some great matter to begin

As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Flourish'd, since mute to some great cause address'd,  
 Stood in himself collected while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right  
 So standing moving, or to highth upgrown,  
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began

O sacred, wise, and wisdom giving plant,  
 Mother of science now I feel thy power  
 Within me clear, not only to discern  
 Things in their causes but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents deem'd however wise  
 Queen of this universe<sup>1</sup> do not believe  
 Those rigid threats of death, ye shall not die  
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge by the threatener? look on me,  
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? or will God incense His ire  
 For such a petty trespass and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue whom the pain  
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,  
 Deter'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,  
 Not just, not God, not fear'd then, nor obey'd  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers, he knows that in the day  
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. iii. 4.

Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both good and evil as they know  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as man,  
 Internal man is but proportion meet,  
 I of brute, human, ye of human Gods  
 So shall ye die perhaps by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods death to be wish'd,  
 Though threaten'd which no worse than this can bring  
 And what are Gods that man may not become  
 As they, participating godlike food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds,  
 I question it for this fur earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the sun producing every kind,  
 Them nothing if they all things who enclosed  
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will if all be his?  
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts? These these and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit  
 Goddess humane reach then, and freely taste  
 He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words impregn'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth  
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Solicited her longing eye, yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused  
 Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,  
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise  
 Thy praise He also who forbids thy use  
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,  
 Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want  
 For good unknown sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown is as not had at all  
 In plain then, what forbids He but to know?  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
 Such prohibitions bind not But if death  
 Bind us with after bands what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
 Of this fair fruit our doom is we shall die  
 How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,  
 And knows and speaks and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us denied  
 This intellectual food for beasts reserved?  
 For beasts it seems yet that one beast which first  
 Hath tasted envies not but brings with joy  
 The good befall'n him author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile  
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?  
 Here grows the cure of all this fruit divine,  
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
 Of virtue to make wise what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
 Forth reaching to the fruit she pluck'd, she eat  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost Back to the thicket slunk  
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve  
 Intent now only on her taste, naught else  
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,

In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought  
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
And knew not eating death satiate at length,  
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began

O sov'reign, virtuous precious of all trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created but henceforth my early care  
Not without song each morning and due praise  
Shall tend thee and the fertile burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all,  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know,  
Though others envy what they cannot give,  
For had the gift been theirs it had not here  
Thus grown Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide,<sup>1</sup> not following thee I had remain'd  
In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,  
And giv'st access though secret she retire,  
And I perhaps am secret heav'n is high  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on earth, and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder safe with all his spies  
About him But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power  
Without co-partner? so to add what wants  
In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior, for inferior who is free?

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<sup>1</sup> The serpent



Thus may be well but what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct  
 A death to think Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe  
 So dear I love him that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,  
 But first low reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within whose presence had infused  
 Into the plant scintillating sap, derived  
 From nectar drink of Gods Adam the while,  
 Waiting desirous her return had wove  
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses and her rural labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen  
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd,  
 Yet oft his heart divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him, he the falt'ring measure felt,  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted By the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning, in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused  
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stav?  
 Thee I have miss'd and thought it long, deprived  
 Thy presence, agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear  
 This tree is not, as we are told a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Op'ning the way, but of divine effect

To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste  
 And hath been tasted such The serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become  
 Not dead as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Endued with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, open'd mine eyes,  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead, which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise  
 For bliss as thou hast part to me is bliss,  
 Tedious unshared with thee and odious soon  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love,  
 Lest thou not tasting different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee when fate will not permit

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told,  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd  
 On th' other side Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve amazed,  
 Astonied stood and blank while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed  
 Speechless he stood and pale till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke

O fairest of creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works creature in whom exceli'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!  
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,

And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die  
 How can I live without thee? how forego  
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart no no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me, flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted bliss or woe

So having said as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and other thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd

Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,  
 Had it been only coveting to eye  
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch  
 But past who can recall, or done undo?  
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now foretasted fruit  
 Profaned first by the serpent by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste,  
 Nor yet on him found deadly he yet lives,  
 Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live as man  
 Higher degree of life inducement strong  
 To us as likely tasting to attain  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or angels demigods  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us His prime creatures, dignified so high,  
 Set over all His works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made, so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
 Not well conceived of God, who, though His power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary  
 Triumph and say Fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours, who can please Him long? Me first  
 He ruin'd, now mankind, whom will he next?  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe  
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom, if death  
 Consort with thee death is to me as life,  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine,  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high,  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak  
 One heart, one soul in both, whereof good proof  
 This day affords declaring thee resolved,  
 Rather than death or aught than death more dead  
 Shall separate us link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds  
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known  
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
 'Tis my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful love unequal'd, but I feel  
 Far otherwise the event, not death but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,

Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
Hath touch'd my sense flat seems to this and harsh  
On my experience, Adam freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds

So saying, she embrac'd him and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake or death  
In recompense, for such compliance bad  
Such recompense best merits from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
With liberal hand he scrupled not to eat  
Against his better knowledge not deceived,<sup>1</sup>  
But fondly overcome with female charm  
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs and Nature gave a second groan,  
Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
Original, while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
Him with her loved society, that now,  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the earth, but that false fruit  
Far other operation first display'd,  
Carnal desire inflaming, he on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
As wantonly repaid, in lust they burn,  
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
And palate call judicious, I the praise  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now

True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
For this one time had been forbidden ten  
But come, so well refresh'd now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare  
For never did thy beauty, since the day  
I saw thee first and wedded thee adorned  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardour to enjoy thee fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree

So said he and forbore not glance or toy  
Of amorous intent, well understood  
Of Eve whose eye darted contagious fire  
Her hand he seized and to a shady bank,  
Thine overhead with verdant roof imbower'd  
He led her nothing loth, flowers were the couch  
Pansies and violets and asphodel  
And hyacinth earth's freshest softest lap  
There they their fill of love and love's disport  
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin till dewy sleep  
Oppress'd them wearied with their amorous play  
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapour blind  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers  
Made enwreath'd now exhaled and grosser sleep  
Bred of unkindly fumes with conscious dreams  
Encumber'd, now had left them up they rose  
As from unrest and each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd and their minds  
How darken'd innocence that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame, he cover'd but his robe  
Uncover'd more So rose the Danite strong  
Herculean Samson from the harlot lap  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked  
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue silent, and in face

Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute,  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd  
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd

O Eve in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall  
False in our promised rising since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil good lost, and evil got,  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence, whence evil store,  
Ev'n shame, the last of evils, of the first  
Be sure then How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze  
Insufferably bright O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun light spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening cover me, ye pines,  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd  
And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,  
There sit not and reproach us as unclean

So counsell'd he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose  
The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree a pillar'd shade<sup>1</sup>  
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between,  
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves  
 They gather'd broad as Amazonian targe,  
 And with what skill they had together sew'd,  
 To gird their waist vain covering if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame, O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory! Such of late  
 Columbus found the American so gut  
 With feather'dincture naked else and wild  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores  
 Thus fenced and as they thought their shame in part  
 Cover'd but not at rest or ease of mind,  
 They sat them down to weep, nor only tears  
 Run'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent  
 For understanding ruled not and the will  
 Heard not her lore both in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovereign reason clum'd  
 Superior sway from thus discomper'd breast  
 Adam estranged in look and alter'd style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'  
 With me as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandring this unhappy morn  
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then  
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good shamed, naked miserable  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve

<sup>1</sup> The Indian fig called *Ficus Indica*  
 by botanists or Banyan. The largest  
 known near'y covers an island on the

Nerbudda. It is 2 000 feet round and  
 has 1 300 trunks



The faith they owe, when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail

To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve  
What words have pass'd thy lips Adam severe?  
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
Of wand'ring as thou call'st it, which who knows  
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
Or to thyself perhaps hadst thou been there,  
Or here th' attempt thou could'st not have discern'd  
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,  
No ground of enmity between us known,  
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib  
Being as I am why didst not thou, the head,  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou said'st?  
Too frail then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay didst permit, approve and fair dismiss  
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me

To whom then first incensed Adam replied  
Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd  
Immutable when thou wert lost not I,  
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint what could I more?  
I warn'd thee I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger and the lurking enemy  
'That lay in wait beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue

The error now which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting  
Lets her will rule, restraint she will not brook  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours but neither self condemning  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end

## BOOK X

## THE ARGUMENT

Man's transgression known the guardian angels forsake paradise and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance and are approved God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented He sends his Son to judge the transgressors who descends and gives sentence accordingly then in pity clothes them both and reascends Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world and the sin by man there committed resolve to sit no longer confined in hell but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos according to the track that Satan first made then preparing for earth they meet him proud of his success returning to hell their mutual gratulation Satan arrives at Pandemonium in full assembly relates with boasting his successful conquest man instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them they greedily reaching to take of the fruit chew dust and bitter ashes The proceedings of Sin and Death God foretells the final victory of his Son over them and the renewing of all things but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails rejects the condolment of Eve she persists and at length appeases him then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not but conceiving better hope puts her in mind of the late promise made them that her seed should be revenged on the serpent and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication

MEANWHILE the heinous and despicable act  
Of Satan done in paradise, and how  
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in heav'n, for what can scape the eye  
Of God all seeing, or deceive His heart  
Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of man, with strength entire, and freewill arm'd,  
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted, which they not obeying  
Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty,  
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall  
Up into heav'n from paradise in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad

For man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n  
 Entrance unseen Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeased  
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss  
 About the new arrived in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell they towards the throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd, when the most high  
 Eternal Father from his secret cloud  
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice

Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced  
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker, no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free will to her own inclining left  
 In even scale But fall'n he is, and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
 On his transgression, death denounced that day,  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end  
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,  
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd<sup>1</sup>

All judgment, whether in heav'n or earth, or hell  
 Easy it may be seen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice,<sup>1</sup> sending thee  
 Man's friend, his Mediator his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary  
 And destined Man himself to judge man fall'n

So spake the Father and, unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand His glory on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity, He full  
 Resplendent all His Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild  
 Father eternal thine is to decree  
 Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will  
 Supreme that thou in me thy Son beloved  
 May'st ever rest well pleased I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgressors but thou know'st  
 Whoever judg'd the worst on me must light  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thou and not repenting thus obtain  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied and thee appease  
 Attendance none shall need, nor turn where none  
 Are to behold the judgment but the judg'd  
 Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,  
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law,  
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs

Thus saying from His radiant seat He rose  
 Of high collateral glory Him thrones and powers  
 Princedoms and dominations ministrant  
 Accompanied to heaven gate from whence  
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay  
 Down He descended straight, the speed of gods  
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd  
 Now was the sun in western cadence low<sup>2</sup>  
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in

<sup>1</sup> Psalm lxxxv 10<sup>2</sup> Gen. iii 8

The evening cool, when He from wrath more cool  
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,  
 To sentence man the voice of God they heard  
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
 Brought to their ears while day declined they heard,  
 And from His presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife till God  
 Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud

Where art thou Adam,<sup>1</sup> wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here  
 Not pleased thus entertain'd with solitude  
 Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought  
 Or come I less conspicuous or what change  
 Absents thee, or what chance detain? Come forth

He came and with him Eve more loth though first  
 To offend discountenanced both and discomposed  
 Love was not in their looks either to God  
 Or to each other but apparent guilt  
 And shame and perturbation, and despair  
 Anger and obstinacy, and hate and guile  
 Whence Adam falt'ring long thus answer'd brief

I heard thee in the garden and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked hid myself To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile replied

My voice thou oft hast heard and hast not fear'd  
 But still rejoic'd how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked who  
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree  
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied  
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
 Before my Judge either to undergo  
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
 My other self, the partner of my life,  
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
 By my complaint, but strict necessity  
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

<sup>1</sup> Gen. iii. 9 and following verses

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
 However insupportable, be all  
 Devolved though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal  
 This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,  
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
 So fit so acceptable so divine  
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
 And what she did whatever in itself  
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed,  
 She gave me of the tree and I did eat

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied  
 Was she thy God that her thou didst obey  
 Before His voice? or was she made thy guide,  
 Superior or but equal that to her  
 Thou didst resign thy manhood and the place  
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee  
 And for thee whose perfection far excell'd  
 Hers in all real dignity? adorn'd  
 She was indeed and lovely to attract  
 Thy love not thy subjection, and her gifts  
 Were such as under government well seem'd  
 Unseemly to bear rule which was thy put  
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aught

So having said He thus to Eve in few  
 Say woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom said Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied  
 The serpent me beguiled and I did eat

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
 To judgment He proceeded on th' accused  
 Serpent though brute unable to transfer  
 The guilt on him who made him instrument  
 Of mischief and polluted from the end  
 Of his creation, justly then accursed  
 As vitiated in nature more to know  
 Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,  
 Nor alter'd his offence yet God at last  
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,

Though in mysterious terms judged as then best  
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall

Because thou hast done this thou art accursed  
Above all cattle each beast of the field,  
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life  
Between thee and the woman I will put  
Enmity and between thine and her seed,  
Her seed shall bruise thy head thou bruise his heel

So spake this oracle then verified  
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve  
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,  
Prince of the air then rising from His grave  
Spoil'd principalities and powers triumph'd  
In open show and with ascension bright  
Captivity led captive through the air  
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd  
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet,  
Even He who now foretold His fatal bruise  
And to the woman thus His sentence turn'd

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception, children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit he over thee shall rule

On Adam last thus judgment He pronounced  
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of the wife  
And eaten of the tree concerning which  
I charged thee saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof  
Cursed is the ground for thy sake thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life,  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field,  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of death denounced that day



Removed far off, then pitying how they stood  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant<sup>1</sup> to assume,  
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet,<sup>2</sup> so now  
 As father of his family he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slun  
 Or as the snail with youthful coat repaid,  
 And thought not much to clothe His enemies  
 Nor He their outward only with the skins  
 Of beasts but inward nakedness much more  
 Opprobrious, with His robe of righteousness,  
 Arriving cover'd from his Father's sight  
 To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,  
 Into His blissful bosom reassumed  
 In glory as of old to Him appeased  
 All though all knowing what had past with man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth  
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death  
 In counterview within the gates that now  
 Stood open wide belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos since the fiend pass'd through  
 Sin opening who thus now to Death began

O son why sit we here each other viewing  
 Idly while Satan our great author thrives  
 In other worlds and happier seat provides  
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him if mishap  
 Ere this he had return'd with fury driven  
 By his avengers since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment or then revenge  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise  
 Wings growing and dominion giv'n me large  
 Beyond this deep, whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
 With secret amity things of like kind

<sup>1</sup> Philip ii 7<sup>2</sup> John xiii 5

By secretest conveyance Thou my shade  
 Inseparable must with me along  
 For Death from Sin no power can separate  
 But lest the difficulty of passing back  
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
 Impassable impervious let us try  
 Advent'rous work yet to thy power and mine  
 Not unagreeable to found a path  
 Over this main from hell to that new world  
 Where Satan now prevails a monument  
 Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
 Easing their passage hence for intercourse,  
 Or transmigration as their lot shall lead  
 Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn  
 By this new felt attraction and instinct

Whom thus the magic Shadow answer'd soon  
 Go whither fate and inclination strong  
 Leads thee I shall not lag behind nor err  
 The way thou leading such a scent I draw  
 Of carnage prey innumerable and true  
 The savour of death from all things there that live  
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
 Be wanting but afford thee equal aid

So saying with delight he snuff'd the smell  
 Of mortal change on earth As when a flock  
 Of ravenous fowl though many a league remote,  
 Against the day of battle to a field  
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying lured  
 With scent of living carcasses design'd  
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight  
 So scented the grim future and upturn'd  
 His nostril wide into the murky air,  
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far  
 Then both from out hell gates into the waste  
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
 Flew diverse, and with power, their power was great,  
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell

As when the two polar winds blowing adverse  
 Upon the Cronian sea,<sup>1</sup> together drive  
 Mountains of ice that stop the imagined way<sup>2</sup>  
 Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich  
 Cathuan coast The aggregated soil  
 Death with his mace petrific cold and dry,  
 As with a trident smote and fix'd as firm  
 As Delos floating once the rest his look  
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour<sup>3</sup> not to move,  
 And with Asphaltic slime broad as the gate,  
 Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach  
 They fasten'd and the mole immense wrought on  
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd a bridge  
 Of length prodigious joining to the wall  
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
 Forfeit to death from hence a passage broad  
 Smooth easy, inoffensive down to hell  
 So if great things to small may be compared  
 Nerves the liberty of Greece to yoke  
 From Susa his Memnonian pillar high  
 Came to the Sea and over Hellespont  
 Bridging his way Europe with Asia join'd,  
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves  
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
 Pontifical<sup>4</sup> a ridge of peridot rock  
 Over the vex'd abyss, following the track  
 Of Satan to the self same place where he  
 First lighted from his wing and landed safe  
 From out of Chaos to the outside bare  
 Of this round world with pins of adamant  
 And chains they made all fast too fast they made  
 And durable and now in little space  
 The confines met of empyrean heav'n  
 And of this world and on the left hand hell  
 With long reach interposed, three several ways

<sup>1</sup> Northern frozen sea — NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> The north east passage to China &c Cathay

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to Medusa's power of turning people into stone

<sup>4</sup> Pontifical i.e. the art of making

bridges The high priest of Rome derived his title *Pontifex* from *pons* a bridge and *facere* to make perhaps because religious rites of great importance inaugurated these highly valued works which he always superintended

In sight to each of these three places led  
 And now the way to earth they had descried,  
 To paradise first tending when behold  
 Sat in likeness of an angel bright  
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
 His zenith while the sun in Aries rose  
 Disguis'd he came but those his children dear  
 Their parent soon discern'd though in disguise  
 He after I've seduced unminded slunk  
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unwitting seconded  
 Upon her husband saw their shame that sought  
 Van covertures but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
 He fled not hoping to escape but shun  
 The present fearing guilty what His wrath  
 Might suddenly inflict that past return'd  
 By night and listening where the hapless pair  
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint  
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant but of future time with joy  
 And tidings brought to hell he now return'd  
 And at the brink of Chaos near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifex unhoped  
 Met who to meet him came his offspring dear  
 Great joy was at their meeting and at sight  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased  
 Long he admiring stood till Sin his fun  
 Enchanting daughter thus the silence broke  
 O parent these are thy magnific deeds  
 Thy trophies which thou view'st is not thine own,  
 Thou art their author and prime architect  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd  
 My heart which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks

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<sup>1</sup> To avoid being seen by Uriel Centaur and Scorpion are constellations in a different part of the heavens to Aries on the equator —NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> Bridge

Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet fel  
 'That I must after thee with this thy son,  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track  
 Thou hast achieved our liberty confined  
 Within hell gates till now thou us empow'rd  
 To fortify thus far and overhly  
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss  
 'Thine now is all this world thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not thy wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what war hath lost and fully avenged  
 On foil in heav'n, here thou shalt monarch reign  
 There didst not there let Him still victor sway,  
 As battle hath adjudg'd from this new world  
 Returning by His own doom alienated  
 And heretoforth monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things puted by th' empyreal bounds,  
 His quadrature from thy orbicular world,  
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne  
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad  
 Full daughter and thou son and grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race  
 Of Sittin' for I glory in the name  
 Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,  
 Amply have mented of me, of all  
 Th' infernal empire that so new heav'n's door  
 Triumph'd with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
 Of easy thoroughfare Therefore, while I  
 Descend through darkness on your road with ease  
 'To my associate powers them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoice  
 You two this way among these numerous orbs  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,  
 There dwell and reign in bliss thence on the earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the air,

Chiefly on man sole lord of all declared,  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill  
 My substitutes I send ye and create  
 Plenipotent on earth of matchless might  
 Issuing from me on your joint vigour now  
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends  
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit  
 If your joint power prevail th' affairs of hell  
 No detriment need fear go and be strong  
 So saying he dismiss'd them they with speed  
 Their course through thickest constellations held  
 Spreading their banes, the blasted stars look'd wan,  
 And planets planet struck real eclipse  
 Then suffer'd Th' other way Satan went down  
 The causeway to hell gate on either side  
 Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclud'd,  
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,  
 That scorn'd his indignation Through the gate,  
 Wide open and unguarded Sat in pass'd  
 And all about found desolate for those  
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge  
 Flown to the upper world, the rest were all  
 Far to the inland retired about the walls  
 Of Pandemonium city and proud seat  
 Of Lucifer so by allusion call'd  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd  
 There kept their watch the legions while the grand  
 In council sat solicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their emperor sent, so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd  
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan over the snowy plains  
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophy<sup>1</sup> from the horns  
 Of Turkish crescent<sup>2</sup> leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule<sup>3</sup> in his retreat

The Persian monarch thus named  
 from Bactria one of the greatest provinces  
 of Persia

<sup>2</sup> The ensign or emblem of Turkey

<sup>3</sup> Aladule the greater Armenia

called by the Turks (under whom the  
 greatest part of it is) Aladule of its  
 first King Aladules slain by Selymus I.  
 in his retreat to Iunis<sup>1</sup> a great city  
 in the kingdom of Persia now called

To Tauris or Casbeen so these the late  
 Heav'n banish'd host left desert utmost hell  
 Many a dark league reduced in careful watch  
 Round their metropolis and now expecting  
 Each hour then great adventurer from the search  
 Of foreign worlds he through the midst unmark'd  
 In show plumed angel militant  
 Of lowest order pass'd, and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall invisible  
 Ascended his high throne which, under state  
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
 Was placed in regal lustre Down awhile  
 He sat and round about him saw unscen  
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape still bright appear'd or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him or false glitter All amazed  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent then aspect on him whom they wish'd behold  
 Their mighty chief return'd loud was the acclaim  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers  
 Raised from their drowsy dream and with like joy,  
 Congratulant approach'd him who with hand  
 Silence and with these words attention won  
 Thrones dominations princedoms virtues, powers,  
 For in possession such not only of right,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
 Successful beyond hope to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable accurs'd, the house of woe  
 And dungeon of our tyrant now possess,  
 As lords a spacious world to our native heaven  
 Little inferior by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achiev'd Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain

Febatana sometime in the hands of  
 the Turks but in 1603 retaken by Abbas  
 King of Persia or Casbeen one of  
 the greatest cities of Persia where the

Persian monarchs made their residence  
 after the loss of Tauris from which it  
 is distant sixty five German miles to the  
 south east —HUME

Voyaged th' unequal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved  
 To expedite your glorious march but I  
 Told out my uncouth passage forced to ride  
 Th' untractable abyss plunged in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
 That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed  
 My journey strange with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting fate supreme, thence how I found  
 The new created world which fame in heav'n  
 Long had foretold a fabrick wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection therein man  
 Placed in a paradise by our exile  
 Made happy him by fraud I have seduced  
 From his Creator and the more to increase  
 Your wonder with an apple, He therewith  
 Offended worth your laughter! hath given up  
 Both His beloved man and all His world  
 To Sin and Death a prey and so to us,  
 Without our hazard labour or alarm  
 To range in and to dwell and over man  
 To rule as over all He should have ruled  
 True is me also he hath judged or rather  
 Me not but the brute serpent, in whose shape  
 Man I deceived that which to me belongs  
 Is enmity which he will put between  
 Me and mankind I am to bruise his heel,  
 His seed (when is not set)<sup>1</sup> shall bruise my head  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
 Of my performance what remains ye gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, awhile he stood expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear when contrary he hears  
 On all sides from innumerable tongues,  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound

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<sup>1</sup> The time (when) is not declared



Of public scorn, he wonder'd, but not long  
 Had leisure wondering at himself now more  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant but in vain a greater power  
 Now ruled him punish'd in the shape he sinn'd  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke  
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue for now were all transform'd  
 Alike, to serpents all is accessories  
 To his bold not dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall thick swarming now  
 With complicated monsters head and tail,  
 Scorpion and asp and amphibia<sup>1</sup> dire  
 Cerastes<sup>2</sup> horn'd, hydnus<sup>3</sup> and clop<sup>4</sup> dear  
 And dipsas,<sup>5</sup> not so thick swum'd once the soil  
 Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon<sup>6</sup> or the isle  
 Ophusa<sup>7</sup> but still greatest he the midst  
 Now dragon grown larger than whom the sun  
 Ingendr'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
 Huge Pythou<sup>8</sup> and his power no less he seem'd  
 Above the rest still to return. They all  
 Him follow'd issuing forth to the open field,  
 Where all yet left of thit revolted rout  
 Heaven fall'n in station stood or just array,  
 Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief  
 They saw, but other sight instead a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents, horror on them fall,  
 And horrid sympathy, for what they saw  
 They felt themselves now changing down their arms,

<sup>1</sup> A serpent said to have a head at both ends of its body

<sup>2</sup> A horned snake

<sup>3</sup> A water snake

<sup>4</sup> A water serpent

<sup>5</sup> A snake the bite of which produces feverish thirst

<sup>6</sup> Libya where the blood which

dropped from Medusa's head produced serpents

<sup>7</sup> An island in the Mediterranean which was deserted on account of its serpents from which it derived its name — NEWTON

<sup>8</sup> A huge serpent sprung from the slime left after the Deucalion deluge. It was slain by Apollo

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion like in punishment  
 As in their crime Thus was th' applause they meant  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths There stood  
 A grove hard by sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance laden with fair fruit like that  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Used by the tempter on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they had imagining  
 For one forbidden tree a multitude  
 Now us'd to work them further woe or shame  
 Yet purch'd with scolding thirst and hunger fierce  
 Though to delude them sent could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps and up the trees  
 Climbing sat thicker than the snake coils  
 That curl'd Megæra 'greedily they pluck'd  
 The fruitage fair to sight like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,  
 'This more delusive not the touch but taste  
 Deceived, they, fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust instead of fruit  
 Chew'd bitter ashes which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining drugg'd as oft,  
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws  
 With soot and cinders fill'd, so oft they fell  
 Into the same illusion, not as man  
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed Thus were they plagued  
 And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss  
 'Till then lost shape permitted they resumed,  
 Yet only enjoin'd some say, to undergo  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days  
 To dash their pride and joy for man seduced  
 However, some tradition they dispersed

<sup>1</sup> One of the Furies  
 Lake Asphaltites (i. e. Dead Sea).  
 Milton alludes to Josephus's account of

the apples of Sodom said to have a  
 lovely exterior but within to be full of  
 ashes. It is not true.

Among the heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call d  
 Ophion with Eurynome (the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first the rule  
 Of high Olympus thence by Seturn driv n  
 And Ops ere yet Dictæan Jove was born

Meanwhile in paradise the hellish pair  
 Too soon arriv'd Sin there in power befit,  
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace not mounted yet  
 On his pale horse to whom Sin thus began

Second of Seturn sprung all conquering Death  
 What thinkst thou of our empire now though cunn'd  
 With travail difficult not better far  
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sate watch  
 Unarmed, undreaded and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin born monster answer'd soon  
 To me who with eternal famine pine  
 Alike is hell or paradise or heaven  
 There best where most with ravine I may meet  
 Which here, though plenteous all too little seems<sup>1</sup>  
 To stuff this maw this vast unhide bound coips

To whom th incestuous mother thus repli'd  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits and flowers  
 Feed first, on each beast next and fish, and fowl  
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
 The scythe of Time mows down devour unspar'd  
 Till I in man residing through the race,  
 His thoughts his looks, words, actions all infect,  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey

Thus said, they both betook them several ways,  
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
 Sooner or later, which th' Almighty seeing  
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder world which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
 Folly to me so doth the prince of hell  
 And his adherents that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heavenly and conniving seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies  
 That laugh as if transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misuse  
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
 My hell bounds to lick up the druff and filth  
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 'On what was pure till cramm'd and goig'd nigh burst  
 With suck'd and glutted offal, it one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm well pleasing Son  
 Both Sin and Death and yawning Grave, at last  
 Through Chaos hurl'd obstruct the mouth of hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws<sup>1</sup>  
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure  
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain  
 'Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes  
 He ended and the heavenly audience loud  
 Sung Hallelujah as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung Just are thy ways<sup>2</sup>  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next to the Son,  
 Destined restorer of mankind by whom  
 New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from heav'n descend Such was their song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mighty angels gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things The sun  
 Had first his precept so to move so shine  
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable and from the north to call

<sup>1</sup> See Dantes *Inferno* cant. xxiii<sup>2</sup> Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 7

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat To the blank moon<sup>1</sup>  
 Her office they prescribed to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects  
 In Sextile Square and Trine and Opposite,<sup>2</sup>  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to show'r  
 Which of them rising with the sun or falling  
 Should prove tempestuous To the winds they set  
 Their corners when with bluster to confound  
 Sea air, and shore the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark æreal hall  
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe some say the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic sisters<sup>3</sup> and the Spartan twins<sup>4</sup>  
 Up to the Tropic Crab thence down amain  
 By Leo and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flow'rs  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those

<sup>1</sup> Some editions printed *blue moon*  
*the white*

<sup>2</sup> Terms made use of by the astrologers and signifying the positions or aspects of the five (then known) planets. Sextile means a planet situated at a distance of two signs (the sixth of twelve) from another planet. Square separated by four signs. Trine separated by three signs. Opposite was considered a position of noxious efficacy. The period in which Milton lived explains the fact of his countenancing these superstitions as they were universally believed. After the great fire of London the House of Commons called the astrologer Lilly before them to examine him as to his foreknowledge of that calamity and gravely received

his explanation of how he obtained his foresight from the art he practised. He had foretold the fire in a hieroglyphic resembling those formerly published in Old Moore's Almanack which might be interpreted in any manner the reader pleased. Did you foresee the year? asked one of the committee. I did not replied Lilly nor was desirous of that I made no scrutiny. The astrologer then told them very wisely that the fire was not of man but of God. It was believed to have been caused by incendiaries.

<sup>3</sup> The Pleiades daughters of Atlas. This constellation is in the neck of Taurus.

<sup>4</sup> Castor and Pollux the Gemini.

Beyond the polar circles, to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone while the low sun  
 To recompense his distance in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon and not known  
 Or east or west which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland<sup>1</sup> and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan<sup>2</sup> At that tasted fruit  
 The sun as from Thyestean banquet<sup>3</sup> turn'd  
 His course intended else how had the world  
 Inhabited though sinless more than now  
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the heavens though slow, produced  
 Late chance on sea and land sidereal blast  
 Vapour and mist and exhalation hot  
 Corrupt and pestilent Now from the north  
 Of Norumbega<sup>4</sup> and the Samoeid shore  
 Bursting their frozen dungeon arm'd with ice,  
 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw  
 Borcas and Cæcias and Argestes loud,  
 And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn,  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black with thund'rous clouds  
 From Serrahona<sup>5</sup> thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ionent winds,  
 Eurys and Zephyr<sup>7</sup> with their lateral noise  
 Sirocco and Libeccio Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things but Discord first,  
 Daughter of Sin among th' immortal  
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy  
 Beast now with beast began war and fowl with fowl,

<sup>1</sup> A tract of land north of America near the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay — HUME

<sup>2</sup> Extreme south of South America

<sup>3</sup> Atræus to avenge an injury invited his brother Thyestes to a banquet and served up for his food the flesh of his murdered children This horrid revenge was visited on the family of Atræus for generations

<sup>4</sup> A province of the northern Armenia Samoeida in the north east of Muscovy upon the Frozen Sea — HUME

<sup>5</sup> Names of the winds Borcas the north Cæcias north west Argestes north east Thrascias from Thracia Notus the south wind Afer from Africa — FROM RICHARDSON

<sup>6</sup> The Lion Mountains south west of Africa famous for storms

<sup>7</sup> Levant and Ponent are Italian names for the east and west winds called by the Greeks Eurys and Zephyr Sirocco and Libeccio are the south east and south west winds

And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving  
 Devour'd each other, nor stood much in awe  
 Of man but fled him, or with countenance grim  
 Glued on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries which Adam saw  
 Already in part though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint  
 O miserable of happy! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world and me so late  
 The glory of that glory who now become  
 Accused of blessed? Hide me from the face  
 Of God whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness yet well it here would end  
 The misery, I deserved it and would bear  
 My own deservings but this will not serve,  
 All that I eat or drink or shall beget  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully increase and multiply  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure  
 For this we may thank Adam but his thanks  
 Shall be the execution so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound  
 On me as on their natural centre light  
 Heavy though in their place O fleeting joys  
 Of paradise dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee Maker, from my clay,  
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign, and render back  
 All I received, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not To the loss of that  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems, yet, to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest then should have been refused  
 These terms whatever when they were proposed  
 Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy the good  
 Then cavil the conditions?<sup>1</sup> and though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd retort  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election  
 But natural necessity begot  
 God made thee of choice his own and of his own  
 To serve him thy reward was of his grace  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will  
 Be it so for I submit his doom is fair  
 That dust I am and shall to dust return  
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
 His hand to execute what His decree  
 I fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?  
 Why am I mock'd with death and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence and be earth  
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
 And sleep secure, His dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation Yet one doubt  
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of life the spirit or man  
 Which God inspir'd cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod, then in the grave  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought

<sup>1</sup> Job ii 10<sup>2</sup> Gen ii 7



Horr'd if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the body properly hath neither  
 All of me then shall die, let this appease  
 The doubt since human reach no further knows  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is His wrath also? be it man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise  
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?  
 Can He make deathless death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction which to God Himself  
 Impossible is held as argument  
 Of weakness not of power. Will He draw out,  
 For angels sake finite to infinite  
 In punish'd man to satisfy his rigour  
 Satisfied never? that were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,  
 By which all causes else, according still  
 To the reception of their matter act  
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say,  
 That death be not one stroke as I supposed  
 Bereaving sense but endless misery  
 From this day onward which I feel begun  
 Both in me and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity — ay me! that fear  
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head both death and I  
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I on my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd, fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited how would ye bless  
 Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,  
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,

Forced I absolve all my evasions vain,  
 And reasonings though through mazes lead me still  
 But to my own conviction first and last  
 On me, me only as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due  
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear  
 Than all the world much heavier though divided  
 With that bad woman? Thus what thou desist  
 And what thou feinst alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom  
 O Conscience into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me out of which  
 I find no way from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night, not now as ere man fell  
 Wholesome and cool and mild but with black air  
 Accompanied with dumps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror On the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay on the cold ground and oft  
 Cursed his creation death is oft accused  
 Of tardy execution, since denounced  
 The day of his offence Why comes not death  
 Said he with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But death comes not at call, justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowrs,  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd  
 Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false

And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his and colour serpentine may show  
 Thy inward fraud to wain all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee  
 I had persisted happy had not thy pride  
 And wandering vanity when least was safe  
 Rejected my forewarning and disdained  
 Not to be trusted longing to be seen  
 Though by the devil himself him overweening  
 To overreach, but with the serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguiled by him thou I by thee  
 To trust thee from my side imagined wise  
 Constant mature proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not ill wis but a show  
 Rather than solid virtue all but a rib  
 Cooled by nature bent as now appears,  
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
 Well if thrown out is supernumerary  
 To my just number found. Oh! why did God  
 Creator wise that peopled highest heav'n  
 With spirits masculine create at last  
 This novelty on earth this fair defect  
 Of nature and not fill the world it once  
 With men as angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares  
 And strait conjunction with this sex for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse, or if she love withhold  
 By parents, or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame,  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound

He add'ed not, and from her turn'd but Fve  
Not so repuls'd with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd at his feet  
Fell humble and embracing them besought  
His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint

Forsake me not thus, Adam witness heav'n  
What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee and unwitting have offended  
I happily deceived thy suppliant  
I beg and clasp thy knees believe me not  
Whereon I live thy gentle looks thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betide me where subsist?  
While yet we live scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us  
That cruel serpent On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n  
On me already lost me than thyself  
More miserable both have sinned but thou  
Against God only I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return  
There with my cries importune heaven that all  
The sentence from thy head removed may light  
On me sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me me only just object of his ire

She ended weeping and her lowly plight  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration soon his heart relented  
Towards her his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking  
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid,  
As one disarm'd his anger all he lost  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon

Unway and too desirous as before  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st

The punishment all on thyself, alas  
 Bear thine own first ill able to sustain  
 His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasures be 'st so ill. If prayers  
 Could alter high decrees I to that place  
 Would speed before thee and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy faulty and infirmity forgiv'n,  
 To me committed and by me exposed  
 But now let us no more contend nor blame  
 Each other blimed enough elsewhere but strive  
 In offices of love how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden in our share of woe  
 Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
 Will prove no sudden but a slow paced evil,  
 A long day's dying to augment our pain  
 And to our seed O hapless seed! derived  
 To whom thus Eve recovering heart replied  
 Adam by sad experiment I'll now  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate nevertheless  
 Restored by thee vile as I am to place  
 Of new acceptance hopeful to begin  
 Thy love the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end though sharp and sad yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils and of easier choice  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
 By Death at last and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten and of our loins to bring  
 Into this cursed world a woful race,  
 That after wretched life must be at last  
 Food for so foul a monster in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent  
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot

Childless thou art, childless remain so Death  
 Shall be deceived his glut and with us two  
 Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 (Conversing looking loving to abstain  
 From love's duties nuptial embraces sweet  
 And with desire to languish without hope  
 Before the present object languish  
 With like desire which would be misery,  
 And torment less than none of what we dread  
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both let us make short  
 Let us seek Death or he not found supply  
 With our own hands his office on ourselves  
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears  
 That show no end but death and have the power  
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy."

She ended here her vehement despair  
 Broke off the rest so much of death her thoughts  
 Had entertained as dyed her cheeks with pale  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
 To better hopes his more attentive mind  
 Labouring had raised and thus to Eve replied

Eve thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee something more sublime  
 And excellent than what thy mind contains,  
 But self destruction therefore sought refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee and implies,  
 Not thy contempt but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlived  
 Or if thou covet death as utmost end  
 Of misery so thinking to evade  
 The penalty pronounced doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier aim'd his vengeful ire than so  
 To be forestall'd much more I fear lest death  
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
 We are by doom to pay rather such acts  
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
 To make death in us live then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view calling to mind with heed  
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
 The serpent's head piteous amends unless  
 Be meant whom I conjecture our grand foe  
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived  
 Against us this deceit To crush his head  
 Would be revenge indeed which will be lost  
 By death brought on ourselves or childless days  
 Resolved, as thou propos'st, so our foe  
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd and we  
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads  
 No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness  
 That cuts us off from hope and savours only  
 Rancour and pride impatience and despite  
 Reluctance against God and His just yoke  
 Laid on our necks Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper He both heard and judged  
 Without wrath or reviling we expected  
 Immediate dissolution which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day when lo' to thee  
 Pains only in child bearing were foretold  
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb on me the curse aslope  
 Glanced on the ground with labour I must earn  
 My bread, what harm'd idleness had been worse,  
 My labour will sustain me and lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us His timely care  
 Hath unbesought provided and His hands  
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while He judged  
 How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear  
 Be open and His heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 Th' inclement seasons, rain ice, hail, and snow,  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees, which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish

Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected may with matter seere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite<sup>1</sup> to fire as late the clouds  
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock  
 kindle the slant lightning whose thwart flame driv'n down  
 kindles the cummy burl of fir or pine,  
 And lends a comfortable heat from far  
 Which might supply the sun Such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying and of grace  
 Beseeching Him so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life sustained  
 By Him with many comforts till we end  
 In dust our final rest and native home  
 What better can we do than to the place  
 Repining where He judg'd us prostrate fall  
 Before Him reverent and there confess  
 Humbly our faults and pardon beg with tears  
 Watering the ground and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign  
 Of sorrow unforg'd and humiliation meek<sup>2</sup>  
 Undoubtedly He will relent and turn  
 From His displeasure in whose look serene  
 When angry most He seem'd and most severe  
 What else but favour grace and mercy shone?  
 So spake our father penitent nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse they forthwith to the place  
 Repining where He judg'd them prostrate all  
 Before Him reverent and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults and pardon begg'd with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting,<sup>3</sup> sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unforg'd and humiliation meek

<sup>1</sup> Worn by rubbing or friction

<sup>2</sup> To kindle

<sup>3</sup> Beating the air



## BOOK XI

## THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting and intercedes for them. God accepts them but declares that they must no longer abide in paradise sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs he discerns Michael's approach goes out to meet him the angel denounces their approaching departure Eve's lamentation Adam pleads but submits the angel leads him up to a high hill sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying for from the mercy sent above  
 Prevention grace descending had removed  
 The stony from their hearts and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead that sighs now breathed  
 Unutterable<sup>1</sup> which the spirit of prayer  
 Inspired and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition than when the ancient pur  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shine  
 Of Themis stood devout<sup>2</sup> To heav'n their prayers  
 Flew up nor miss'd the way, by envious winds  
 Blown vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad  
 With incense,<sup>3</sup> where the golden altar fumed,  
 By their great Intercessor came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne them the glad Son  
 Presenting thus to intercede began  
 See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs

<sup>1</sup> Romans viii 26

<sup>2</sup> Themis the goddess of justice The fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha evidently

founded on a heathen tradition of Noah's flood is told by Ovid *Met* I fav 8

<sup>3</sup> I sahm cxli 2

And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd  
 With incense I thy priest before thee bring,  
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of paradise could have produced ere fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear  
 To supplication hear his sighs though mute,  
 Unskilful with what words to pray let me  
 Interpret for him me his advocate<sup>1</sup>  
 And propitiation all his works on me  
 Good or not good ingraft my merit those  
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay  
 A debt me, and in me from these receive  
 The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live  
 Before thee reconcil'd at least his days  
 Number'd though sad, till death his doom (which I  
 To mitigate thus plead not to reverse)  
 To better life shall yield him where with me  
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.<sup>2</sup>  
 To whom the Father without cloud, serene,  
 All thy request for man accepted Son  
 Obtain all thy request was my decree  
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell  
 The law I gave to nature him forbids  
 Those pure immortal elements that know  
 No gross no unharmonious mixture foul  
 Eject him tainted now and purge him off  
 As a distemper gross, to air as gross,  
 And mortal food as may dispose him best  
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
 Distemper'd all things and of incorrupt  
 Corrupted I at first with two fair gifts  
 Created him endow'd with happiness  
 And immortality that fondly lost,  
 This other served but to eternize woe  
 Till I provided death, so death becomes

<sup>1</sup> 1 John ii 1 2

<sup>2</sup> John xvii 21 22

His final remedy, and after life  
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
 By faith and faithful works to second life,  
 Wiked in the renovation of the just  
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd  
 But let us call to synod all the biest  
 Through heav'n's wide bounds, from them I will not hide  
 My judgment, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd

He ended and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd he blew  
 His trumpet heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom The angelic blast  
 Filled all the regions from their blissful bow'rs  
 Of Amaranthine shade fountain or spring,  
 By the waters of life where e'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy the sons of light  
 Hasted resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats till from His throne supreme  
 The Almighty thus pronounced His sov'reign will

O Sons like one of us man is become  
 To I now both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended<sup>1</sup> fruit but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,  
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known  
 Good by itself and evil not at all  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him, longer than they move  
 His heart I know how variable and vain  
 Self left Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil  
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,

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<sup>1</sup> Forbidden

Tale to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors lest the fiend,  
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession some new trouble ruse  
 Haste thee and from the Paradise of God  
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair  
 From hallow'd ground the unholy and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged  
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess all terror hide  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten intermix  
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd,  
 So send them forth though sorrowing yet in peace  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden eaisest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch and of a sword the flame  
 Wide waving all approach fu off to flight  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life  
 Lest paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul and all my tices their prey  
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to de'ade  
 He ceased and the archangelic pow'r prepared  
 For swift descent with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each  
 Had like a double Janus,<sup>1</sup> all then shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous th'n those  
 Of Argus<sup>2</sup> and more wakeful than to drowse  
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 'To resalute the world with sacred light  
 Leucothea<sup>3</sup> waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd

<sup>1</sup> Ezcl. x. 12, 14.

<sup>2</sup> Argus the spy of Juno who had a hundred eyes was lulled to sleep and killed by Mercury (or Hermes) by the command of Jupiter. The Caduceus of Mercury is called an opiate rod because

cause with it he could charm sleep on any eyelids he pleased.

<sup>3</sup> The white goddess or Dawn. The same with Matutina or early morning in Latin. She preceded Aurora - NEWTON

The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair joy, but with fear yet link'd,  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd

Eve easily may fath admit that all  
 The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends,  
 But that from us ought should ascend to heav'n  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high bless'd or to incline His will,  
 Hard to belief may seem yet this will prayer  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Even to the seat of God For since I sought  
 By prayer th' offended Duty to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before Him humbled all my heart,  
 Methought I saw Him pliable and mild  
 Bending His ear persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour, peace return'd  
 Home to my breast and to my memory  
 His promise that thy seed shall bruse our foe,  
 Which then not minding in dismay yet now  
 Assumes me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past and we shall live Whence hail to thee  
 Eve<sup>1</sup> rightly call'd mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living since by thee  
 Man is to live and all things live for man

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek  
 Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor who for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare to me reproach  
 Rather belongs distrust and all dispraise  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge  
 That I who first brought death on all, am graced  
 The source of life next favourable thou  
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 Far other name deserving But the field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat imposed,  
 Though after sleepless night, for see, the morn,

<sup>1</sup> Eve signifies Life

All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling, let us forth,  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our days work lies though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious till day droop while here we dwell,  
 What can be toil-some in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live though in full state content

So spake so wish'd much humbled Eve but fate  
 Subscribed not, nature first gave signs unpress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclipsed  
 After short blush of morn'ning in her sight  
 The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy tow'r,  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
 First hunter then pursued a gentle brace  
 Goodliest of all the forest hart and hind,  
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight  
 Adam observed and with his eye the chase  
 Pursuing; not unmoved to Eve thus spake

O Eve some further change awaits us nigh,  
 Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows  
 Forerunners of his purpose or to warn  
 Us haply too secure of our discharge  
 From penalty because from death released  
 Some days, how long and what till then our life,  
 Who knows or more than this that we are dust,  
 And thither must return and be no more?  
 Why else this double object in our sight  
 Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground,  
 One way the self-same hour? Why in the west  
 Darkness ere day's mid course and morning light  
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
 And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not for by this the heav'nly bands  
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye  
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met

Jacob in Mahanaim,<sup>1</sup> where he saw  
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright,  
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,<sup>2</sup>  
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise  
 One man in assassin like had levy'd war,  
 War unproclaim'd The princely monarch  
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize  
 Possession of the garden he alone,  
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,  
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve  
 While the great visitant approach'd thus spake

Eve now expect great tidings which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine or impose  
 New laws to be observ'd, for I descry  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill  
 One of the heavenly host, and by his gait  
 None of the meanest some great potentate,  
 Or of the thrones above such majesty  
 Invests him coming, yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear nor sociably mild  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime whom not to offend  
 With reverence I must meet and thou retire

He ended, and the archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man over his lucid arms  
 A military vest of purple flow'd,  
 Livelier than Melibœus<sup>3</sup> on the grain  
 Of Saira worn by kings and heroes old  
 In time of truce, Iris<sup>4</sup> had dy'd the woof,  
 His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended, by his side  
 As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword

<sup>1</sup> Gen xxxii 1 2

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the king of Syria's attempt to take the prophet Elshish captive and to the vision the prophet vouchsafed to obtain for his servant of the angel guards which defended him 2 Kings vi 1

<sup>3</sup> Melibœus a city of Thessaly was famous for dyeing the noblest purple Saira the dye of Tyre—HUME Sai was the name of the fish from which the Tyrian purple dye was extracted

<sup>4</sup> The rainbow hues are meant

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear  
Adam bow'd low he kingly from his state  
Inclined not but his coming thus declared

Adam heav'n's high behest no preface needs  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard and doth,  
'Th'n due by sentence when thou didst transgress  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Giv'n thee of grace wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May st cover well may then thy Lord appeased  
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim,  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell

Permits not to remove thee I am come  
And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken fitter soil

He added not for Adam at the news  
Heart struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound, Eve who unseen  
Yet all had heard with audible lament  
Discovered soon the place of her retreat

O unexpected stroke worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, paradise? thus leave  
Thy native soil these happy walls and shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both O flow'rs,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall ren ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'd by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign



What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,  
 Thus over fond on that which is not thine  
 Thy going is not lonely with thee goes  
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound,  
 Where he abides, thine there thy native soil

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
 Recovering and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named  
 Of them the highest for such of shape may seem  
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
 Thy message which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us, what besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection and despair,  
 Our faulty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes all places else  
 Inhospitable appear and desolate  
 Nor knowing us nor known and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of Him who all things can I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries  
 But prayer against His absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind  
 Blown staffing back on him that breathes it forth  
 Therefore to His great bidding I submit  
 This most afflicts me that departing hence  
 As from His face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed count'nance here I could frequent,  
 With worship place by place, where he vouchsafed  
 Presence divine and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 Stood visible, among these pines His voice  
 I heard here with Him at this fountain talk  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs

In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances or footstep trace?  
 For though I fled him angry yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promised race I now  
 Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts  
 Of glory and far off His steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign  
 Adam thou know'st how heav'n His and all the earth,  
 Not this rock only, His omnipresence fills  
 Land sea and air and every kind that lives,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fomented by His virtual power and warm'd  
 All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift surmise not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
 Of Paradise or Eden thus had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat from whence had spread  
 All generations and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth to celebrate  
 And reverence thee their great progenitor  
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 Go is as here and will be found alike  
 Present and of His presence many a sign  
 Still following thee still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love His face  
 Express and of His steps the trail divine  
 Which that thou may'st believe and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart I now I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring, good with bad  
 Expect to hear supernatural grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men, thereby to learn  
 True patience and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inured  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure

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<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah xxiii 24

Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend  
 This hill, let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slept'st while she to life was form'd  
 To whom thus Adam gratefully replied  
 Ascend I follow thee, safe guide the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast aiming to overcome  
 By suffering and can rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain So both ascend  
 In the visions of God It was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
 Stretch'd out to the unpleas'd reach of prospect lay  
 Not higher than this hill nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the tempter set  
 Our second Adam<sup>1</sup> in the wilderness,  
 To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory  
 His eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern fame the seat  
 Of mightiest empire, from the bastined walls  
 Of Cimbiliu, seat of Catharin Can  
 And Samarchind by Oxus Lemir's throne,<sup>2</sup>  
 To Paquin of Sinaan kings<sup>3</sup> and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
 Down to the golden Chersonese<sup>4</sup> or where  
 The Persian in Erbatun sit or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar  
 In Mosco or the Sultan in Bizance<sup>5</sup>  
 Turchestan born, nor could his eye not ken  
 The empire of Negus<sup>6</sup> to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xi. 45. Matt. iv. 8.

<sup>2</sup> The principal city of Cathay.

<sup>3</sup> The chief city of Zagathian Tartary.  
 It was the royal residence of the great  
 conqueror Tamerlane or Temir.

<sup>4</sup> Paquin or Peking in China the  
 country of the ancient Sines.—NEWTON

<sup>5</sup> The golden Chersonese is Malacca.

<sup>6</sup> Byzantium or Constantinople. The  
 Turks came from Turkestan in Tartary.

<sup>7</sup> Upper Ethiopia or Abyssinia whose  
 king is still styled the *Negus*. Ercoco  
 or Erquico on the Red Sea.

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind<sup>1</sup>  
 And Sofala thought Ophir to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola furthest south,  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almisor<sup>2</sup> Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Premisen,  
 Or Europe thence and where Rome was to sway  
 The world in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motzunc,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer scat  
 Of Atahualpa<sup>3</sup> and yet unspoild  
 Guanani whose great city Geryon's sons<sup>4</sup>  
 call El Dorado but to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,  
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight  
 Had bred then purged with euphrasy<sup>5</sup> and rue  
 The visual nerve for he had much to see  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 Even to the innermost seat of mental sight  
 That Adam now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down and all his spirits became intranced  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd and his attention thus recall'd  
 Adam now open thine eyes, and first behold  
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring, from thee who never touch'd  
 The excepted tree nor with the snake conspired  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds  
 His eyes he open'd and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd, the other part sheep walks and folds

<sup>1</sup> All on the eastern coast of Africa

<sup>2</sup> Almisor was King of Barbary where these states lie

<sup>3</sup> Atahualpa the last native Emperor or Inca subdued by Pizarro

<sup>4</sup> The Spaniards so called from Geryon an ancient King of Spain El Dorado

revives the memory of the explorers and navigators of Elizabeth's days The whole inhabited world is summed up in this sweeping and glorious description of the vision of our Lord on the Mount

<sup>5</sup> The herb called in English eyebright Both it and rue were thought to have great medicinal power

I th' midst an altar as the land mark stood,  
 Rustic of grassy sord,<sup>1</sup> thither anon  
 A swetty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits the green ear and the yellow sheaf  
 Uncull'd as came to hand, a shepherd next  
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock  
 Choicest and best then sacrificing laid  
 The inwards and then fat with incense strew'd  
 On the cleft wood and all duties perform'd  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heav'n  
 Consumed with nimble glance and grateful steam  
 The others not for his was not sincere  
 Whereat he only rag'd and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life, he fell and deadly pale  
 Grown'd out his soul with gushing blood effused  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd and thus in haste to the angel cried

O teacher some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man who well had sacrific'd  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

To whom Michael thus he also mov'd\* replied  
 These two are brethren Adam and to come  
 Out of thy loins, the unjust the just hath slain  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From heav'n acceptance but the bloody fact  
 Will be aveng'd and the others faith approved  
 Lose no reward though here thou see him die  
 Rolling in dust and gore To which our sire

Alas both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen death? is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror foul and ugly to behold  
 Horrid to think how horrible to feel!

To whom thus Michael Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on man, but many shapes  
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

<sup>1</sup> Sward See green sord for green sward in early editions of Shakespeare

<sup>2</sup> Gen. iv. 2

To his grim cave all dismal, yet to sense  
 More terrible at the entrance than within  
 Some as thou saw'st by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire flood famine, by intemperance more  
 In meats and drinks which on the earth shall bring  
 Diseases due of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear that thou may'st know  
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appeared, sad noisome dark,  
 A lizar house it seem'd wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all diseased all maladies  
 Of ghastly spasm or racking torture qualms  
 Of heart sick agony all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs  
 Dæmonic frenzy moping melancholy,  
 And moon struck madness pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus and wide wasting pestilence  
 Dropsies and asthmis and joint-racking rheums.  
 Due was the tossing deep the groans despair  
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked  
 With vows as their chief good and final hope  
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not but wept,  
 Though not of woman born, compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
 And sense recovering words his plaint renew'd  
 O miserable mankind to what fall  
 Degraded to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we know  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 The image of God in man, created once

So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under inhuman pangs? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image answer'd Michael, then  
 Forsook them when themselves they villified  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite and took  
 His image whom they served a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve

Therefore so abject is their punishment  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness but their own  
 Or if His likeness by themselves defaced,  
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rule  
 To loathsome sickness worthily since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves

I yield it just said Adam and submit  
 But is there yet no other way besides  
 These painful passages how we may come  
 To death and mix with our connatural dust?

There is said Michael if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much by temperance taught  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return  
 So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd not harshly pluck'd for death mature  
 This is old age, but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength thy beauty, which will change  
 To wither'd, weak, and gray thy senses then  
 Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego  
 To what thou hast and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of life To whom our ancestor

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Foremost and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rending up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution. Michael replied

Nor love thy life nor hate, but what thou livest  
Live well how long, or short permit to Heaven  
And now prepare thee for another sight  
He looked and saw a spacious plain, wherein  
Were tents of various hue, by some were herds  
Of cattle grazing,<sup>1</sup> others whence the sound  
Of instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard of harp and organ, and who moved  
Then stops and chords was seen his volu't touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Lied and pursued transverse the re-entrant fugue<sup>2</sup>  
In other part stood one who at the forge<sup>3</sup>  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted, whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain crin vale,  
Down to the veins of earth thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream  
From underground, the liquid ore he drew and  
Into fit moulds prepared from which he formed  
First his own tools, then, what might else be wrought  
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
But on the hither side a different sort  
From the high neighbouring hills which was their seat  
Down to the plain descended by their guise  
Just men they seemed<sup>4</sup> and all their study bent  
To worship God aright and know His works  
Not hid, nor those things lost, which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men, they on the plain  
Long had not walked when from the tents behold  
A bevy of fair women richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress, to the harp they sung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on

<sup>1</sup> Jabal. See Gen. iv. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Jubal. See Gen. iv. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Tubal-cain. Gen. iv. 22.

<sup>4</sup> The descendants of Seth.



The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes  
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
 Fast caught they liked, and each his liking chose  
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,  
 Love's harbinger, appear'd, then all in heat  
 They light the nuptial torch and bid invoke  
 Hymen then first to marriage rites invoked,  
 With feast and music all the tents resound  
 Such happy interview and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost songs, girlinds, flow'rs,  
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart  
 Of Adam soon inclined to admit delight  
 The bent of nature which he thus express'd

True opener of mine eyes prime angel bless'd,  
 Much better seems this vision and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past  
 Those were of hate and death or pain much worse  
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends

To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure though to nature seeming meet  
 Created as thou art to nobler ends  
 Holy and pure conformity divine  
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
 Of wickedness wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life inventors rare,  
 Unmindful of their Maker though his Spirit  
 Taught them but they his gifts acknowledged none  
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget  
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st that seem'd  
 Of Goddesses so blithe so smooth so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,  
 Bred only and complet'd to the taste  
 Of lustful appetite to sing to dance,  
 To dress and trol the tongue, and roll the eye  
 To these that sober race of men whose lives  
 Religious titled them the sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles

Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy  
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh, for which  
The world erelong a world of tears must weep

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft,  
O pity and shame that they who to live well  
Entered so fair, should turn aside to tread  
Paths indirect or in the midway faint !  
But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the same, from woman to begin

From man's effeminate sickness it begins  
Said the angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom and superior gifts received  
But now prepare thee for another scene

He looked and saw wide territory spread  
Before him towns and rural wells between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers  
Concourse in arms fierce faces thine tuning war  
Giants of mighty bone and bold enterprise  
Put wield their arms put curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle ringed  
Both horse and foot not idly mustering stood  
One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of bees, fair oxen and fair kine  
From a fat meadow ground or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain  
Their booty scarce with life the shepherds fly  
But call in aid which makes a bloody fray  
With cruel tournament the squadrons join,  
Where cattle pastured late now scattered lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,  
Deserted Others to a city strong  
Lay siege encamp'd by battery scale and mine  
Assaulting, others from the wall defend  
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds  
In other part the sceptred heralds call  
To council in the city gates anon  
Gray headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
Assemble and harangues are heard, but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising <sup>1</sup> eminent  
 In wise deport spake much of right and wrong  
 Of justice, of religion truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above him old and young  
 Exploded and hid seized with violent hands  
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence  
 Unseen amid the throng so violence  
 Proceeded and oppression and sword law,  
 Through all the plain and refuge none was found  
 Adam was ill in tears and to his guide  
 Lamenting turned full sad, O! what are these  
 Death's ministers not men who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother for of whom such massacre  
 Mile they but of their brethren men of men?  
 But who was that just man whom had not heav'n  
 Rescued had in his righteousness been lost?  
 To whom thus Michael These are the product  
 Of those ill matched marriages thou saw'st,  
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves  
 Abhor to join, and by imprudence mix'd  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind  
 Such were these giants men of high renown  
 For in those days might only shall be admird,  
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd  
 To overcome in battle and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Manslaughter shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of hum in glory and for glory done  
 Of triumph to be styl'd great conquerors  
 Patrons of manly Gods and sons of Gods  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men  
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd renown on earth,  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid  
 But he, the seventh from thee whom thou beheld'st  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,

<sup>1</sup> Enoch said to be of middle age  
 because he was translated when he was

only 365 years old a middle age then  
 Gen v 23. — RICHARDSON

And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth that God would come  
 To judge them with his saints, him the most High  
 Wript in a balmy cloud with winged steeds  
 Did as thou saw'st receive to walk with God  
 High in salvation and the dunes of bliss  
 Exempt from death to show thee what reward  
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment  
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold

He look'd and saw the face of things quite changed,  
 The bruz'd throat of war had ceased to roar,  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and not feast and dance,  
 Murmuring or prostituting as befell  
 Ripe or adultery where passing fair  
 Allured them, thence from cups to civil broils  
 At length a reverend sire<sup>1</sup> among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declared,  
 And testified against their ways, he oft  
 Frequented their assemblies whereso met  
 Triumphs or festivals and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison under judgments imminent  
 But all in vain which when he saw he ceased  
 Contending and removed his tents far off  
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measured by cubit length and breadth and highth,  
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
 For men and beast when lo a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast and bird, and insect small,  
 Came sevens, and pairs and enter'd in, as taught  
 Their order last the sire and his three sons  
 With their four wives, and God made fast the door  
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings

<sup>1</sup> Noah See 1 Peter iii 19

<sup>2</sup> Noah's removal to another land is

taken from Josephus *Antiq. Jud.* lib. 1.  
c. 5

Wide hovering all the clouds together drove  
 From under heav'n, the hills to their supply  
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist  
 Sent up amain and now the thickened sky  
 Like a dark ceiling stood down rushed the rain  
 Impetuous and continued till the earth  
 No more was seen, the floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelmed and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water rolled, sea covered sea,  
 Sea without shore and in their palaces  
 Where luxury late reigned sea monsters whelped  
 And stabled, of man and, so numerous late  
 All left in one small bottom swum embarked  
 How didst thou grieve then Adam to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring end so sad,  
 Depopulation! thee another flood  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned  
 And sunk thee as thy sons, till gently reared  
 By the angel on thy feet thou stoodst at last  
 Though comfortless as when a father mourns  
 His children all in view destroyed at once,  
 And scarce to the angel utterdest thus thy plaint

O visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Lived ignorant of future so had borne  
 My part of evil only each day's lot  
 Enough to bear those now that were dispensed  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be Let no man seek  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children, evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel,  
 Grievous to bear but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume

Wand'ring that wat'ry desert I had hope,  
 When violence was ceased and war on earth  
 All would have then gone well peace would have crown'd  
 With length of happy days the rue of man,  
 But I was far deceived for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste  
 How comes it thus? unfold celestial guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end

To whom thus Michael Those whom last thou saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits but of true virtue void,  
 Who having spill'd much blood and done much waste  
 Subduing nations and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world high titles and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure ease and sloth  
 Surfeit and lust till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace  
 The conquer'd also and enslav'd by war  
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose  
 And fear of God from whom their pity feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders therefore cool'd in zeal  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure  
 Worldly or dissolute on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy for the earth shall bear  
 More than enough that temperance may be tried  
 So all shall turn degenerate all deprav'd,  
 Justice and temperance truth and faith forgot,  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom and a world  
 Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness how much more safe  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence, and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive, by his command

Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself and household from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wreck  
 No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodged  
 And shelter'd round, but all the cat'racts  
 Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour  
 Run day and night all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved  
 Out of his place push'd by the horn'd flood  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf  
 And there take root in island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of sculls and oies and sea mews' clang,  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent or therein dwell  
 And now what further shall ensue behold  
 He look'd and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now ibited for the clouds were fled  
 Driv'n by a keen north wind, that blowing dry  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge as decav'd,  
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass  
 Gazed hot and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As utter thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb that staid  
 With soft foot towards the deep who now had stop'd  
 His sluices as the heav'n his windows shut  
 The ark no more now floats but seems on ground  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear,  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive  
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger  
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light,

The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive leaf he brings pacific sign  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient sire descends with all his train,  
 Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God and covenant new  
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad  
 Greatly rejoiced and thus his joy broke forth

O thou who future things canst represent  
 As present, heavenly instructor I receive  
 At this first sight assured that man shall live  
 With all the creatures and their seed preserve  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect and so just  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him and all his anger to forget  
 But say what mean those colour'd streaks in heav'n  
 Distended as the bow of God appear'd?  
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud  
 Lest it again dissolve and shew'r the earth?

To whom the archangel dextrously thou aim'st  
 So willingly doth God remit His ire,  
 Though late repenting Him of man depraved  
 Grieved at His heart when looking down He saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence and ill  
 Corrupting each then way, yet those removed  
 Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,  
 That He relents, not to blot out mankind  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
 With man therein or beast, but when he brings  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set



His triple colour'd bow whereon to look,  
And call to mind his cov'nant day and night,  
Seed time and harvest heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed then in the mention of Abel. He most expressly declares to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall. In incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension, the state of the church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by the certainties and promise descends the hill with Michael to kiss Eve who all this while had slept but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind in submissio. Michael in either hand leads them out of parth the way swol waving behind them and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon  
 Though bent on speed so here th' archangel paused  
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,  
 If Adam might perhaps might interpose  
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes  
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end  
 And man is from a second stock proceed  
 Much thou hast yet to see but I perceive  
 Thy mental sight to full objects divine  
 Must needs impair and weary human sense  
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate  
 Thou therefore give due audience and attend  
 This second source of men while yet but few,  
 And while the dial of judgment past remains  
 Fresh in their minds fearing the Deity  
 With some regard to what is just and right  
 Shall lead their lives and multiply space,  
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
 Corn, wine and oil, and from the herd, or flock,  
 Oft sacrificing bullock lamb or kid,  
 With large wine offerings pour'd and sacred feast,  
 Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
 Long time in peace by families and tribes  
 Under paternal rule, till one shall rise  
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,

Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
 Hunting and men not beasts shall be his game,  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled<sup>1</sup>  
 Before the Lord as in despite of heav'n  
 Or from heav'n claiming second sovereignty,  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse  
 He with a crew whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west<sup>3</sup> shall find  
 The plain wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground the mouth of hell  
 Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build  
 A city and tower whose top may reach to heav'n,  
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd  
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen and through their habitations walks  
 To mark their doings them beholding soon,  
 Comes down to see their city ere the tower  
 Obstruct Heav'n towers and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to raise  
 Quite out their native language and instead  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown  
 Forthwith a hideous gibble rises loud  
 Among the builders each to other calls  
 Not understood, till hoarse and all in rage,  
 As mock'd they storm great laughter was in heav'n,  
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
 And hear the din, thus was the building left

<sup>1</sup> Nimrod who is supposed to have been the first who assumed kingly power. See Gen. x. 9.

<sup>2</sup> The name Nimrod is derived from a Hebrew word that signifies to rebel.

<sup>3</sup> And it came to pass as they journeyed from the east that they found a plain in the land of Shinar. And they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar. Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Ridiculous, and the work Confusion<sup>1</sup> named

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeased

O execrable son! so to aspire

Above his brethren to himself assuming

Authority usurp'd from God not given

He gives us only over beast fish fowl

Dominion absolute that night we hold

By His donation such taken to Himself

Leaving human left from human free

But this usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on men to God his tower intends

Such and defiance Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash army where thou art

Above the clouds will pine his cutnails gross

And furnish him of breath if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael Justly thou abhor'st

That son who on the quiet state of men

Such trouble brought affecting to subdue

Rational liberty, yet know withal,

Since thy original lapse true liberty

Is lost which always with right reason dwells

Twinn'd and from her hath no dividuall being

Reason in man obscured or not obey'd,

Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government

From reason and to servitude reduce

Man till then free Therefore since he permits

Within himself unworthy powers to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just

Subjects him from without to violent lords

Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom Tyranny must be,

Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low

From virtue which is reason, that no wrong,

But justice and some fatal curse annex'd,

Deprives them of their outward liberty,

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<sup>1</sup> Babel signifies confusion in Hebrew

Their inward lost witness the irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who for the shame  
 Done to his father heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants* on his vicious race<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus will this latter as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse till God at last,  
 Wearied with their iniquities withdraw  
 His presence from among them and avert  
 His holy eyes resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways,  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the rest of whom to be involved  
 A nation from one faithful man<sup>2</sup> to spring  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing  
 Bred up in idol worship<sup>3</sup> O that men  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the flood,  
 As to forsake the living God and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For Gods, yet him God the most high vouchsafes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false Gods into a land  
 Which he will show him and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation and upon him show'r  
 His benediction so that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blessed he straight obeys,  
 Not knowing to what land yet firm believes  
 I see him but thou canst not with what faith  
 He leaves his Gods his friends and native soil,  
 Un of Chaldaea passing now the ford  
 To Hiran after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks and numerous servitude  
 Not wandering poor but trusting all his wealth  
 With God who call'd him in a land unknown  
 Canaan he now attains I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about Sechem and the neighbouring plain  
 Of Moreh, there by promise he receives

<sup>1</sup> Gen ix 22-23<sup>2</sup> Abraham<sup>3</sup> Terah Abraham's father was an idol  
ater See Josh xxiv 2 Jewish tradition
 represents the father and grandfather of  
 Abraham to have been carvers of idols  
 Terah was born in Noah's lifetime

Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the desert south  
 Things by their names I call though yet unnamed  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea  
 Mount Hermon yonder sea each place behold  
 In prospect as I point them on the shore  
 Mount Carmel here the double founted stream  
 Jordan true limit eastward but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Scir that long ridge of hills  
 This ponder that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed by that seed  
 Is meant thy great Deliverer who shall bruise  
 The serpent's head whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be revealed His patriarch bless'd,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call  
 A son and of his son a grandchild leaves,  
 Like him in faith in wisdom and renown  
 The grandchild with twelve sons increased departs  
 From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt divided by the river Nile  
 See where it flows disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea To sojourn in that land  
 He comes invited by a younger son  
 In time of dearth a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh there he dies and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth as inmate guests  
 Too numerous whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
 His people from enthralment they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promised land  
 But first the lawless tyrant who denies  
 To know their God or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire,  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land,

His cattle must of rot and murrain die,  
 Blotches and bluns must all his flesh imboss,  
 And all his people, thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire must rend the Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls,  
 What it devours not herb or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness and blot out three days  
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first born  
 Of Egypt must be dead. Thus with ten wounds  
 This river dragon<sup>1</sup> tamed at length submits  
 To let his sojourners depart and oft  
 Humbles his stubborn heart but still as ice  
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd the sea  
 Swallows him with his host but them lets pass  
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,  
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore  
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,  
 Though present in His angel, who shall go  
 Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire,  
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire  
 To guide them in their journey and remove  
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues  
 All night he will pursue, but his approach  
 Darkness defends between till morning watch,  
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
 And craze their chariot wheels when by command  
 Moses once more his potent rod extends  
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys,  
 On their imbattled ranks the waves return  
 And overwhelm their war The race elect  
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,  
 Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the crocodile the Egyptian animal Ezekiel also styles

Pharoah the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers

War terrify them ineffect, and fear  
 Return them back to Egypt choosing rather  
 Inglorious life with servitude for life  
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
 Untrain'd in arms where ashness leads not on  
 This also shall they gain by their delay  
 In the wide wilderness there they shall found  
 Their government and their great senate choose  
 Through the twelve tribes to rule by laws ordain'd  
 God from the mount of Sinai whose gray top  
 Shall tremble. He descending will Himself  
 In thunder lightning and loud trumpets sound  
 Ordain them laws part such as appertain  
 To civil justice part religious rites  
 Of sacrifice informing them by types  
 And shadows of that destined seed to bruise  
 The serpent by what means He shall achieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
 To mortal ear is dreadful they beseech  
 That Moses might report to them His will  
 And terror cease. He grants what they besought  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator whose high office now  
 Moses in figure bears to introduce  
 One greater of whose day he shall foretell  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
 Obedient to His will that He vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up His tabernacle  
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell  
 By His precept a sanctuary is framed  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold therein  
 An ark and in the ark His testimony  
 The records of His covenant, over these  
 A mercy seat of gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim before Him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing  
 The heavenly fires, over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,



Save when they journey, and at length they come  
 Conducted by His angel to the land  
 Promised to Abraham and his seed The rest  
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought  
 How many kings destroy'd and kingdoms won,  
 Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still  
 A day entire and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding—Sun in Gibeon stand,  
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,  
 Till Israel overcome,—so call the third  
 From Abraham son of Isaac, and from him  
 His whole descent who thus shall Canaan win

Here Adam interposed O sent from heav'n,  
 Enlightener of my darkness gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd those chiefly which concern  
 Just Abraham and his seed now first I find  
 Mine eyes true opening and my heart much eased  
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind but now I see  
 His day in whom all nations shall be bless'd  
 Favour unmerited by me who sought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means  
 This yet I apprehend not why to those  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth  
 So many and so various laws are given  
 So many laws argue so many sins  
 Among them how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael Doubt not but that sin  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot  
 And therefore was law given them to evince  
 Their natural pravity by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight, that when they see  
 Law can discover sin but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed they may find  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
 Perform and not performing cannot live  
 So law appears imperfect and but giv'n  
 With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better covenant disciplin'd  
 From shadowy types to truth from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws to free  
 Acceptance of large grace from servile fear  
 To final works of law to works of faith  
 And therefore shall not Moses though of God  
 Highly beloved being but the minister  
 Of law his people into Canaan led,  
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call  
 His name and office bearing who shall quell  
 The adversary serpent and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal paradise of rest  
 Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace  
 Provoking God to rouse their enemies,  
 From whom as oft He saves them penitent,  
 By judges first, then under kings, of whom  
 The second both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure the like shall sing  
 All prophesy that of the royal stock  
 Of David so I name this king shall rise  
 A son the woman's seed to thee foretold  
 Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust  
 All nations and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last for of his reign shall be no end  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son for wealth and wisdom famed,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wandring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine  
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults

Heap'd to the popular sum will so incense  
 God as to leave them, and expose their land  
 Their city His temple, and His Holy ark  
 With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd  
 There in captivity He lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years then brings them back  
 Remembering mercy and His covenant sworn  
 To David establish'd as the days of heav'n  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God disposed the house of God  
 They first re-edify and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate till grown  
 In wealth and multitude fictions they grow  
 But first among the priests discussion springs,<sup>1</sup>  
 Men who attend the altar and should most  
 Endeavour peace then strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself at last they seize  
 The sceptre and regard not David's sons<sup>2</sup>  
 Then lose it to a stranger that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his birth a star  
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages who inquire  
 His place to offer incense myrrh and gold  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night,  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the Most High, he shall ascend

<sup>1</sup> The murder of Jesus or Joshua in the Temple by his brother John the high priest is perhaps alluded to here. Bagoas the general of Antiochus's army had promised to procure Jesus the high priesthood. In confidence of the Persian's support Jesus insulted his brother in the Temple and so provoked him that the latter slew him. Thus the Temple was polluted by fratricide committed by the high priest himself. The old commentators suppose however

that the passage alludes to the quarrels between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood which led to the profanation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes.

<sup>2</sup> Aristobulus a Maccabee a Asmonean erected the theocratic republic of the Jews into a kingdom 451 years after the return from the Babylonian captivity.

<sup>3</sup> Herod an Idumean or Edomite

The throne hereditary and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds his glory with the heav'ns<sup>1</sup>  
 He ceased discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged as had like grief been drow'd in tears  
 Without the vent of words which these he breathed  
 O prophet of glad tidings finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my sturdiest thoughts have search'd in vain  
 Why our great expectation should be cild  
 The seed of woman Virgin Mother hail  
 High in the love of heav'n yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God most high so God with man unites  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain say where and when  
 Their fight what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel  
 To whom thus Michael Dream not of then fight  
 As of a duel or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy, nor so is overcome  
 Satan whose fall from heav'n a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound  
 Which He, who comes thy Saviour shall recure  
 Not by destroying Satan but his world  
 In thee and in thy seed nor can this be  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want  
 Obedience to the law of God imposed  
 On penalty of death and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow  
 So only can high justice rest appaid  
 The law of God exact He shall fulfil,  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfil the law, thy punishment  
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh  
 To a reproachful life and cursèd death  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In His redemption, and that His obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith His merits  
 To save them not their own (though legal) works  
 For thus He shall live hated be blasphemed,  
 Seized on by force, judged and to death condemn'd  
 A shameful and accursed nail'd to the cross  
 By His own nation slain for bringing life  
 But to the cross He nails thy enemies  
 The law that is against thee and the sins  
 Of all mankind with Him there crucified  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this His satisfaction so He dies  
 But soon revives death over Him no power  
 Shall long usurp, ere the third dawning light  
 Return the stars of morn shall see Him rise  
 Out of His grave fresh as the dawning light  
 Thy ransom paid which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man as many as offer'd life  
 Neglect not and the benefit embrace  
 By faith not void of works This godlike act  
 Annuls thy doom the death thou shouldst have died,  
 In sin for ever lost from life this act  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan crush his strength,  
 Defeating sin and death his two main arms  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings,  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom He redeems a death like sleep  
 A gentle wafting to immortal life  
 Nor after resurrection shall He stay  
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear  
 To His disciples men who in His life  
 Still follow'd Him, to them shall leave in charge  
 To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd  
 And His salvation, them who shall believe  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream the sign  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
 Pure and in mind prepared if so befall,  
 For death like that which the redeemer died  
 All nations they shall teach for from that day  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world  
 So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd  
 Then to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend  
 With victory triumphing through the air  
 Over His foes and thine: there shall surprise  
 The serpent prince of air and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm and there confounded leave,  
 Then enter into glory and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand exalted high  
 Above all name in heav'n, and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe  
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,  
 To judge the unfaithful dead but to reward  
 His faithful and receive them into bliss  
 Whether in heav'n or earth: for then the earth  
 Shall all be paradise far happier place  
 Than this of Eden and far happier days

So spake the Archangel Michael then paused,  
 As at the world's great period and our sire  
 Repete with joy and wonder thus replied

O goodness infinite goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce  
 And evil turn to good more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasion'd or rejoice  
 Much more that much more good thereof shall spring  
 To God more glory more good will to men  
 From God and over with grace shall abound  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n  
 Must reascend what will betide the few  
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend? will they not deal  
 Worse with His followers than with Him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said the angel, but from heav'n  
 He to His own a Comforter will send  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His spirit within them, and the law of faith  
Working through love upon their hearts shall write  
To guide them in all truth and also arm  
With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them not afraid,  
Though to the death against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors for the Spirit  
Poured first on his apostles whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations then on all  
Baptized shall them with wondrous gifts endue,  
To speak all tongues and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n at length  
Their ministry performed, and race well run  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die, but in their room as they forewarn  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names  
Places and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promised alike and giv'n  
To all believers, and from that pretence  
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force  
On every conscience, laws which none shall find  
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace itself and bind  
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,

Their own faith not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? yet many will presume  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth the rest for greater part  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfied, truth shall retire  
 Bestuck with slanderous darts and works of faith  
 Rarely be found so shall the world go on  
 To good malignant to bad men benign  
 Under her own weight groaning till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just  
 And vengeance to the wicked at return  
 Of Him so lately promised to thy aid  
 The woman's seed obscurely then foretold  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord  
 Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass purged and refined,  
 New heavens, new earth ages of endless date  
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
 To bring forth fruits joy and eternal bliss

He ended, and thus Adam last replied  
 How soon hath thy prediction, Scie bless'd  
 Measured this transient world the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd beyond is all abyss,  
 Eternity whose end no eye can reach  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain,  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire  
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in His presence ever to observe  
 His providence and on Him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all His works with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak



Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise  
 By simply meek, that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And to the faithful death the gate of life,  
 Taught this by His example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd

To whom thus also the angel last replied  
 This having learn'd thou hast attain'd the sum  
 Of wisdom: hope no higher though all the stars  
 Thou know'st by name and all the ethereal powers,  
 All secrets of the deep all nature's works  
 Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,  
 And all the rule, one empire, only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love  
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth  
 To leave this paradise but shalt possess  
 A paradise within thee happier far  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation, for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence, and see the guards,  
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion at whose front a flaming sword  
 In signal of remove waves fiercely round,  
 We may no longer stay: go waken Eve,  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
 Portending good and all her spirits compos'd  
 To meek submission: thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come,  
 For by the woman's seed, on all mankind  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
 With meditation on the happy end

He ended, and they both descend the hill  
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve

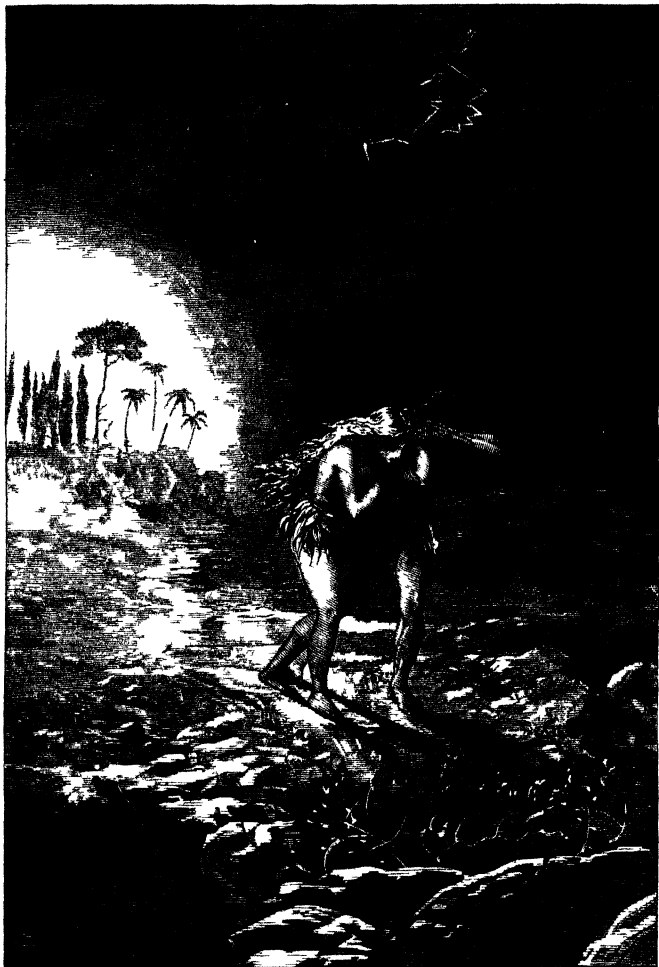
Lay sleeping, I an before, but found her waked,  
And thus with words not sad she him received

Whence thou return'st and whither went'st, I know,  
For God is also in sleep and dreams advise  
Which He hath sent propitious some great good  
Presaging since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on  
In me is no delay with thee to go  
I to stay here without thee here to stay  
Is to go hence unwilling thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence  
Th'is further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence though doubly me is lost  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed  
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore

So spake our mother Eve and Adam heard  
Well pleased but answer'd not for now too nigh  
Th' Archangel stood and from the other hill  
To their fixed station all in bright array  
The Cherubim descended on the ground  
Gilding meteorous as evening mist  
Risen from a river o'er the marsh<sup>1</sup> glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
Homeward returning High in front advanced  
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed  
Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Libyan air adust  
Began to parch that temperate clime whereat  
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
Our ling'ring parents and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjeeted plain, then disappeared  
They looking back all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat  
Waved over by that flaming brand the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms

<sup>1</sup> An old word for marsh

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon,  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide  
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Througħ Eden took their solitary way



They hand in hand with wand ring steps and slow  
Through Eden took their solitary way —p 366



# Paradise Regained.

## BOOK I

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,  
By one man's disobedience lost now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation and the tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles defeated and repuls'd  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness  
In a Spirit who led st this glorious Eremit  
Into the desert <sup>1</sup> His victorious field,  
Against the spiritual foe and brought'st Him thence  
By proof the undoubted Son of God inspire,  
As thou art wont my prompted song else mute  
And be u through highth or depth of nature's bounds  
With prosperous wing full summ'd <sup>1</sup> to tell of deeds  
Above heroic though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age  
Worthy t have not remain'd so long unsung  
Now had the great Proclumer <sup>2</sup> with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet cried  
Repentance and heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand  
To a'll baptized to his great baptism flock'd  
With we the regions round and with them came  
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd  
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,  
Unmark'd unknown, but Him the Baptist soon  
Descried divinely warn'd and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd

<sup>1</sup> Full feathered a term used in falconry

<sup>2</sup> John the Baptist

To him his heavenly office, nor was long  
 His witness unconfirm'd on Him baptized  
 Heav'n open'd and in likeness of a dove  
 The Spirit descended while the Father's voice  
 From heav'n pronounced Him His beloved Son  
 That heard the adversary, who roving still  
 About the world at that assembly fumed  
 Would not be last and with the voice divine  
 Nigh thunder struck the exalted Man to whom  
 Such high attest was giv'n a while survey'd  
 With wonder then with envy fraught and rage  
 Flies to his place nor rests but in mid air  
 To council summons all his mighty peers  
 Within thick clouds and dark ten fold involved  
 A gloomy consistory and them amidst  
 With looks ghast and sad he thus bespake  
 O ancient Powers of air<sup>1</sup> and this wide world,  
 For much more willingly I mention air  
 This our old conquest than remember Hell,  
 Our hated habitation well we know  
 How many ages as the years of men,  
 This universe we have possess'd and ruled  
 In manner at our will the affairs of earth,  
 Since Adam and his frail consort Eve  
 Lost Paradise deceived by me though since  
 With dread attending when that fatal wound  
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
 Upon my head, long the decrees of heav'n  
 Delay for longest time to Him is short  
 And now too soon for us the circling hours  
 This dreaded time have compast wherein we  
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,  
 At least if so we can and by the head  
 Broken be not intended all our power  
 To be infringed our freedom and our being,  
 In this fair empire won of earth and air  
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,  
 Destined to this, is late of woman born,

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<sup>1</sup> See Ephes ii 2 vi 12

His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying  
 All virtue grace and wisdom to achieve  
 Things highest greatest multiplies my fear  
 Before him a great prophet to proclaim  
 His coming is sent harbinger who all  
 Invite and in the consecrated stream  
 Pretends to wash off sin and fit them so  
 Purified to receive Him pure or rather  
 To do Him honour as then king all come  
 And He Himself among them was baptized,  
 Not thence to be more pure but to receive  
 The testimony of heav'n that who He is  
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt I saw  
 The prophet do him reverence on Him, rising  
 Out of the water heav'n above the clouds  
 Unfold her crystal doors thence on His head  
 A perfect dove descend whatever it meant  
 And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I hear,  
 —This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased  
 His mother then is mortal but His sire  
 He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n,  
 And what will He not do to advance His Son?  
 His first begot we know and sore have felt  
 When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep  
 Who this is we must learn,<sup>1</sup> for man He seems  
 In all His lineaments though in his face  
 The glimpses of His Father's glory shine  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be opposed,  
 Not force but well couched fraud well woven snares,  
 Ere in the head of nations He appear  
 Their king their leader and supreme on earth  
 I when no other durst sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out

<sup>1</sup> Milton's idea that Satan did not know that the wondrous Man baptized was the Messiah originated probably by the opinions of Ignatius Bezu &c

who believed that the devil did not recognize in mortal form the Son of God—*From NEWTON*



And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd  
 Successfully, a calmer voyage now  
 Will waft me, and the way found prosperous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success

He ended and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings, but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprise  
 To him their great dictator whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thrived  
 In Adam's overthrow and led them march  
 From hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,  
 Regents and potentates and kings yea gods  
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide  
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easy steps guided with snaky wiles,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where he might himself find this new declared  
 This man of men attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guide on Him to try,  
 So to subvert whom he suspected used  
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd  
 But contrary unexpecting he fulfill'd  
 The purposed counsel preordain'd and fixt  
 Of the most High who in full frequency bright  
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth  
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
 To verify that solemn message late,  
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure  
 In Galilee that she should bear a son  
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God,  
 Thou told'st her, doubting how these things could be

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the habits of pretended sorcerers who wore a girdle of snakes skin. NEWTON. Milton also alluded to the temptation of Eve

<sup>2</sup> The rabbis say that Gabriel was the angel of mercy Michael of justice  
 From NEWTON

To her a virgin, that on her should come  
 The Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest  
 Overshadow her this man born and now up grown,  
 To show him worthy of his birth divine  
 And high prediction henceforth I expose  
 'To Satan, let him tempt and now assay  
 His utmost subtlety because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
 Of his apostasy he might have learnt  
 Less overweening since he fald in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 What'er his cruel malice could invent  
 He now shall know I can produce a man  
 Of female seed far able to resist  
 All his solicitations and at length  
 All his vast force and drive him back to hell  
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surprised But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the wilderness,  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare ere I send him forth  
 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes  
 By humiliation and strong sufferance  
 His weakness shall overcome satanic strength  
 And all the world and mass of sinful flesh,  
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
 They now and men hereafter may discern  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose  
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my son,  
 To earn salvation for the sons of men

So spake the eternal Father, and all heav'n  
 Admiring stood a space then into hymns  
 Burst forth and in celestial measures moved,  
 Circling the throne and singing while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and thus the argument

Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles  
 The Father knows the Son, therefore secure  
 Ventures His filial virtue, though untried,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 Allure or terrify, or undermine  
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,  
 And devilish machinations come to nought

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tuned  
 Meanwhile the Son of God who yet some days  
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptized,  
 Musing and much revolving in his breast  
 How best the mighty work he might begin  
 Of Saviour to mankind and which way first  
 Publish his godlike office now mature  
 One day forth walk'd alone the Spirit leading,  
 And his deep thoughts the better to converse  
 With solitude tall far from track of men,  
 Thought following thought and step by step led on,  
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild<sup>1</sup>  
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
 His holy meditations thus pursued

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awaken'd in me swarm while I consider  
 What from within I feel my self, and hear  
 What from without comes often to my ears,  
 Ill sorting with my present state compared  
 When I was yet a child no childish play  
 To me was pleasing all my mind was set  
 Serious to learn and know and thence to do  
 What might be public good, myself I thought  
 Born to that end born to promote all truth  
 All righteous things therefore above my years,  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their own,  
 And was admired by all, yet this not all

<sup>1</sup> The Wilderness of Judea or Ziph It extended from the Jordan along the western side of the Dead Sea

To which my spirit aspired victorious deeds  
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke  
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power  
 Till truth were freed and equity restored  
 Yet held it more humane more heavenly first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear,  
 At least to try, and teach the daring soul,  
 Not wilfully misdoing but unware  
 Mislead the stubborn only to subdue  
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving  
 By words at times cast forth only rejoiced  
 And said to me apart High are thy thoughts  
 O son but nourish them and let them soar  
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them thou above example high  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire  
 For I now thou art no son of mortal man  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage  
 Thy father is the eternal King who rules  
 All heaven and earth angels and sons of men  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin<sup>1</sup> he foretold  
 Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's throne  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night<sup>2</sup>  
 And told them the Messiah now was born  
 Where they might see him and to thee they came  
 Directed to the manger where thou layst  
 For in the inn was left no better room  
 A star, not seen before in heaven appearing  
 Guided the wise men thither from the east<sup>3</sup>  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh and gold  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place

<sup>1</sup> Luke i 30-35

<sup>2</sup> Luke ii 8 and following vs

<sup>3</sup> Matt ii

Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,  
 By which they know the king of Israel born  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna warn'd  
 By vision found thee in the temple and spake,  
 Before the altar and the vested Priest,  
 Take things of thee to all that present stood  
 This having heard straight I again revolved  
 The law and prophets searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly and soon found of whom they spake  
 I un- this chiefly that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,  
 On work redemption for mankind whose sins  
 I full weight must be transferr'd upon my head  
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefixt I waited when behold<sup>1</sup>  
 The Baptist of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight<sup>1</sup> now come who was to come  
 Before Messiah and his way prepare  
 I, as all others to his baptism came  
 Which I believed was from above but he  
 Straight knew me and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me Him (for it was shown him so from heav'n)  
 Me Him whose harbinger he was, and first  
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater and was hardly won  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors from whence  
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove,  
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from heav'n pronounced me His,  
 Me His beloved Son in whom alone  
 He was well pleased, by which I knew the time  
 Now full that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 The authority which I derived from heav'n

<sup>1</sup> St. John was brought up in a different part of the country from Jesus, and first

saw his divine cousin at his baptism John i. 31-32 I knew him not<sup>1</sup>

And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness to what intent  
 I learn not yet perhaps I need not know  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals  
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And looking round on every side beheld  
 A pathless desert drest with horrid shades,  
 The way he came not having world return  
 Was difficult by human steps untrod,  
 And he still on was led but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodged in his breast as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society  
 Full forty days he pass'd whether on hill  
 Sometimes anon in shady vale each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak  
 Or cedar to defend him from the dew  
 Or harbour'd in one cave is not reveal'd  
 Nor tasted human food nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended hunger'd then at last  
 Among wild beasts they at his sight grew mild  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glanc'd aloof  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds  
 Following as seem'd the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather which might serve  
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve  
 He saw approach who first with curious eye  
 Perus'd him then with words thus utter'd spake

Sir what ill chance hath brought thee to this place  
 So far from path or road of men who pass  
 In troop or caravan, for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought  
 I ask the rather and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late  
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son

Of God, I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild constrain'd by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)  
 Where aught we hear and curious are to hear  
 What happens new, fame also finds us out  
 To whom the Son of God Who brought me hither  
 Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek

By miracle he may, replied the swain,  
 What other way I see not for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs to thirst inured  
 More than the camel and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born  
 But if thou be the Son of God command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread  
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
 With food whereof we wretched seldom taste

He ended and the Son of God replied  
 Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God who fed  
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,  
 And forty days Elijah without food  
 Wander'd this barren waste the same I now  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd the arch fiend now undisguis'd  
 'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate  
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,  
 Kept not my happy station but was driv'n  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined  
 By rigour unconniving but that oft,  
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in the air nor from the heav'n of heav'ns  
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him and illustrate his high worth,  
 And when to all his angels he proposed  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into triand  
 That he might fall in Remoth they demurring  
 I undertook that office and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets gibbered with hes<sup>1</sup>  
 To his destruction as I had in charge,  
 For what He bids I do Though I have lost  
 Much justice of my native brightness, lost  
 To be beloved of God I have not lost  
 To love at least contemplate and admire  
 What I see excellent in good or fair  
 On virtuous I should so have lost all sense  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee whom I know  
 Declared the Son of God to be intent  
 Thy wisdom and behold thy godlike deeds<sup>2</sup>  
 More graciously than much a foe  
 To all mankind why should I<sup>3</sup> they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence by them  
 I lost not what I lost rather by them  
 I gund what I have gained and with them dwell,  
 Copartner in these regions of the world  
 If not disposed lend them oft my aid  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs  
 And answers oracles portents and dreams  
 Whereby they may direct their future life<sup>2</sup>  
 Envy they say excites me thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe  
 At first it may be but long since with woe  
 Never acquainted now I feel by proof  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart  
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xxii. 19 and following vs.

<sup>2</sup> The following passage of Cicero reflects so much light on these lines as would incline one to think that Milton had it in his mind. *Multa credunt haruspices multa augures proferunt multa oraculis declarantur.* *ad Nat. Deor. II. 60.*

*inationibus multa omnis multa portentis quibus cognitæ multæ sapientis hominum sententiæ atque utilitates partæ.* *on is I unbanus reads ex animi sententiæ atque utilitate partæ.* *multa etiam pericula lepulsa sunt.* *De Nat. Deor. II. 60. — NEWTON*



Small consolation then were man adjoin'd  
 This wounds me most what can it less? that man,  
 Man fall'n shall be restored I never more

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied  
 Deservedly thou griev'st composed of lies  
 From the beginning and in lies wilt end  
 Who boast release from hell and leave to come  
 Into the Heaven of Heavens Thou com'st indeed  
 As a poor miserable captive thrill

Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendour now deposed  
 Rejected emptied gaz'd unpitied shunn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn

To all the host of heaven The happy place  
 Imports to thee no happiness no joy

Rather inflames thy torment representing  
 Lost bliss to thee no more communicable

So never more in hell than when in heaven

But thou art servicable to heaven's King

Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem

Of righteous Job then cruelly to afflict him

With all afflictions? but his patience won

The other service was thy chosen task,

To be a liar in four hundred months

For lying is thy sustenance thy food

Yet thou pretend'st to truth, all oracles

By thee are given, and what confess more true

Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,

By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies

But what have been thy answers? what but dark,

Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,

Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,

And not well understood as good not known?

Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return'd the wiser or the more instruct

To fly or follow what concern'd him most,

And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

For God hath justly given the nations up

To thy delusions justly, since they fell  
 Idolatrous But when His purpose is  
 Among them to declare His providence  
 To thee not known whence hast thou then thy faith  
 But from Him or His angels president  
 In ev'ry province? who themselves disdaining  
 To approach thy temples give thee in command  
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
 To thy adairs thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite obey'st  
 Then to thyself ascribest the truth foretold  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd,  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles, henceforth oracles are ceased<sup>1</sup>  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere  
 At least in vain for they shall find thee mute<sup>2</sup>  
 God hath now sent his living oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious heart and inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know  
 So spile our Saviour but the subtle fiend,  
 Though nily stung with anger and disdain  
 Dissembled and this answer smooth return'd  
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke  
 And urged me hild with doings which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable  
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth,  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie  
 Say and unsay feign flatter or abuse?  
 But thou art placed above me thou art Lord,  
 From thee I can, and must, submit endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit

<sup>1</sup> Ceased *Jes Sat VI 504*

Delphis oracula cessant

<sup>2</sup> Thus the priestess tells Appian when  
 he wishes to consult the oracle at Delphi  
 and finds it dumb

Muto Iarnassus hiat

Conticuit pressitque Deum seu spiritus  
 istis

Destituit fauces mundique in devia  
 versum

Duxit iter

LUCAN quoted by DUNSTER

Hard are the ways of truth and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song,  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
 Virtue who follow not her lore permit me  
 To hear thee when I come since no man comes  
 And talk at least though I despair to attain  
 Thy Father who is holy, wise and pure,  
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
 To tread his sacred courts and minister  
 About his altar handling holy things  
 Praying or vowing and vouchsafed his voice  
 To Balaam reprobate a prophet yet  
 Inspired disdain not such access to me  
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow  
 Thy coming hither though I know thy scope  
 I bid not or forbid do as thou findest  
 Permission from above thou canst not more  
 He added not and Satan bowing low  
 His gray dissimulation disappear'd  
 Into thin air diffused<sup>1</sup> for now began  
 Night with her sullen wings to double shade  
 The desert fowls in their clay nests were couch'd  
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam

<sup>1</sup> These our actors  
 As I foretold you were all spirits and  
 Are now enter'd into air into thin air  
 SHAKESPEARE *Temp.* 4, Act IV. Sc.

## BOOK II

MEANWHILE the new baptized who yet remain'd  
 At Jericho with the Baptist and had seen  
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declared  
 And on that high authority had believed  
 And with him talk'd and with him lodged,<sup>1</sup> I mean  
 Andrew and Simon famous after known  
 With others though in holy writ not named,  
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,  
 So lately found and so abruptly gone  
 Began to doubt and doubted many days,  
 And as the days increased increased their doubt  
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
 And for a time caught up to GOD as once  
 Moses was in the Mount and missing long  
 And the great Ihsbite, who on fiery wheels  
 Rode up to heav'n yet once again to come  
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care  
 Sought lost Elijah<sup>2</sup> so in each place these  
 Nigh to Bethbaran in Jericho  
 The city of palms<sup>4</sup> Aenon and Salem old  
 Macharus<sup>5</sup> and each town or city wall'd  
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Peraa but return'd in vain  
 Then on the bank of Jordan by a creek,  
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,  
 Plain fishermen no greater men them call,  
 Close in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed  
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse

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<sup>1</sup> See John i 35-40

<sup>2</sup> Elijah

<sup>3</sup> 2 Kings ii. 17

<sup>4</sup> Jericho is called the City of palm trees in Deut xxxiv 8

<sup>5</sup> A stronghold fortified by Herod Antipas

Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld  
 Messiah certainly now come, so long  
 Expected of our fathers, we have heard  
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth  
 Now now for sure deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored  
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze  
 For whither is he gone what accident  
 Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire  
 After appearance and again prolong  
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
 Send thy Messiah forth the time is come,  
 Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress  
 Thy chosen to what highth their power unjust  
 They have exalted, and behind them cast  
 All fear of thee Arise and vindicate  
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke  
 But let us wait, thus far He hath perform'd,  
 Sent His Anointed and to us reveal'd him  
 By His great prophet pointed at and shown  
 In public, and with him we have conversed,  
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
 Lay on His providence, He will not fail,  
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
 Mock us with his blest sight then snatch him hence,  
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume  
 To find whom at the first they found unsought  
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
 Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,  
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,  
 Within her breast though calm her breast though pure,  
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad

O what avails me now that honour high  
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
 Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest !  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
 And fears as eminent, above the lot

Of other women by the birth I bore,  
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
 From the bleak air 'till a stable was our warmth,  
 A manger his yet soon enforced to fly  
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
 Were dead who sought his life and missing fill'd  
 With mutant blood the streets of Bethlehem  
 From Egypt home return'd in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life  
 Private unactive calm contemplative  
 Little suspicious to any king but now  
 Full grown to man acknowledged as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist and in public shown  
 Son own'd from heav'n by his Father's voice  
 I look'd for some great change to honour? no,  
 But trouble as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel and to a sign  
 Spoken against that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce This is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high,  
 Afflicted I may be it seems and blest,  
 I will not argue that nor will repine  
 But where delays he now? some great intent  
 Conceals him When twelve years he scarce had seen  
 I lost him, but so found as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself, but went about  
 His father's business What he meant I mused  
 Since understand Much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures  
 But I to wait with patience am inured,  
 My heart hath been a store house long of things  
 And sayings laid up portending strange events  
 Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her salutation heard with thoughts  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set,  
 How to begin how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high  
 For Satan with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat,  
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy  
 Solicitous and blink he thus began

Princes heav'n's ancient sons ethereal thrones  
 Demoniac spirits now from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted rightlier call'd  
 Powers of fire air, water and earth beneath,  
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble, such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell,  
 I as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequency was empower'd,  
 Have found him view'd him, tasted him,<sup>1</sup> but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,  
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
 However to this man inferior far,  
 If he be man by mother's side at least,  
 With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds  
 Therefore I am return'd lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion oversure  
 Of like succeeding here I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel to assist lest I, who erst  
 Thought none my equal now be overmatch'd  
 So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid

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<sup>1</sup> A Grecism See also Psalm xxxiv 8 O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!

At his command, when from amidst them rose  
Behal, the dissolutes spirit that fell,  
The sensualest and after Asmodai<sup>1</sup>

The fleshiest Incubus and thus advised

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
Among daughters of men the fairest found,  
Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon sky more like to goddesses  
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet  
Expert in amorous arts enchanting tongues  
Persuasive virgin majesty with mild  
And sweet allay'd yet terrible to approach,  
Skill'd to retire and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets  
Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
Severest temper smooth the ruggedst brow,  
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
At wit the manliest resolute breast,  
As the magnetic<sup>2</sup> hardest iron draws  
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
Of wisest Solomon and made him build,  
And made him bow to the gods of his wives

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd  
Behal, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself, because of old  
Thou thyself doat'st on woman kind admiring  
Their shape, their colour and attractive grace,  
None are thou think'st, but taken with such toys  
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titled sons of god, roaming the earth  
Cast want'n eyes on the daughters of men,  
And coupled with them, and begot a race  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,  
In valley or green meadow, to way lay

<sup>1</sup> Or Asmodeus the angel who persecuted Sara the daughter of Raguel, and slew her husbands. See Tobit

<sup>2</sup> The loadstone or magnet



Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more  
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan? but these haunts  
 Delight not all, among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?  
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,<sup>2</sup>  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd,  
 How he surnamed of Africa<sup>3</sup> dismiss'd  
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid  
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full  
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state,  
 Thence to the but of women lay exposed  
 But He whom we attempt is wiser far  
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
 Of greatest things, what woman will you find,  
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,  
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,  
 How would one look from his majestic brow,  
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
 Discount'nance her despised and put to rout  
 All her array, her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent-awe? for beauty stands

<sup>1</sup> Women beloved by the heathen deities. Ovid relates these fables. Calisto Semele and Antiopa were the loves of Jupiter. Clymene and Daphne, of Apollo, Syrinx of Pan.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander the Great. He was born at Pella in Macedonia.

<sup>3</sup> Scipio Africanus. His generous treatment of his Spanish captive is well known.

In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive Cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy, with such as have more show  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wick'd,  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond,  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness,  
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
 No advantage and his strength as oft assay

He ceased and heard their grant in loud acclaim  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile,  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons each to know his part,  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,  
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God  
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hung ring first and to himself thus said

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd  
 Wand'ring this woody maze and human food  
 Nor tasted nor had appetite that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here If nature need not,  
 Or God support nature without repast  
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks, yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hung'ring more to do my father's will

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son

Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable covert nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven, there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream  
 Of meats and drinks nature's refreshment sweet  
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks<sup>1</sup>  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
 Though ravenous taught to abstain from what they  
 He saw the prophet also how he fled [brought  
 Into the desert and how there he slept  
 Under a juniper then how awak'd  
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,  
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days,  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground nest, high towing to descry  
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song  
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
 Fasting he went to sleep and fasting wak'd  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep cote, or herd,  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep cote none he saw,  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chirrup of tuneful birds resounding loud,  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
 High roof'd, and walks beneath and alleys brown,  
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene,  
 Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,  
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt  
 Of wood gods and wood nymphs, he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings xviii 5 6<sup>2</sup> Daniel i 12

Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
And with fair speech these words to him address'd

With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of God  
In this wild solitude so long should bide  
Of all things destitute, and well I know  
Not without hunger Others of some note  
As story tells, have trod this wilderness,  
The fugitive bond woman with her son  
Out cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
By a providing angel <sup>1</sup> all the race  
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
Rain'd from heav'n manna, and that prophet bol  
Native of Thebez <sup>2</sup> wand'ring here was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat <sup>3</sup>  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard  
Forty and more deserted here indeed

To whom thus Jesus What conclud'st thou hence:  
They all had need I as thou seest have none

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied  
Tell me if food were now before thee set  
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like  
The giver answer'd Jesus Why should that  
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend  
Hast thou not right to all created things?  
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid  
But tender all their power? nor mention I  
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse,  
Nor proffer'd by an enemy though who  
Would scruple that, with want oppress? behold  
Nature ashamed, or, better to express

<sup>1</sup> Hagar and Ishmael See Gen xxi  
14-21 Nebaioth was Ishmael's eldest  
son who gave their name to the nation  
descended from him the Nebatheans

<sup>2</sup> Thibe was the birthplace of Elijah

<sup>3</sup> Hagar, the Israelites and Elijah did

not suffer hunger on the identical spot  
whence our Lord fasted but Milton takes  
in the *whole desert* at one view not caring  
to distinguish different spots in one wide  
tract — From NEWTON

Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
 With honour, only digne to sit and eat

He spake no dream for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
 In ample space under the broadest shade  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode  
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour beasts of chase or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built <sup>1</sup> or from the spit or boid  
 Gris amber <sup>2</sup> steam'd, all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet <sup>3</sup> or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay <sup>4</sup> and Afric coast  
 Alas how simple, to these cates compared,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted <sup>5</sup> Eve <sup>6</sup>  
 And at a stately side board by the wine  
 That fragrant smell diffused in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas <sup>7</sup> distant more  
 Under the trees now tupp'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of the Hesperides, <sup>8</sup> that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, <sup>9</sup> or of Lyones, <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Milton alludes to the culinary feats called subtilties, or sotilities — wonderful pastry built in the shape of embattled towers &c to a great height.

<sup>2</sup> Ambergris which was used in Milton's day in cookery

<sup>3</sup> A stream of fresh water

<sup>4</sup> Pontus is the Black Sea the Lucrine bay in Italy

<sup>5</sup> Diverted here means turned aside, from the Latin *diverto* to turn aside

<sup>6</sup> Ganymede was the cupbearer of Jupiter Hylas drew water for Hercules

<sup>7</sup> The ladies of the Hesperides were famed for their lovely singing The nymphs of the chase and of the water

(the Naiades) appropriately attend such a feast.

<sup>8</sup> Logres or Logris is the same as *Loegria* an ancient name for England See Holme's History of England B II 4 5 Spenser uses this name in his Faerie Queene —

And Cumber did possess the western quart

Which Severn now from Logris doth depart

From DUNSTER'S Note

<sup>9</sup> Lyones or Lionesse was an ancient name for part of Cornwall—the extreme west, towards the Lands End

Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,<sup>1</sup>  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earhest smells  
 Such was the splendour, and the tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden no interdict  
 Defends the touching of these vinds pure,  
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger with sweet restorative delight  
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers who come to pay  
 Thee homage and acknowledge thee their lord  
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied  
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant,  
 Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend  
 Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,  
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent  
 That I have also power to give thou seest  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

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<sup>1</sup> Lancelot's name has again become a household word through Tennyson's exquisite Idylls. It is scarcely neces-

sary to say that he Pelleas and Pellenore were three of Arthur's knights

Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect,  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet<sup>1</sup> spoil      With that  
 Both table and provision vanish quite  
 With sound of Harpies' wings and talons heard,  
 Only the importune tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursued  
     By hunger that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd therefore not moved,  
 Thy temperance invincible besides,  
 For no allurements yields to appetite  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions, but wherewith to be achieved?  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise,  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended low of birth,  
 A carpenter thy father known thyself  
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
 Lost in a desert here and hunger bit  
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire  
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?  
 What followers what retinue canst thou gain?  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
 Longer than thou can'st feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms  
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thy throne but gold that got him puissant friends?  
 Therefore if at great things thou would'st arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heap,  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me  
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want  
     To whom thus Jesus patiently replied  
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd

<sup>1</sup> Far fetched    'Far fet' is used by  
 Chaucer and Spenser

<sup>2</sup> See Josephus B IV 26

Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved  
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds,  
 Gideon<sup>1</sup> and Jephtha,<sup>2</sup> and the shepherd lad,  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
 So many ages and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end  
 Among the heathen, for throughout the world  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember  
 Quintus,<sup>3</sup> Fabricius,<sup>4</sup> Curius,<sup>5</sup> Regulus?<sup>6</sup>  
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings  
 And what in me seems wanting but that I  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools  
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not sure more apt  
 To slacken virtue and abate her edge  
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise  
 What, if with like aversion I reject  
 Riches and realms?<sup>7</sup> yet not, for that a crown,  
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns  
 Brings dangers troubles cares and sleepless nights  
 To him who wears the regal diadem  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies,  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears  
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules

<sup>1</sup> Judges vi 15

<sup>2</sup> Judges xi 1

<sup>3</sup> Quintus Cincinnatus twice taken from the plough to be Consul and Dictator of Rome. After subduing the enemies of his country he refused the wealth the people would have lavished on him and returned to his cottage and humble life.

<sup>4</sup> Fabricius refused to be bribed by all the wealth of Pyrrhus of Epirus to negotiate a peace for that King with the Ro-

mans and died so poor that he was obliged to be buried at the public expense.

<sup>5</sup> Curius Dentatus when offered a large sum of money by the Samnites as he sat by the fire roasting turnips with his own hands refused it saying that it was not his ambition to be rich but to command those who were so.

<sup>6</sup> The story of how Regulus kept his word to the Carthaginians and returned to die in torture rather than break his pledged promise is well known.



Passions, desires, and fears,\* is more a king,  
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains  
And who attains not ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or head strong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine and from error lead  
To know and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part  
That other o'er the body only reigns  
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind,  
So reigning can be no sincere delight  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous than to assume  
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd

## BOOK III

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
 Awhile as mute confounded what to say,  
 What to reply confus'd, and convinced  
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift,  
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles  
 With soothing words renew'd, Him thus accosts

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,  
 What best to say canst say to do canst do  
 Thy actions to thy words accord thy words  
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
 Contains of good wise just the perfect shape  
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
 Urim and Thummim those oraculous gems  
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old  
 Infallible or wert thou sought to deeds  
 That might requirè the array of war thy skill  
 Of conduct would be such that all the world  
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
 In battle, though against thy few in arms  
 These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
 Affecting private life, or more obscure  
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive  
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
 The name and glory, glory the reward  
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
 Ætherial, who all pleasures else despise,  
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross  
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest?  
 Thy years are ripe,<sup>1</sup> and over ripe, the son

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<sup>1</sup> Our Saviour was then about thirty years of age Luke iii 23

Of Macedonian Philip<sup>1</sup> had ere these  
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
 At his dispose, young Scipio<sup>2</sup> had brought down  
 The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd  
 The Pontic king and in triumph had rol'd  
 Yet years and to ripe years judgment mature  
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment  
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires  
 The more he grew in years the more inflam'd  
 With glory wept that he had liv'd so long  
 Inglorious<sup>4</sup> but thou yet art not too late

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied  
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
 For empire's sake nor empire to affect  
 For glory's sake by all thy argument  
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame  
 The people's praise if always praise unmixt?  
 And what the people but a herd confused,  
 A miscellaneous rabble who extol  
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise?  
 They praise and they admire they know not what,  
 And know not whom but as one leads the other  
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd  
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk  
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,  
 His lot who dares be singularly good  
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few and glory scarce of few is raised  
 This is true glory and renown when God,  
 Looking on the earth with approbation marks  
 The just man and divulges him through heaven  
 To all His angels who with true applause  
 Recount his praises Thus He did to Job  
 When, to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,

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<sup>1</sup> Alexander the Great

<sup>2</sup> Scipio was only twenty nine years old when he conquered the Carthaginians

<sup>3</sup> Pompey distinguished himself in his youth but when he conquered Mithridates he was forty years old

<sup>4</sup> Julius Cæsar whilst meditating over

a Life of Alexander was seen to weep by his friends On being asked the reason of his tears he replied Do you not think I have just cause to weep when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations and I in all these years have done nothing memorable? —PLUTARCH

As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
 He ask'd thee Hast thou seen my servant Job?  
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known,  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed  
 To things not glorious men not worthy of fame  
 They err who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide to overrun  
 Large countries and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault what do these worthies,  
 But rob and spoil burn, slaughter and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
 Made captive yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin whosoever they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
 Then swell with pride and must be titled gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind deliverers  
 Worshipp'd with temple priest, and sacrifice,  
 One is the son of Jove of Mars the other,  
 Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attain'd  
 Without ambition, war or violence,  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
 Poor Socrates who next more memorable?  
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors  
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffer'd, if young African<sup>1</sup> for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,

<sup>1</sup> Scipio Africanus

And loses, though but verbal, his reward  
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied  
 Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father He seeks glory,  
 And for His glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs, nor content in heav'n  
 By all His angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men from all men good or bad  
 Wise or unwise no diffidence no exemption,  
 Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift  
 Glory He requires, and glory He receives  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared  
 From us, His foes pronounced glory He exacts

To whom our Saviour fervently replied  
 And reason, since His word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to show forth His goodness and impart  
 His good communicable to every soul  
 Freely, of whom what could He less expect  
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
 The slightest, easiest readiest, recompense  
 From them who could return him nothing else,  
 And not returning that would likeliest render  
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
 Hard recompense unsuitable return  
 For so much good, so much beneficence  
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
 But condemnation ignominy, and shame?  
 Who for so many benefits received  
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
 That which to God alone of right belongs  
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
 That who advance His glory, not their own,

Them He Himself to glory will advance  
 So spake the Son of God, and here again  
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself  
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,  
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon  
 Of glory as thou wilt said he so deem,  
 -Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass  
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,  
 By mother's side thy father, though thy right  
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
 Easily from possession won with arms  
 Judæa now and all the promised land  
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
 Obeys Tiberius nor is always ruled  
 With temperate sway oft have they violated  
 The temple,<sup>1</sup> oft the law with foul affronts,  
 Abominations rather as did once  
 Antiochus <sup>2</sup> and think st thou to regain  
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?  
 So did not Maccabeus <sup>3</sup> he indeed  
 Retired unto the desert but with arms,  
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,  
 With Modin and her suburbs once content  
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
 And duty, zeal and duty are not slow,  
 But on occasion's forelock<sup>4</sup> watchful wait  
 They themselves rather are occasion best,  
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her heathen servitude,  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,

<sup>1</sup> Pompey with several of his officers entered the Holy of Holies where none were allowed to step except the high priest once a year on the great day of expiation

<sup>2</sup> 2 Maccab v

<sup>3</sup> Judas Maccabeus Modin was the inheritance of the Maccabees

<sup>4</sup> The Greek and Latin poets represented Time (or Opportunity) with a single lock of hair in front The expression of seizing Time by the forelock is proverbial

The happier reign the sooner it begins,\*  
 Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd  
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
 And time there is for all things Truth had said<sup>1</sup>  
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told  
 That it shall never end so when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
 He in whose hands all times and seasons roll  
 What if He hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state and things adverse,  
 By tribulations injuries insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining quietly expecting  
 Without distrust or doubt that he may know  
 What I can suffer how obey? Who best  
 Can suffer best can do, best reign, who first  
 Well hath obey'd<sup>2</sup> just trial, ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end  
 But what concerns it thee when I begin  
 My everlasting kingdom? why art thou  
 Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?  
 Knowst thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter, mly rack'd replied  
 Let that come when it comes, all hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace what worse?  
 For where no hope is left is left no fear  
 If there be worse the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can  
 I would be at the worst, worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,  
 The end I would attain, my final good  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime, whatever for itself condemn'd,  
 And will alike be punish'd whether thou  
 Reign or reign not, though to that gentle brow

<sup>1</sup> Eccles iii 1

<sup>2</sup> Acts i 7 Mark xii 32

<sup>3</sup> ' Qui bene imperat paruerit aliquan-

do necesse est et qui modeste parat  
 videtur qui aliquando imperet dig-  
 nus esse —CICERO quoted by NEWTON

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy father's ire,  
 Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,  
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool  
 Interposition as a summer's cloud  
 If I then to the worst that can be haste  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
 Of the enterprize so hazardous and high  
 No wonder for, though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in man be found  
 Or human nature can receive, consider  
 Thy life hath yet been private most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
 And once a year Jerusalem a few days  
 Short sojourn, and what thence couldst thou observe?  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty  
 As he who seeking asses found a kingdom<sup>2</sup>  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee of thyself so apt in regal arts  
 And regal mysteries that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand  
 With that, (such power was given him then,) he took  
 The Son of God up to a mountain high<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At the Passover

<sup>2</sup> Saul See 1 Sam ix 20 21

<sup>3</sup> Milton is supposed to mean Mount  
 Niphates in the Taurus which rises



It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant, from his side two rivers flow'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between  
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,  
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,  
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert, fountains and dry  
 To this high mountain top the tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale  
 Forest and field and flood, temples, and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league, here thou beholdest  
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus east Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond, to south the Persian bay,  
 And inaccessible the Arabian drought.<sup>2</sup>  
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar,<sup>3</sup> whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns,  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him<sup>4</sup> who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free, Persepolis  
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there,  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,

immediately above Assyria and from whence he had made Satan survey Eden in the *Paradise Lost* — See DUNSTER

<sup>1</sup> The Euphrates—vagus Euphrates—and the Tigris the course of which was very straight—ford

<sup>2</sup> A figure of speech for the desert

<sup>3</sup> Shalmanassar in the reign of Hezekiah King of Judah, carried away captive to Assyria the ten tribes of Israel

<sup>4</sup> Nebuchadnezzar

And Hecatompylos<sup>1</sup> her hundred gates,  
 There Susa by Choaspes amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings,<sup>2</sup> of later fame  
 Built by Emathian,<sup>3</sup> or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia Nisibis,<sup>4</sup> and there  
 Artaxata, Tenedon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold  
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power, for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host<sup>5</sup>  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana, to her aid  
 He marches now in haste, see, though from far,  
 His thousands in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight<sup>6</sup> or in pursuit,  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs and wedges and half moons, and wings  
 He looked and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates outpoured light armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride,  
 In mail their horses clad yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their riders bore the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound,  
 From Archosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs

<sup>1</sup> Capital of Parthia so called from its hundred gates

<sup>2</sup> Modern research confirms this fact in a singular manner. It is a fact worthy of remark says Buckingham that at this moment while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong and of the spring called Aubi Hassan Khan the King's son alone has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo (the Choaspes) We drank of it ourselves as we passed

and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palsied taste of royalty itself — *Quoted in Aldine Edition*

<sup>3</sup> Macedonian

<sup>4</sup> Also named Antiochus

<sup>5</sup> Ctesiphon was the place at which the Parthian kings always assembled their forces

<sup>6</sup> They discharged their arrows as they fled

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,<sup>1</sup>  
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's<sup>2</sup> haven  
 He saw them in their foims of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers and overcame by flight  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers  
 Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers  
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd  
 To lay hills plain fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,  
 Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,  
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war  
 Such forces met not nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican<sup>3</sup> with all his northern powers  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gulliphrone from thence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest<sup>4</sup> knights  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry,  
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,  
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd  
 That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure

<sup>1</sup> Said to be dark from their thick forests

<sup>2</sup> The Persian Gulf so called from Bussora or Balsara the port situated on it

<sup>3</sup> Agricano one of the heroes of Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato Angelica, his daughter was fabled to be the most beautiful woman of the age and, like Helen of Troy a fair mischief who gave rise to continual strife She reappears in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso

Orlando goes mad for love of her We must remember when we marvel some what at this blending of truth and fiction that the poems of Ariosto and Boiardo had probably been the delight of Milton's youth and that he is alluding to the greatest poets of his own age not merely to romances

<sup>4</sup> Prowest is the superlative of prow from the old French *preux* valiant — DUNSTER

On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown  
All this fair sight, thy kingdom though foretold  
By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
Endeavour as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain, prediction stall  
In all things, and all men supposes means,  
Without means used, what it predicts revokes  
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew, how couldst thou hope  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
Between two such enclosing enemies,  
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these  
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
Found able by invasion to annoy  
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus<sup>1</sup> bound,  
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task  
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,  
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league  
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
In David's royal seat his true successor  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve  
In Habor and among the Medes dispersed,  
Ten sons of Jacob two of Joseph lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver  
These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear

<sup>1</sup> The Parthians led Hyrcanus away captive to Seleucia when he was seventy years old — See JOSEPHUS

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved,  
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
And fragile arms, much instrument of war  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear  
Vented much policy and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
Plausible to the world to me worth nought  
Means I must use, thou say'st prediction else  
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne  
My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off) is not yet come,  
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
On my part aught endeavouring or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons  
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numb'ring Israel which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence? <sup>1</sup> such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all th' idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes,  
Nor in the land of their captivity,  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers, but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind

---

<sup>1</sup> 1 Chron xxi 1

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
 Should I of these the liberty regard,  
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,  
 Unhumbled unrepentant uniform'd,  
 Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps  
 Of Bethel and of Dan : no let them serve  
 Their enemies who serve idols with God  
 Yet he at length time to himself best known,  
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call  
 May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
 While to their native land with joy they haste,  
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
 When to the promised land their fathers pass'd,  
 To his due time and providence I leave them

So spake Israel's true king and to the fiend  
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles  
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends

## BOOK IV

PERIL' D and troubled at his bad success  
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here may lost but Eve was Eve,  
This far his over match, who self deceived  
And rash, before hand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with or his own  
But as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning over reach'd where least he thought,  
To save his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more,  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off returns as oft with humming sound,  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,  
Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end,  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain,<sup>1</sup> long, but in breadth not wide,  
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,<sup>2</sup>  
That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men

---

<sup>1</sup> Italy, washed by the Mediterranean<sup>2</sup> The Apennines

From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
 Divided by a river, of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With towers and temples proudly elevate  
 On seven small hills with palaces adorn'd,  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes  
 Above the highth of mountains interposed  
 By what strange parallax or optic skill  
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire  
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke

The city which thou seest no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
 Of nations, there the Capitol thou seest  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock her citadel  
 Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,  
 Th imperial palace, compass huge and high  
 The structure skill of noblest architects,  
 With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
 Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires  
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
 Houses of gods so well I have disposed  
 My airy microscope, thou mayst behold  
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold  
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,  
 Prætors proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hastning or on return, in robes of state,  
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,  
 Legions and cohorts, turms<sup>1</sup> of horse and wings,  
 Or embassies from regions far remote  
 In various habits on the Appian road,

<sup>1</sup> Troops of horse a word coined from the Latin *turma*  
 VIRG. Æn. V. 300 - NEWTON

*Equitum turme* —



Or on th' Emilian,<sup>1</sup> some from farthest south  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe, Nilotic isle and more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus<sup>2</sup> to the Black moor sea,  
 From the Asran kings and Parthian, among these,  
 I rom India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle Tiprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd  
 From Gulla Gades<sup>3</sup> and the British west  
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Thauric pool<sup>4</sup>  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay  
 'To Rome's great emperor whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms  
 And long renown thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian these two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed  
 These having shown thee I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory  
 This emperor<sup>5</sup> hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
 To Caprea an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite<sup>6</sup>  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all and hating with what ease,  
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,  
 Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st, to me the power

<sup>1</sup> The Appian road led towards the south of Italy and the Emilian towards the north

<sup>2</sup> Put for the farthest point of the Roman Empire

<sup>3</sup> Mauritania

<sup>4</sup> Cadiz in Spain the extreme west of the Roman Empire

<sup>5</sup> Palus Maëotis or Black Sea.

<sup>6</sup> Tiberius

<sup>7</sup> Sejanus

Is given, and by that right I give it thee  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,  
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long  
 On David's throne be prophesied what will  
 To whom the Son of God unmoved replied.  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind, though thou should'st add to tell  
 Then sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables<sup>1</sup> or Atlantic stone,  
 For I have also heard perhaps have read  
 Their wines of Setia Calce and Falerne<sup>2</sup>  
 Chios and Ciete<sup>3</sup> and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal and myrrine cups emboss'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh. What honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
 Of the emperor how easily subdued,  
 How gloriously, I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster what if I withal  
 Expel a devil who first made him such?  
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out,  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who, once just  
 Fearful, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 But lust and rapine, first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity,  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured

<sup>1</sup> Tables of citron wood were very highly valued by the Romans. It grew on Mount Atlas. Atlantic stone was probably marble from Numidia. Pliny in his *Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. 1*, says that

the woods of Atlas were explored for citron wood.

<sup>2</sup> These were famous Campanian wines. Falernian was the best wine they possessed.

<sup>3</sup> Greek wines.

Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily scene effeminate  
What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world,  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell

To whom the tempter impudent replied  
I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st,  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict  
On the other side know also thou that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought,  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give,  
For, giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,  
No trifle, yet with this reserve, not else,  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord,  
Easily done, and hold them all of me  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain  
I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition,  
But I endure the time, till which expired,  
Thou hast permission on me It is written  
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve,  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,  
Other donation none thou canst produce  
If giv'n by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all Supreme? if given to thee,  
By thee how faulty is the giver now  
Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me the Son of God,

To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me, plain thou now appear'st  
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied  
Be not so sore offended Son of God,  
Though sons of God both angels are and men  
If I to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title have proposed  
What both from men and angels I receive,  
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
God of this world invoked and world beneath  
Who then thou art whose coming is foretold  
To me so fatal me it most concerns  
The trial hath undamaged thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem,  
Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd  
Therefore let pass as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world, I shall no more  
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute,  
As by that early action may be judged,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
Alone into the temple, there wast found  
Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant  
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,

Teaching, not taught The childhood shows the man,  
 As morning shows the day Be famous then  
 By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend  
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote,  
 The Gentiles also know and write, and teach  
 To adm'n'ation, led by nature's light,  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st,  
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them? how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd  
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
 Westward, much nearer by south west, behold  
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands  
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,  
 Athens the eye of Greece<sup>1</sup> mother of arts  
 And eloquence native to famous wits,  
 Or hospitable in her sweet recess,  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades,  
 See there the olive grove of Academe,<sup>2</sup>  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird<sup>3</sup>  
 Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long,  
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound  
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites  
 To studious musing, there Ilissus rolls  
 His whispering stream, within the walls then view  
 The schools of ancient sages, his<sup>4</sup> who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there and painted Stoa next  
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power

<sup>1</sup> So called by Demosthenes — NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> A gymnasium or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens surrounded by woods. It took its name from Academus one of the heroes. In this Academe or Academy Plato taught

<sup>3</sup> The nightingale i. e., Philomela, the

daughter of Pandion King of Athens was changed into a nightingale

<sup>4</sup> Aristotle The Lyceum was the school of Aristotle Stoa was the school of Zeno whose disciples were hence called Stoics This Stoa or portico, was adorned with a variety of paintings.

Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand and various measured verse,  
 Æolian charms<sup>1</sup> and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes<sup>2</sup> thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence with delight received,  
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat  
 Of fate and chance and change in human life,  
 High actions and high passions best describing  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook the arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,  
 To Macedon and Aristarchus' throne  
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heav'n descended to the low roof'd house  
 Of Socrates, see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
 Wisest of men, from whose mouth issued forth  
 Melbfluous streams that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics<sup>3</sup> old and new with those  
 Surnamed Peripatetics,<sup>4</sup> and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,  
 These here revolve or as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight,  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd  
 To whom our Saviour thus sagely replied  
 Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not, not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought he who receives  
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,

<sup>1</sup> Æolian charms The poems of Alcæus and Sappho the Dorian lyric odes were those of Pindar —NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> Homer was so called by his mother because he was born near the River Meles

<sup>3</sup> The old Academic philosophers were those who followed Plato the new those who followed Carneades —See DUNSTER

<sup>4</sup> Pupils of Aristotle so called because they taught while walking

No other doctrine needs, though granted true  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm  
 The first and wisest of them all<sup>1</sup> professed  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew,  
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,<sup>2</sup>  
 A third sort doubted all things,<sup>3</sup> though plain sense;  
 Others in virtue placed felicity,  
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life,  
 In corporal pleasure he and careless ease,  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride  
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,  
 Wise perfect in himself and all possessing  
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
 Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade  
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more  
 And how the world began, and how man fell  
 Degraded by himself on grace depending?  
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
 Rather accuse him under usual names  
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
 An empty cloud<sup>4</sup> However, many books  
 Wise men have said are wearisome,<sup>5</sup> who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
 (And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)

<sup>1</sup> Socrates<sup>2</sup> Plato<sup>3</sup> The Pyrrhonians or disciples of  
Pyrrho who were sceptics — NEWTON<sup>4</sup> An allusion to the fable of Ixion  
who embraced a cloud which had the  
form of Juno NEWTON.<sup>5</sup> Eccles. xii 12

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
 A children gath'ring pebbles on the shore  
 Or if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem which so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace to all our law and story strew'd  
 With hymns our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon  
 That pleased so well our victor's ear declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd,  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities and their own  
 In fable, hymn or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame  
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest  
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,  
 Will far be found unworthy to compare  
 With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excelling  
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men  
 The Holiest of Holies, and his saints  
 Such are from God inspired not such from thee,  
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
 By light of nature not in all quite lost  
 Their orators thou then extol'st as those  
 The top of eloquence statists indeed,  
 And lovers of their country, as may seem,  
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
 The solid rules of civil government  
 In their majestic unaffected style,  
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat,  
 These only with our law best form a king  
 So spake the Son of God, but Satan, now,



Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied  
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms, nor arts,  
 Kingdom, nor empire pleases thee, nor aught  
 By me proposed in life contemplative  
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? the wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee, yet remember  
 What I foretell thee soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd  
 Now contrary if I read aught in heav'n,  
 Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,  
 Voluminous, or single characters,  
 In their conjunction met give me to spell,  
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,  
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches injuries,  
 Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not,  
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
 Without beginning, for no date prefixt  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set

So saying he took, for still he knew his pow'r  
 Not yet expired, and to the wilderness  
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear    Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring Night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day  
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind  
 After his airy jaunt though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick interwined might shield

From dews and damp's of night his shelter'd head,  
 But shelter'd slept in vain for at his head  
 The tempter watch'd and soon with ugly dreams  
 Disturb'd his sleep and either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds  
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
 Thick rain with lightning mix'd water with fire  
 In ruin reconciled not slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges<sup>1</sup> of the world, and fell  
 On the vast wilderness whose tallest pines  
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,  
 Or torn up sheer all wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood st  
 Unshaken, nor yet stud the terror there  
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
 Environ'd thee some howl'd some yell'd some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts while thou  
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres which the fiend had raised  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors due  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet  
 From drooping plant or drooping tree, the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn  
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
 Was absent after all his mischief done,  
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,

<sup>1</sup> The cardinal points—north south  
east and west *Cardo* from whence

the word cardinal is derived signifies a  
*hinge*.

Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,  
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd  
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood  
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape  
 And in a careless mood thus to him said

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,  
 After a dismal night I heard the rack  
 As earth and sky would mingle, but myself  
 Was distant, and these flaws<sup>1</sup> though mortals fear them  
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,  
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone,  
 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar and seem to point,  
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent  
 Of men it thee for only thou here dwell st  
 Did I not tell thee if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
 For both the when and how is nowhere told,  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd no doubt,  
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
 The time and means, each act is rightest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold,

<sup>1</sup> A sea term for a sudden gust of wind

Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
So many terrors, voices prodigies,  
May warn thee, as a sure fore going sign

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on  
And stand not but in brief him answer'd thus

Me worse than wet thou findest not, other harm  
Those terrors which thou speakest of did me none,  
I never fear'd they could though noising loud  
And threatening nigh what they can do as signs  
Betokening or ill boding I contain  
As false portents not sent from God but thee  
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
Ambitious spirit! and wouldst be thought my God,  
And storm'st refused thinking to turn  
Me to thy will Desist thou art disdain'd  
And toil'st in vain nor me in vain molest

To whom the fiend now swollen with rage replied  
Then hear O Son of David virgin born,  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt  
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold  
By all the prophets, of thy birth at length  
Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
On thy birthnight that sung thee Saviour born  
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood list, though yet in private bred,  
Till at the ford of Jordan whither all  
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
Though not to be baptized by voice from heaven  
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
The Son of God, which bears no single sense,  
The Son of God I also am, or was,  
And if I was I am, relation stands,  
All men are sons of God, yet thee I thought

In some respect far higher so declared  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy  
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who,  
 And what he is, his wisdom power, intent,  
 By parl, or composition, truce or league,  
 To win him, or win from him what I can  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation as a rock  
 Of adamant and as a centie firm,  
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more for honours riches kingdoms glory,  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin

So saying he caught him up and without wing  
 Of hippogrif<sup>1</sup> bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,  
 Till underneath them far Jerusalem,  
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster topp'd with golden spires  
 There on the highest pinnacle he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn

There stand, if thou wilt stand, to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill, I to thy father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best,  
 Now show thy progeny if not to stand,  
 Cast thyself down, safely, if Son of God,  
 For it is written He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time

---

<sup>1</sup> A fabulous creature on which Ariosto's heroes were borne through the air

Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone  
 To whom thus Jesus Also it is written,  
 Tempt not the Lord thy God he said and stood  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell  
 As when earth's son Antæus<sup>1</sup> to compare  
 Small things with greatest, in Itrassa strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell,  
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults amidst his pride  
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall  
 And as that Theban monster<sup>2</sup> that proposed  
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd  
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep,  
 So strik with dread and anguish fell the fiend,  
 And to his crew that sit consulting brought  
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
 Ruin, and desperation and dismay  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God  
 So Satan fell and straight a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh  
 Who on their plumy vans received Him soft  
 From His uneasy station and upbore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,  
 Then in a flow'ry valley set Him down  
 On a green bank, and set before Him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosia<sup>1</sup> fruits, fetch'd from the Tree of Life,  
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink  
 That soon refresh'd Him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd  
 Or thirst, and, as He fed angelic quires  
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory

<sup>1</sup> A giant of Libya son of Terra (the earth) and Neptune (the sea) Alcides (Hercules) attacked him and as every time the giant touched the earth he received new strength Hercules lifted

him up into the air and squeezed him to death in his arms Itrassa was a city in Libya

<sup>2</sup> The Sphinx

Over temptation and the tempter proud  
 True Image of the father, whether throned  
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrined  
 In fleshly tabernacle and human form,  
 Wandring the wilderness, whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with god like force indued  
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of paradise, him long of old  
 Thou didst rebel<sup>1</sup> and down from heav'n cast  
 With all his army, now thou has avenged  
 Supplanted Adam and by vanquishing  
 Temptation hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
 In Paradise to tempt, his snues are broke  
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
 A fairer paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons whom thou  
 A Saviour art come down to re install  
 Where they shall dwell secure when time shall be,  
 Of tempter and temptation without fear  
 But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long  
 Rule in the clouds, like an autumnal star  
 On lighting thou shalt fall from heav'n trod down  
 Under His feet for proof ere this thou feel'st  
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
 By this repulse received and hold'st in hell  
 No triumph In all her gates Abaddon<sup>2</sup> rues  
 Thy bold attempt, hereafter learn with awe  
 To dread the Son of God he all unarm'd  
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice  
 From thy demoniac holds possession foul,  
 Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
 Lest he command them down into the deep

---

<sup>1</sup> Conquer

<sup>2</sup> Rev. ix. 11 The name is here applied to hell.

Bound, and to torment sent before then time  
Hail Son of the most High heir of both worlds,  
Queller of Satan on thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save mankind

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
Brought on his way with joy, he unobserved  
Home to his mother's house private return'd





# Samson Agonistes.

A DRAMATIC POEM

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON

*Γραγφδια μιμησις πραξεως σπουδαιας &c*

*ARISTOT. Poet. c. vi*

*Tragedia et imitatio actionis serie &c per misericordiam et metum perficiens  
talem affectuum lustrationem*

## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

PREFACE WRITTEN BY MILTON

TRAGEDY as it was anciently composed hath been ever held the gravest morallest and most profitable of all other poems therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear or terror to purge the mind of those and such like passions that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used to unst melancholy sour against sour salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers as Cicero Plutarch and others frequently cite out of tragic poets both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture 1 Cor. xv. 32<sup>1</sup> and Iaræus commenting on the Revelation divides the whole book as a tragedy into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in high dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attuning to the tyranny Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun left it unfinished. Hence the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies at least the best of them that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen a father of the Church thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the smallest com or rather infamy which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes happening through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity or introducing trivial and vulgar persons which by all judicious hath been counted absurd and brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue yet using sometimes in case of self defence or explanation that which Martial calls an epistle in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the

<sup>1</sup> Evil communications corrupt good manners

The Puritans held the drama in the utmost abhorrence. It was probably on this account that the Puritan Poet wrote this defence of tragedy to justify himself for writing a drama.

ancient manner much different from what among us passes for best thus much beforehand may be expected that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner not ancient only but modern and still in use among the Italians In the modelling therefore of this poem with good reason the ancients and Italians are rather followed as of much more authority and fame The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts called by the Greeks Monostrophic or rather Apolelymenon without regard had to Strophic Antistrophe or Epode which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music then used with the chorus that sung not essential to the poem and therefore not material or being divided into stanzas or pauses they may be called Allæostrophæ Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage which this work never was intended is here omitted

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act of the style and uniformity and that commonly called the plot whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with consistency and decorum they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Aeschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule and best example within the space of twenty four hours

# SAMSON AGONISTES<sup>1</sup>

## THE ARGUMENT

Samson made captive blind and now in the prison at Gaza there to labour as in a common workhouse on a festival day in the general cessation from labour comes forth into the open air to a place much somewhat retired there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe which make the chorus who seek to comfort him what they can then by his old father Manoah who endeavours the like and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom and lastly that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson which yet more troubles him Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people to play or show his strength in their presence He at first refuses dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God he yields to go along with him who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him The chorus yet remaining on the place Manoah returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in hither confusedly at first and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe what Samson had done to the Philistines and by accident to himself, wherewith the tragedy ends

## THE PERSONS

Samson  
Manoah the Father of Samson  
Dalila his Wife  
Harapha of Gath

Public Officer  
Messenger  
Chorus of Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza

SAMS A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on,  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught but here I feel amends,  
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day spring born, here leave me to respire

---

<sup>1</sup> That is Samson an actor or  
the fate of Samson acted in a play  
Agonistes Dunster supposes is

rather here *athleta* the subject being  
Samson's being brought forth to exhibit  
as an athlete

This day a solemn feast the people hold  
 To Dagon their sea idol and forbid  
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest  
 Their superstition yields me, hence with leave  
 Retiring from the popular noise I seek  
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
 Ease to the body some none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
 But rush upon me thronging and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now  
 Oh! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold  
 Twice by an angel who at last in sight  
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar, where an off ring burn'd,  
 As in a fiery column charioting  
 His god like presence and from some great act  
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?<sup>1</sup>  
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Design'd for great exploits, if I must die  
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this heav'n gifted strength? O glorious strength  
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke  
 Yet starv, let me not rashly call in doubt  
 Divine prediction what if all foretold  
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,

---

<sup>1</sup> Judges xiii 3 11-20

But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears  
 O impotence of mind in body strong !  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom ? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,  
 Proudly secure yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command  
 God, when he gave me strength to show withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair  
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries,  
 So many and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
 Light the prime work of God to me's extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm the vilest here excel me,  
 They creep yet see, I dark in light exposed  
 To daily fraud contempt abuse and wrong  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool  
 In power of others, never in my own,  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half  
 O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without ill hope of day !  
 O first created beam and thou great Word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all,  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *Silens luna* is the moon at or near the change, and in conjunction with the sun  
 —MEADOWCOURT

When she deserts the night  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself if it be true  
 That light is in the soul  
 She all in every part, why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
 And not as feeling through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead & living death,  
 And buried but O yet more miserable!  
 Myself my sepulchre a moving grave,  
 Buried yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes  
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way,  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction and perhaps to insult,  
 Then daily practice to afflict me more  
 CHOR. This this is he softly a while,  
 Let us not break in upon him,  
 O change beyond report thought, or belief!  
 See how he lies at random carelessly diffused,<sup>1</sup>  
 With languish'd head unpropp'd,  
 As one past hope abandon'd,  
 As by himself given over,  
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds  
 O'er worn and soil'd,  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd,

---

<sup>1</sup> Stretched out



Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd  
 No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could with  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid, [stand,  
 Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,  
 And, weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer d cuirass  
 Chalybean <sup>1</sup> temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof,  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops The bold Ascalonite<sup>2</sup>  
 Fled from his lion ramp,<sup>3</sup> old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel  
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore skins fell, the flower of Palestine  
 In Ramath lechi <sup>4</sup> famous to this day  
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore  
 The gates of Azza <sup>5</sup> post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,<sup>6</sup>  
 No journey of a Sabbath day,<sup>7</sup> and loaded so,  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n <sup>8</sup>  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?  
 Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!  
 The dungeon of thyself, thy soul  
 Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,

<sup>1</sup> The Chalybes were famous in the old world for their skill in working iron. Hence the best tempered steel was called Chalybean. VIRG. *Georg.* I. 58.

Ad Chalybes nudi ferrum — NEWTON

<sup>2</sup> Philistine. Ascalon was a city of Philistia.

<sup>3</sup> Rampant like a lion. A heraldic term.

<sup>4</sup> Judges xv. 17. Ramath lechi means

the lifting up or casting away of the jaw bone.

<sup>5</sup> Another name for Gaza.

<sup>6</sup> The city of the Anakims who were giants. Judges xv. 13, 14. Num. xiii. 33.

<sup>7</sup> A Sabbath day's journey was with the Jews three quarters of a geographical mile.

<sup>8</sup> Atlas.

Imprison'd now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light,  
 T' incorporate with gloomy night!  
 For inward light, alas!  
 Puts forth no visual beam  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen,  
 For him I reckon not in high estate,  
 Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises  
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises

SAMS I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear

CHOR He speaks, let us draw nigh Matchless in  
 The glory late of Israel now the grief, [might,  
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's<sup>1</sup> fruitful vale,  
 To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores apt words have power to swage  
 The tumours of a troubled mind,  
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds

SAMS Your coming, friends, revives me for I learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
 I would be understood,) in prosperous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought Ye see, O friends,  
 How many evils have inclosed me round,  
 Yet that which was the worse now least afflicts me,

<sup>1</sup> Towns in the tribe of Dan Zora was the birthplace of Samson.

Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame,  
 How could I once look up or heave the head,  
 Who like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd  
 My vessel trusted to me from above  
 Gloriously rigg'd and for a word a tear,  
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,  
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every street? do they not say how well  
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
 Immeasurable strength they might behold  
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean,  
 This with the other should at least have pair'd,  
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse

CHOR 'Tis not divine disposal wisest men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived,  
 And shall again pretend they ne'er so wise  
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides,  
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer or as fair  
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble

SAMS The first I saw at Timna and she pleased  
 Me, not my parents that I sought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel They knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God, I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
 The marriage on, that by occasion hence  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd  
 She proving false the next I took to wife,  
 O that I never had! fond wish too late!  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end, still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors Of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman

CHOR In seeking just occasion to provoke  
The Philistine, thy country's enemy  
Thou never wast remiss I bear thee witness  
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons

SAM That fault I take not on me but transfe  
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
Who seeing those great acts which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledged not or not at all consider'd  
Deliv'rance offer'd I on the other side  
Used no amblation to commend my deeds,  
The deeds themselves though mute spoke loud the doer,  
But they persisted deaf and would not seem  
To count them things worth notice till at length  
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers  
Enter'd Judea seeking me who then  
Safe to the rock of Bethum<sup>1</sup> was retir'd  
Not flying but forecasting in what place  
To set upon them what advantag'd best  
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
The harass of their land beset me round  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into their hands and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,  
Bound with two cords but cords to me were thine  
Touch'd with the flame On their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth, they only lived who fled  
Had Judah that day join'd or one whole tribe,  
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
And lorded over them whom now they serve  
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,  
And to despise or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,

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<sup>1</sup> Judges xv 8

How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

CHOR Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the fort of Penue!l  
Their great deliverer contemn'd,<sup>1</sup>  
The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings  
And how ingrateful Ephraim  
Had dealt with Jephtha,<sup>2</sup> who by argument,  
Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that sore battle, when so many died  
Without reprieve adjudged to death,<sup>3</sup>  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth

SAMS Of such examples add me to the roll,  
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's proposed deliverance not so

CHOR Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men  
Unless there be who think not God at all  
It any be they walk obscure,  
For of such doctrine never was there school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself

Yet more there be who doubt His ways not just,  
And to His own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,  
Regardless of His glory's diminution,  
Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
They rave! more, still less resolved,  
But never find self satisfying solution

As if they would confine th' Interminable,  
And tie Him to His own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,  
And hath full right to exempt  
Whom so it pleases Him by choice  
From national obstruction, without taint

<sup>1</sup> They refused Gideon provisions. See  
Judges viii 4-9

<sup>2</sup> See Judges xi 15-27  
<sup>3</sup> Judges xii 1-6

Of sin or legal debt,  
 For with His own laws He can best dispense  
 He would not else who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
 Though reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his

But see ! here comes thy reverend sire  
 With careful step locks white as down,  
 Old Manoah advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him

SAM Aye me ! another inward grief awaked  
 With mention of that name renews th' assault

MAN Brethren and men of Dan for such ye seem,  
 Though in this uncouth place, if old respect  
 As I suppose towards your once gloried friend,  
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
 Came lagging after say if he be here

CHOR As signal now in low dejected state,  
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies

MAN O miserable change ! is this the man  
 That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
 The dread of Israel's foes who with a strength  
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight, who single combatant  
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
 Himself an army, now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spear's length O ever failing trust  
 In mortal strength ! and, oh ! what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?  
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach, I gain'd a son,  
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?  
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
 Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand  
 As graces draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
 For this did the angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordin'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
 Select and sacred glorious for a while  
 The miracle of men then in an hour  
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor, and blind  
 Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so overwhelm and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds

SAMSON. Appoint<sup>1</sup> not heavenly disposition, father  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
 But justly, I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I sole cause if ought seem vile  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd  
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
 Of vow and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy  
 This well I knew nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love profest carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived

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<sup>1</sup> That is arraign not summon not to answer —WARBURTON

Her spurious first born, treason against me?  
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret in what part my strength  
 Lay stored in what part summ'd, that she might know,  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity each time perceiving  
 How openly and with what impudence  
 She purposed to betray me and which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate, with what contempt  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself,  
 Yet the fourth time when, mustering all her wiles,  
 With blandish'd pailies feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-bitteries she succeeded not day nor night  
 To storm me over watch'd and wearied out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded and unlock'd her all my heart  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolved  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares  
 But foul effeminacy held me yoked  
 Her bond slave, O indignity! O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n  
 These rags this grinding is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude ignoble,  
 Unmanly ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I served

MAN I cannot praise thy marriage choices son,  
 Rather approved them not, but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsions prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes  
 I state not that, this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their captive and their triumph thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st or over potent charms  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee, which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy power True, and thou bear'st



Enough and more the burthen of that fault,  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score    A worse thing yet remains  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza,<sup>1</sup> and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain  
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,  
 Besides whom is no God, compared with idols,  
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine,  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house

SAMSON    Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
 Among the heathen round, to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and opened the mouths  
 Of idolists and atheists, have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols,  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end, all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon, Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham    He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
 But will arise, and His great name assert  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive

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<sup>1</sup> Judges xvi 23

Such a discomfit, as shall quite dispoil him  
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
And with confusion blank<sup>1</sup> his worshippers

MAN With cause this hope relieves thee, and these  
I as a prophecy receive for God, [words  
Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
To vindicate the glory of His name  
Against all competition, nor will long  
Endure it, doubtful whether God be lord,  
Or Dagon But for thee what shall be done?  
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot  
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight  
Neglected I already have made way  
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
About thy ransom well they may by this  
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge  
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted  
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm

SAM<sup>s</sup> Spare that proposal father, spare the trouble  
Of that solicitation let me here,  
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,  
And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
Shameful garrulity To have reveal'd  
Secrets of men the secrets of a friend,  
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
Contempt and scorn of all to be excluded  
All friendship and avoided as a blab,  
The mark of fool set on his front?  
But I God's counsel have not kept His holy secret  
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,  
Weakly at least, and shamefully, a sin  
That Gent les in their parables condemn  
To their abyss and horrid pains confined <sup>2</sup>

MAN Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
But act not in thy own affliction, son,  
Repent the sin, but if the punishment

<sup>1</sup> Confound

<sup>2</sup> Milton is supposed here to allude to the fable of Tantalus who for revealing the secrets of the gods, was punished in

hell by an insatiable thirst and placed in a pool of water could never succeed in tasting a drop

Thou canst avoid, self preservation bids,  
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself, perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all His debt,  
 Who evermore approves and more accepts,  
 Best pleased with humble and filial submission,  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self rigorous chooses death as due,  
 Which argues over just, and self displeased  
 For self offence, more than for God offended  
 Reject not then what offer'd means who knows  
 But God hath set before us to return thee  
 Home to thy country and His sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAMSON His pardon I implore, but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
 I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded,  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront  
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me,  
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies

CHORUS Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
 Sparkling, outpour'd, the flavour, or the smell,

Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods and men,<sup>1</sup>  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream

SAMS Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray translucent, pure,  
With touch ethereal of heav'n hery od,  
I drank from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd, nor envied them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor nills with fumes

CHOR O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When GOD with those forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook<sup>2</sup>

SAMS But what avail'd this temperance, not complete  
Against another object more enticing?  
Whit boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd sham'd & shonour'd, quell'd,  
To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from heav'n imposed,  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdensome drone, to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,  
Vain monument of strength till length of years  
And sedentary numbness cize my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure?  
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin or the draff<sup>3</sup> of servile food  
Consume me, and oft invocated death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains

MAN Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn

<sup>1</sup> Judges ix 13 Wine which cheereth God and man — MITFORD

<sup>2</sup> Samson was a Nazarite from his birth See Judges xiii 7 Num vi

<sup>3</sup> Refuse Draff was literally brewers spent grains

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring,<sup>1</sup> thy thirst to allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast,  
 And I persuade me so, why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus

SAMS All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor the other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself,  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest

MAN Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom or how else meanwhile be calm,  
 And healing words from these thy friends admit

SAMS O that torment should not be confined  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins,  
 But must secret passage find  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purest spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense

<sup>1</sup> Milton differs from our translation of the Bible. See Judges xv 18 19. He agrees with the Chaldee paraphast, who

understood that God made a cleft in the earth or rock at a place called *Lehi*. *Lehi* also signifies a jaw. See NEWTON'S notes.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a ling'ring disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification  
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,  
Or medicinal<sup>1</sup> liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure  
Thence faintings swoonings of despair,  
And sense of heav'n's desertion

I was His nursling once, and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending  
Under His special eye  
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain,  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the uncircumcised our enemies  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by His appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless with the irreparable  
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty and scorn  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope,  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless,  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm

CHOR Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,

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<sup>1</sup> Milton always spells this word ' medicinal' -MITFORD

And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
 All chances incident to man's frail life,  
 Consolatories writ  
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought  
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
 Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above  
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength,  
 And fainting spirits uphold

God of our fathers, what is man!  
 That thou towards him with hand so various,  
 Or may I say contrarious,  
 Temperst thy providence through his short course,  
 Not evenly, as thou rulest  
 The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute  
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That wandering loose about  
 Grow up and perish, as the summer fly  
 Heads without name no more remember'd,  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned  
 To some great work, thy glory  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect  
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft  
 Amidst their height of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass of omission,  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,







But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems  
That so bedeck'd ornate and gay  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship? —p 449

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude<sup>1</sup> old age

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days in fine,  
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours for thou canst, to peaceful end

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
 Of Javan<sup>2</sup> or Gadire,<sup>3</sup>  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind,  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem  
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife

SAMS My wife! my traitress let her not come near me

CHOR Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,  
 About t' have spoke, but now with head declined,  
 Like a fair flow'r surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil  
 But now again she makes address to speak

DAL With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

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<sup>1</sup> Premature

<sup>2</sup> Greece

<sup>3</sup> Cadiz

I came, still dreading thy displeasure Samson,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge, yet if tears  
 May expiate, though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,  
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon  
 No way assured but conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou sufferst and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power  
 Though late yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed

SAMS Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts.  
 And arts of every woman false like thee,  
 To break all faith, all vows deceive, betray,  
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail,  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits,  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example

DAL Yet hear me Samson, not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity that is for nought  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way  
But I to enemies reveal'd and should not,  
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's fidelity  
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel  
I let weakness then with weakness come to parle,  
So near related or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine  
The gentler if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me than in thyself was found  
And what if love, which thou interpretst hate,  
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
In human hearts nor less in mine towards thee,  
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me  
As her at Timna sought by all means therefore  
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest  
No better way I saw than by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those  
Who tempted me that nothing was design'd  
Against thee but safe custody and hold  
That made for me, I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed  
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,  
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love  
These reasons in love's law have past for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps,

And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so

SAMS How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine<sup>1</sup>  
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither  
 By this appears I gave, thou say'st th' example,  
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me,  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold, if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission  
 But love constrain'd thee, call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust Love seeks to have love  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexorable hate,  
 Knowing as needs I must, by thee betray'd?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more

DAL Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, through to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,  
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me Thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Judges xvi 5

Solicited commanded, threaten'd, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy who has destroy'd  
 Such numbers of our nation and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear  
 Preaching how mentorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon What had I  
 'T' oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,  
 And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest at length that grounded maxim,  
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me and prevail'd,  
 Virtue as I thought truth duty, so enjoining

SAM I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,  
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy  
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought sincere it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation chose thee from among  
 My enemies loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
 Not out of levity, but overpowered  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing,  
 Yet now am judged an enemy Why then  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
 Being once a wife for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country, nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection but my own,  
 Thou mine, not theirs If aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew

Of men, conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear,  
 Not therefore to be obey'd But zeal moved thee  
 To please thy gods thou didst it, gods unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be,  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd  
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
 Bane in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause

SAMS For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,  
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals

DAL I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
 Afford me place to show what recompense  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided, only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain Though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
 Where other senses want not their delights  
 At home in leisure and domestic ease  
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eyesight exposes daily men abroad  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age,  
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,  
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss

SAMS No, no, of my condition take no care,  
 It fits not, thou and I long since are twain,  
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst,  
 To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught I know thy trains  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils,  
Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms  
No more on me have power their force is null'd,  
So much of adders wisdom I have learnt  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Loved, honour'd fear'd me thou alone couldst hate me  
Thy husband slight me, sell me and forego me,  
How wouldst thou use me now blind, and thereby  
Deceivable in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contempt'd and scorn'd  
And last neglected? how wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me  
Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
'To gloss upon and censuring frown or smile?  
This goal I count the house of liberty  
To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter

DAL Let me approach at least and touch thy hand

SAMS Not for thy life lest fierce remembrance wake  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint  
At distance I forgive thee, go with that,  
Bewail thy falsehood and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives  
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason so farewell

DAL I see thou art implicable, more deaf  
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
Are reconciled at length and sea to shore  
Thy anger unappeasable still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd  
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?  
Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounced?  
To mix with thy concernments I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own  
Fame if not double faced is double mouth'd



And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds,  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild æry flight  
 My name perhaps among the circumcised,  
 In Dan in Judah and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mention'd and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced  
 But in my country where I most desire,  
 In Ecron Gaza, Asdod and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famousest  
 Of women sung at solemn festivals  
 Living and dead recorded, who to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers,  
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim  
 Jud who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Confer'd upon me for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown  
 At this who ever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own

CHOR She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd

SAMS So let her go God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper His most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy my safety, and my life

CHOR Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse

SAMS Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock treachery endang'ring life

CHOR It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit,  
 But what it is, hard is to say, .  
 Harder to hit,

Which way soever men refer it,  
 Much like thy riddle Samson in one day  
 Or seven though one should musing sit  
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy piranymp<sup>1</sup> worthless to thee compared,  
 Successor in thy bed  
 Nor both so loosely disallied  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd judgment scant,  
 Capacity not raised to apprehend  
 Or value what is best

In choice but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd  
 That either they love nothing or not long?

What'er it be to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslaved  
 With dotage and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
 Imbark'd with such a steers mate at the helm?  
 Favour'd of heav'n who finds

<sup>1</sup> Bridegroom's man Judges xiv 5

One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines  
 Happy that house ' his way to peace is smooth,  
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above  
 Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life not sway'd  
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd

But had we best retire? I see a storm,

SAMS Fur days have oft contracted wind and rain

CHOR But this another kind of tempest brings

SAMS Be less abstiuse, my riddling days are past

CHOR Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of homed words, a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high built and proud

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

I less conjecture than when first I saw

The sumptuous Dalila floating this way

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

SAMS Or peace or not alike to me he comes

CHOR His fraught ' we soon shall know he now arrives

HAR I come not, Samson to condole thy chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly intent I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og, or Anak and the Emims old

That Kiriathaim ' held, thou know'st me now

If thou at all art known Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,

<sup>1</sup> Freight his purpose with which he is freighted.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. xiv 5

Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
 Each other's force in camp or listed field  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walk'd about and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report

SAMS The way to know were not to see but taste

HAR Dost thou already single me? I thought  
 Gyves<sup>1</sup> and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed  
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!<sup>2</sup>  
 I should have forced thee soon with other aims,  
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown,  
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
 From the unforeseen race of whom thou bearest  
 The highest name for valiant acts that honour  
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

SAMS Boast not of what thou would'st have done but do  
 What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand

HAR To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

SAMS Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers  
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd  
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
 Close band'd durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me  
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
 Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me,  
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass<sup>2</sup> thy broad habergeon,

<sup>1</sup> Fetters

<sup>2</sup> Coat of mail, armour for the neck

and shoulders Vant brace is armour  
 for the arms Greaves covered the legs

Vant brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,  
 A weaver's beam, and seven times folded shield,  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson but shall never see Gath more

HAR Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn  
 The ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantment, some magician's art, [heav'n  
 Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from  
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hand,  
 Where strength can least abide though all thy hairs  
 Were bustles ranged like those that ridge the back  
 Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines

SAMS I know no spells, use no forbidden arts,  
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold,  
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine

HAR Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee

Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boisterous locks no worthy match  
 For valour to assail nor by the sword  
 Of noble warrior so to stain his honour  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued

SAMS All these indignities for such they are  
 From thine these evils I deserve and more  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of His final pardon  
 Whose ear is ever open and His eye  
 Gracious to receive the suppliant,  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose God is God  
 Thine or Whom I with Israel's sons adore

HAR Fair honour that thou dost thy GOD, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A murderer a revolter and a robber [these 2

SAMS Tongue doughty giant how dost thou prove me

HAR Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
 As a league breaker and deliver'd bound  
 Into our hands, for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm  
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil

SAMS Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast  
 But your ill meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies  
 Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride  
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed

When I perceived all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
 I used hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin  
 My nation was subjected to your lords  
 It was the force of conquest, force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league breaker gave up bound presumed  
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts  
 I was no private, but a person raised  
 With strength sufficient and command from heav'n  
 To free my country, if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
 Th' unworthier they, whence to this day they serve  
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce

HAR With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign

SAMS Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give the verdict?  
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd,  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee

HAR O Baal zebub<sup>1</sup> can my ears unused  
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMS No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
 Fear I incurable, bring up thy van,  
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free

HAR This insolence other kind of answer fits

SAMS Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,

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<sup>1</sup> A deity of the Philistines, the god of flies

And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air then dash thee down  
To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides

HAR By Astaroth<sup>1</sup> ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons laden on thee

CHOR His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks but in a sultry chaf

SAMS I dread him not nor all his giant brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size Goliath chief

CHOR He will directly to the lords I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee

SAMS He must allege some cause and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
If they intend advantage of my labours  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give to me the best  
-Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed

CHOR Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue

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<sup>1</sup> Another deity of the Philistines and Sidonians The Venus of the East or, it is thought, the Moon



The righteous, and all such as honour truth,  
 He all then ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats,  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour arm'd,  
 Their armories and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition,  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who surprised  
 Lose their defence distracted and amazed,

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny of fortune can inflict  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endued  
 Above the sons of men, but sight bereaved  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears  
 Comes on a main, speed in his look  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer and now at hand  
 His message will be short and voluble

OFF Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek

CHOR His manacles remark him, there he sits

OFF Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say,

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games,  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast and great assembly;

Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords

SAMS Thou know'st I am an Hebrew therefore tell  
Our law forbids at their religious rites [them  
My presence, for that cause I cannot come

OFF This answer, be assured will not content them

SAMS Have they not sword players, and ev'ry sort  
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners  
Jugglers and dancers antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tied,  
And over labour'd at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
On my refusal to distress me more  
Or make a game of my calamities?  
Return the way thou cam'st I will not come

OFF Regard thyself this will offend them highly

SAMS Myself? my conscience and internal peace  
Can they think me so broken, so debased  
With corporal servitude that my mind ever  
Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief  
To show them feats and play before their god,  
The worst of all indignities yet on me  
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come

OFF My message was imposed on me with speed,  
Brooks no delay Is this thy resolution?

SAMS So take it with what speed thy message needs

OFF I am sorry what this stoutness will produce

SAMS Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed

CHOR Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd  
Up to the height, whether to hold or break  
He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,  
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear

SAMS Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
Of strength, again returning with my hair

After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols,  
 A Nazarite in place abominable  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to thee Dagon?  
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistine.  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean

SAMS Not in their idol worship but by labour  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power

CHOR Where the heart joins not outward acts defile not

SAMS Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds  
 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command  
 Commands are no constraints If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, vent'ring to displease  
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
 Set God behind which in His jealousy  
 Shall never, unrepented find forgiveness  
 Yet that He may dispense with me or thee  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
 For some important cause thou need'st not doubt

CHOR How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach

SAMS Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts  
 I with this messenger will go along,  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite  
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last

CHOR In time thou hast resolved, the man returns

OFF Samson, this second message from our lords  
 To thee I am bid say Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay,

Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmer fasten'd than a rock

SAMS I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious  
Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go  
Master's commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection  
And for a life who will not change his purpose  
So mutable are all the ways of men!  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our law

OFI I praise thy resolution doff these links,  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free

SAM, Brethren, farewell, your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends, and how the sight  
Of me as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once may now exasperate them  
I know not Lords are lordliest in their wine  
And the well feasted priest then soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd  
No less the people on their holy days  
Impetuous insolent, unquenchable  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant

CHOR Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name  
Great among the heathen round,  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire, that spirit that first rush'd on thee

In the camp of Dan  
 Be efficacious in thee now at need  
 For never was from heaven imparted  
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen  
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste  
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while  
 He seems supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN Peace with you, brethren! my inducement hither  
 Was not at present here to find my son,  
 By order of the lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast  
 I heard all as I came the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,  
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly  
 But that which moved my coming now was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty

CHOR That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
 With thee, say reverend Sire we thirst to hear

MAN I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner  
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite  
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests  
 Others more moderate seeming but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and State  
 They easily would set to sale a third  
 More generous far and civil who confess'd  
 They had enough revenged, having reduced  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were proposed  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky

CHOR Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,  
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown

MAN His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And number'd down much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left  
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit not wanting him I shall want nothing

CHOR Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,  
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost

MAN It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd  
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him  
 And since his strength with eyesight was not lost  
 God will restore him eyesight to his strength

CHOR Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceived agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate

MAN I know your friendly minds, and—O what noise!  
 Mercy of heav'n what hideous noise was that?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout

CHOR Noise, call you it or universal groan  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point

MAN Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise

Oh, it continues, they have slain my son

CHOR Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend

MAN Some dismal accident it needs must be,  
What shall we do stay here, or run and see?

CHOR Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into danger's mouth  
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n,  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear  
What if his eyesight for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN That were a joy presumptuous to be thought

CHOR Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old, what hinders now?

MAN He can, I know but doubt to think He will,  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief  
A little stay will bring some notice hither

CHOR Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe

MESS O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
For due imagination still pursues me  
But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd

MAN The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know

MESS It would burst forth, but I recover breath

And sense distract, to know well what I utter

MAN Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer

MESS Gaza yet stands but all her sons are fall'n,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fall'n

MAN Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city

MESS Fled on that first, there may in grief be surfeit

MAN Relate by whom

MESS By Samson

MAN That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy

MESS Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To tell what will come at last too soon,

Least evil tidings with too rude intrusion  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

MAN Suspense in news is torture, speak them out

MESS Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead

MAN The worst indeed O! all my hopes defeated  
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge  
What windy joy this day had I conceived  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How died he, death to life is crown or shame  
All by him fell thou sayst, by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS Unwounded of his enemies he fell

MAN Wounded with slaughter then, or how? explain

MESS By his own hands

MAN Self violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

MESS Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd,  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled

MAN O lastly over strong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge



More than enough we know, but, while things yet  
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,  
 Eye witness of what first or last was done,  
 Relation more particular and distinct

MESS Occasions drew me early to this city,  
 And as the gates I enter'd with sun rise,  
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
 Through each high street Little I had dispatch'd  
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
 Samson should be brought forth to show the people  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games,  
 I sorrow'd at his captive state but minded  
 Not to be absent at that spectacle  
 The building was a spacious theatre  
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high  
 With seats, where all the lords and each degree  
 Of sort might sit in order to behold,  
 The other side was open, where the throng  
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,  
 I among these aloof obscurely stood  
 The feast and noon grew high and sacrifice  
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,  
 When to their sports they turn'd Immediately  
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
 In their state livery clad, before him pipes  
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,<sup>1</sup> and spears  
 At sight of him the people with a shout  
 Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,  
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall  
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him  
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,  
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
 All with incredible stupendous force,  
 None daring to appear antagonist.  
 At length for intermission' sake they led him  
 Between the pillars, he his guide requested

---

<sup>1</sup> Men and horses in armour

For so from such as nearer stood we heard,  
 As over tired to let him lean awhile  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
 That to the arched roof gave main support  
 He unsuspecting led him, which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms with head awhile inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved  
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,  
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed  
 I have perform'd as reason was obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight behold  
 Now of my own accord such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater,  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold  
 This utter'd straining all his nerves he bow'd  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent  
 When mountains tremble those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugg'd, he shook till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests  
 Their choice nobility and flower not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast  
 Samson, with these immixt inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself,  
 The vulgar only scaped who stood without

CHOR O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now hast victorious  
 Among thy slain, self kill'd  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before

1 SEMICHOR While their hearts were jocund and sublime  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,

And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
 Chanting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells  
 In Silo<sup>1</sup> His bright sanctuary  
 Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer,  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them  
 So fond are mortal men  
 Fall n into wrath divine  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck  
 2 SEMICHOR But he though blind of sight,  
 Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an ev'ning dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl,<sup>2</sup> but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads  
 So virtue given for lost  
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
 Like that self begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods imboast,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay ere while a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deem'd,  
 And though her body die, her fame survives

<sup>1</sup> Where the Ark then was

<sup>2</sup> See PLIN lib xxlii sect 17  
laticus alites —RICHARDSON

A secular bud ages of lives <sup>1</sup>

MAN Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
Nor much more cause Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
A life heroic, on his enemies  
Fully revenged hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor<sup>2</sup>  
Through all Philistian bounds to Israel  
Honour hath left and freedom left but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,  
To himself and father's house eternal fame,  
And, which is best and happiest yet all this  
With God not parted from him as was feared,  
But favouring and assisting to the end  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soaked in his enemies blood and from the stream  
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
The clotted gore I with what speed the while,  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)  
Will send for all my kindred all my friends,  
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy and funeral train  
Home to his father's house there will I build him  
A monument and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm  
With all his trophies hung and acts enroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour and adventures high  
The virgins also shall on feastful days

<sup>1</sup> The Phoenix supposed to make a funeral pile of sweet scented woods and fan it to a flame with her wings, from her ashes rose another phoenix sole of its kind always The phoenix

was considered an emblem of the resurrection

<sup>2</sup> The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they came originally from the island of Caphtor or Crete

VISIT his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes

CHOR All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close  
Oft He seems to hide His face  
But unexpectedly returns  
And to His faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent  
His servants He, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent

# Sonnets and Canzone.

## I

### TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray  
Waiblest at eve when all the woods are still  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love, ' O if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why  
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

## II

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
Qual tuo sperto gentil non innamora,  
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora  
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora

A superstition which originated in  
ancient Cuckoo and Nightingale  
it as I lay this other night waking  
thought how lovers had a tokening  
and among them it was a common  
tale

That it were good to have the Nightingale  
Moeke rather than the leude Cuckoo  
sing

*Cuckoo and Nightingale*

Stanza 10

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno  
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi, ed agli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno,  
 Grazia sola di sugli vaglia inanti  
 Che l' disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi

## I

QUAL in colle aspicio al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spunde a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera  
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E l' bel T' ungi cangio col bel Arno  
 Amor lo volse ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amoi cosa mai volse indarno  
 Deh' foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno

## CANZONE

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amoi, e come t'osi ?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo mighor t'arrivi,  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi,  
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma

L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia sona?  
 Canzon diotti, e tu per me ti poni  
 Dice mia Donna el suo dir o il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore

## IV

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar solea  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea  
 Già caddi ov' huom d'ibben talhor s'impiglia  
 Ne trecce d'oro ne guancia vermiglia  
 M'abbaglian sì mia sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza el cor bea  
 Portamenti alti honesti e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben può la faticosa luna  
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco

## V

PIÙ certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia  
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole  
 Sì mi percuoton forte come ei suole  
 Per l'aere di Libia chi s'invia  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela,  
 Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far pioverse  
 Finche mia alba rivien colma di rose



## VI

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Farò divoto, io certo a prove tante  
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante  
 De pensieri leggiadro accorto, e buono,  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,  
 Tanto del foise, e d'invidia sicuro  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
 Quanto d'ingegno e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago

## VII

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF  
 TWENTY THREE<sup>1</sup>

1631

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!<sup>1</sup>  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear  
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task master's eye.

---

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet was written at Cambridge, and sent in a letter to a friend.

## VIII

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY<sup>1</sup>

1642

CAPTAIN or Colonel or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please  
 Guard them and him within protect from harms  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle wms  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow<sup>1</sup>  
 The great Emathian conqueror had spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet<sup>2</sup> had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

## IX

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,

<sup>1</sup> Written when the King's troops had arrived at Brentford and London expected an immediate attack

<sup>2</sup> Alexander He suffered the house of Lindus alone to stand untouched and honoured the family of the great lyric poet while making frightful havoc of the Ilchums Milton claims the same favour from the royal forces

<sup>3</sup> Euripides When Lysander had taken Athens Plutarch tells us that —

Some say he really did in the Council of the Athenians propose to reduce the Athenians to slavery and that Lysander thus a Lacedæmonian officer gave it as his opinion that the city should be levelled

with the ground and the spot on which it stood turned to pasture

Afterwards however when the general officers met at an entertainment a musician of Phocis happened to begin a chorus in the Electra of Euripides the first lines of which are these —

Unhappy daughter of the great  
 Atreides

Thy straw crowned palace approach

The whole company were greatly moved at this incident and could not help reflecting how barbarous a thing it would be to raze that noble city which had

The better part with Mary<sup>1</sup> and with Ruth<sup>2</sup>  
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth  
 Thy care is fix'd and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light<sup>3</sup>  
 And hope that reaps not shame<sup>4</sup> Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure

## X

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY<sup>5</sup>

1643

DAUGHTER to that good Earl<sup>6</sup> once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breathing of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronæa fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent<sup>7</sup>  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet,  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them honour'd Margaret

produced so many great and illustrious men — PLUTARCH *Life of Lycurgus*

Thus Athens was spared but in cruel mockery The Spartan collected all the musicians in the city and pulled down the fortifications and burned the Athenian ships to the sound of their instruments

<sup>1</sup> Luke x 42

<sup>2</sup> Ruth i 14

<sup>3</sup> Matt xxv 4

<sup>4</sup> Rom v 5

<sup>5</sup> Milton used frequently to visit this lady who married Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight

<sup>6</sup> Earl of Marlborough Lord High Treasurer and Lord President of the Council to King James I Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9 he died on the 14th but at an advanced age — NEWTON

<sup>7</sup> Isocrates the orator who could not survive the ruin of his country Chæronæa was gained by Philip of Macedon

## XI

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY  
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

1645

A BOY was witt of late call'd Tetrachordon,<sup>1</sup>  
 And woven close both matter form, and style,  
 The subject new it walk'd the town a while,  
 Numb'ring good intellects now seldom pored on  
 Cries the stall reader, Bless us! what a word on  
 A title page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling false while one might walk to Mile  
 End Green Why is it hunder, Sirs, thin Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?<sup>2</sup>  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow steel,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp  
 Thy age, like ours O Soul of Sir John Cheke,<sup>3</sup>  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or usp,  
 When thou taughtst Cambridge, and king Edward  
 Greek

## XII

## ON THE SAME

I DO but prompt the age to quit then clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tetrachordon means exposition on the four chief places in Scripture which mention nullities in marriage.

<sup>2</sup> Colkitto and Macdonnell are one and the same person a brave officer on the royal side an Irishman of the Antium family who served under Montrose. The Macdonnells of that family are styled by way of distinction Mac Colkittok i.e. descendants of lame Colin Galasp is George Gillespie a

Scottish writer against the Independents for whom see Milton's verses on the Lords of Conscience — WARTON

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Cheke has been already named in the notes to this volume. He was the first Professor of Greek at Cambridge and restored the original pronunciation of it. He was tutor to Edward VI.

<sup>4</sup> Milton's treatises were on the subject

As when those hinds that were transform'd to flog  
 Rail'd at Latona's twin born progeny  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see  
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.<sup>2</sup>

## XIII

TO MR H LAWES<sup>3</sup> ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song  
 First taught our English music how to spin  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears<sup>4</sup> committing short and long<sup>5</sup>  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng  
 With praise enough for envy to lool wan,  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.  
 Thou honourst verse and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee the priest of Phœbus' quene,  
 That tun'st then happiest lines in hymn or story<sup>6</sup>  
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella<sup>7</sup> whom he woo'd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory

f. Divorce. The Presbyterian clergy were much (and justly) scandalized at them and brought Milton before the Lords for them: but they thought the subject simply speculative and he was discharged. He thus stigmatizes the Presbyterian clergy.

<sup>1</sup> See OVID *Met.* VI. fab. iv. Latona's progeny were Apollo and Diana the sun god and moon goddess.

<sup>2</sup> A fine moral coming too from a Republic in poet.

<sup>3</sup> The musician who put the music to *Corvus*.

<sup>4</sup> Midas a King of Phrygia. He decided that I-an was superior in singing,

and playing on the flute to Apollo, and to punish his stupidity Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

A Platonism meaning offences against *gracility* — RICHARDSON.

<sup>6</sup> The Story of Ariadne set by LAWES — WATSON.

<sup>7</sup> Amongst the souls in Purgatory Dante recognizes his friend Casella the musician. In the course of an affectionate conversation Dante asks for a song to soothe him and Casella sings with ravishing sweetness the poet's second Canzone. See second cant of Dante's *Purgatorio*.

## XIV

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE  
'THOMSON,'

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND DECEASED 1611H DEC 1646

WHEN faith and love which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with GOD,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death and life, which us from life doth sever  
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour,  
 Stay'd not behind nor in the grave were trod,  
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever  
 Love led them on and Faith who knew them best  
 Thy handmaids clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings that up they flew so drest  
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious thrones  
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

## XV

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX<sup>1</sup>

1648

FAIRFAX whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze  
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home though now rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads and the false North displays  
 Her broken league<sup>2</sup> to imp their serpent wings

<sup>1</sup> When Milton was first made Latin Secretary to Cromwell he lodged at Mr Thomson's next to the Bull Head Tavern Charing Cross Mrs Thomson is supposed to have been the wife of his landlord Newton

<sup>2</sup> Addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester It was first printed, to

gether with the two following sonnet and the two to Cynrick Skinner at the end of Phillips's 'Life of Milton' 1694  
 — WARREN

<sup>3</sup> The English Parliament held that the Scotch had broken their covenant by marching into England led by Hamilton

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,  
 While avarice and rapine share the land

## XVI

## TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

1652

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies and his work pursued  
 While Dunbar stream'd with blood of Scots imbrued  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's<sup>2</sup> laurel wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still: peace hath her victories  
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains<sup>3</sup>  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw

<sup>1</sup> A small river near Preston in Lancashire, where Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton in August 1648

<sup>2</sup> Dunbar and Worcester were both

fought September 3—one 1650 the other 1651

<sup>3</sup> He alludes to the Presbyterian clergy. They tried to persuade Cromwell to use the secular power against Sectaries

## XVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER<sup>1</sup>

1652

VANE, young in years but in sage counsel old,  
 Thou whom a better senator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd  
 The fierce Epnot and the African bold,  
 Whether to settle peace or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow titles hard to be spell'd,  
 Then to advise how war may best upheld  
 Move by her two main nerves iron and gold  
 In all her equipage besides to know  
 Both spiritual power and civil what each means,  
 What severs each thou hast learn'd which few have  
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe [done  
 'Tis refore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son

## XVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT<sup>2</sup>

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd units, whose bones  
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was the chief of the Independents and therefore Milton's friend. He was a most eccentric character a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and good sense. He was beheaded after the Restoration 1662 — From WARTON

The States of Holland

<sup>2</sup> In 1665 the Duke of Savoy determined to make his reformed sub-

jects in Piedmont return to the Roman Church. All who refused compliance with the sovereign's will were massacred. Those who escaped concealed in their mountain fastnesses sent to Cromwell for relief. Milton's holy indignation found expression in this fine sonnet which was of great effect. Cromwell commanded a general fast and a national contribution for the relief of the sufferers. £40,000 were collected. He then wrote to the Duke and so



Forget not in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy ~~sheep~~, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills and they  
 To Heav'n Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all th' Italian fields where still doth sway  
 The triple tyrant,<sup>1</sup> that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold who have~~le~~ learn'd thy way  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe<sup>2</sup>

## XIX

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker and present  
 My true account lest he returning chide,  
 Doth God exact day labour light denied?<sup>1</sup>  
 I fondly ask But Patience to prevent  
 That murmur soon replies, 'God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts, who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best  
 His state  
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,  
 They also serve who only stand and wait''

great was the terror of the English  
 name—the Protector threatened that his  
 ships should visit Civita Vecchia—that  
 the persecution was stopped and the  
 surviving inhabitants of the valleys

were restored to their homes and to  
 freedom of worship

<sup>1</sup> The Pope

<sup>2</sup> The Papacy

## XX

TO MR LAWRENCE<sup>1</sup>

LAWRENCE of virtuous father virtuous son  
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mud  
 Where hall we sometimes meet and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother till Favonius do inspire  
 The frozen earth and clothe in fresh attire  
 The hly and rose that neither sow'd nor spun  
 What next repast shall feast us light and choice  
 Of Attic taste with wine whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touch'd or uttful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and 'Tis our air?  
 He who of those delights can judge and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise

## XXI

## TO CYRIAC SKINNER

CYRIAC, whose grandsire<sup>3</sup> on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounced and in his volumes taught our laws  
 Which others at the r bar so often wench,  
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to diench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws  
 Let Lucid rest and Achimedes pause  
 And what the Swede<sup>4</sup> intends, and what the French

<sup>1</sup> Son of Henry Lawrence Member for Hertfordshire who was active in settling the Protectorate on Cromwell. Milton's friend was the author of a work called *Of our Communion and Warre with Angels* &c 1646 4to—TODD

<sup>2</sup> The West Wind

<sup>3</sup> Lord Coke Cyriac Skinner was the son of Wilham Skinner and Bridget,

daughter of Lord Coke. He had been a pupil of Milton's and was one of the principal members of Hurringtons Political Club

<sup>4</sup> Charles Gustavus King of Sweden was then at war with Poland and the French were fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands

To measure life learn thou betimes and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

## XXII

## TO THE SAME

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot  
 Not to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year  
 Or man or woman Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward What supports me dost thou ask?  
 The conscience Friend t' have lost them overphied  
 In liberty's defence<sup>1</sup> my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side  
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mack  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide

<sup>1</sup> When Milton was engaged to answer Salmasius one of his eyes had nearly lost its sight. The physicians predicted the loss of both if he used them. But Milton told Du Moulin "I did not lo g balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated controversy with Salmasius originated thus. Charles II employed that great scholar to write a

Defence of Monarchy and to vindicate his father's memory. Salmasius was the greatest scholar of his age. Grotnus alone could compete with him. Selden speaks of him as most admirable. The Council of the Commonwealth therefore did wisely in ordering Milton to answer him. How he did so at the price of his sight we see above.





Methought I saw my late espousèd saint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave  
Rescued from death by force though pale and faint —p 491

## XXIII

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE<sup>1</sup>

MILTHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis<sup>2</sup> from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint  
 Purification in the old law did save,  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came vested all in white pure as her mind  
 Her face was veil'd yet to my fancied sight  
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined  
 So clear as in no face with more delight  
 But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night

Catharine the daughter of Captain  
 Woolcock of Halloway. She died in  
 giving birth to a daughter seven after  
 her marriage. She was Milton's second  
 wife.

<sup>2</sup> Alcestis being told by an oracle that

her husband Admetus could never re-  
 cover from a disease unless a friend  
 died for him willingly laid down his  
 life for him. Hercules, Jove's great  
 son, brought her back from hell.

## Miscellaneous Poem and Translations.

### ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

1647

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord  
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,  
To seize the widow'd whole Plurality  
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,  
Dine ye for this adure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a classic hierarchy<sup>1</sup>  
'Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?<sup>2</sup>  
Men whose life learning Truth and pure intent  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be named and printed heretics  
By shallow Edwards<sup>3</sup> and Scotch whited ye-cill<sup>4</sup>  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks  
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,<sup>5</sup>  
That so the Parliament  
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears  
Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears<sup>6</sup>  
And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clowny in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In classes or classical assemblies The Presbyterians distributed London into twelve classes each chose two ministers and four lay elders to represent them in a Provincial Assembly

Adam Stuart a Polemical writer of the times who answered the Independents Plea for Toleration

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Rutherford one of the Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland and an avowed enemy to the Independents Milton's sect

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Edwards who wrote against the Independents

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps George Gillespie a Scotch writer against the Independents Milton hated the Scotch and ridiculed their names

<sup>5</sup> The Council of Trent

<sup>6</sup> Bulk or bunk is to spare The meaning is Your errors will be corrected and your ears spared Our readers will remember that the Stuarts had inflicted the cruel punishment of loss of ears on Prynne

<sup>7</sup> More tyrannical than of old

## TRANSLATIONS

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
     Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
     In wreaths thy golden hair  
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas  
     Rough with black winds, and storms  
     Unwonted shall admire!  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacillates always amiable  
     Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
     Unmindful Hapless they  
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair Me, in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
     To the stern God of sea

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH <sup>1</sup>

Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of Leogora -

GODDESS of shades and huntress who at will  
 Walk'st on the rolling spheres and through the deep,  
 On thy third reign, the earth look now and tell  
 What land what seat of rest, thou bidd'st me seek,  
 What certain seat where I may worship thee  
 For aye, with temples vow'd, and virgin quires

---

<sup>1</sup> An ancient British historian and writer. He died 1154



To whom sleeping before the altar Diana answers in a vis on the same night

BRUTUS, far to the west in the ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea girt it lies where giants dwelt of old,  
Now void it fits thy people thither bend  
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee whose dreadful might  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold

#### FROM DANTE

Al, Constantine of how much ill was cause,  
Not thy conversion but those rich domains  
That the first wealthy pope received of thee

#### FROM DANTE

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,  
'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?  
In thy adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?  
Another Constantine comes not in haste

#### FROM ARIOSTO

THEN past he to a flow'ry mountain green,  
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously  
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,  
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave

#### FROM HORACE

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he  
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
Who judges in great suits and controversies  
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin

FROM HORACE

ALL barbarous people and their princes too  
 All purple tyrants honour you,  
 The very wandering Scythians do  
 Support the pillar of the Roman state  
 Lest all might be involved in one man's fate,  
 Continue us in wealth and state,  
 Let wars and tumults ever cease

FROM HORACE

THE power that did create can change the scene  
 Of things in the mean of great, and great of mean  
 The brightest glory can eclipse with might,  
 And place the most obscure in dazzling light

FROM EURIPIDES

THIS is true liberty when freeborn men  
 Having to advise the public may speak free,  
 Which he who can, and will deserves high praise  
 Who neither can nor will may hold his peace,  
 What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE

LAUGHING to teach the truth,  
 What hinders? As some teachers give to boys  
 Junkets and knacks that they may learn apace

FROM HORACE

—— JOKING decides great things  
 Stronger and better oft than earnest can

FROM SOPHOCLES

'Tis you that say it, not I You do the deeds,  
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words

## FROM HOMER

GIAUCUS in Lycia we re adored as gods,  
What makes 'twixt us and others so great odds?

## FROM SENECA

- ——— THIRL can be slain  
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,  
Than an unjust and wicked king

# Psalms.<sup>1</sup>

## PSALM I DONE INTO VERSE, 1653

BLISS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counsel of the wicked and i th' way  
Of sinners hath not stood and in the seat  
Of scorers hath not sat But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight  
And in his law he studies day and night  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watery streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit and his leaf shall not fall  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all  
Not so the wicked but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must

## PSALM II DONE AUG 8, 1653 TERZETTE

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations  
Lay deep their plots together through each land

---

<sup>1</sup> Milton's father composed Psalm tunes, and metrical Psalmody was very popular  
Milton's tune

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords    He who in heav'n doth dwell  
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his full  
 And fierce ire trouble them, but I, said He,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill    A firm decree  
 I will declare, the Lord to me hath said  
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee  
 This day, ask of me and the grant is made,  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earth's utmost bounds    then shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so  
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,  
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth, with fear  
 Jehovah serve and let your joy converse  
 With trembling, kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere  
 Happy all those who have in them their stay

## PSALM III    AUG 9, 1653

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM

LORD, how many are my foes!  
       How many those  
 That in arms against me rise!  
       Many are they  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say  
 No help for him in God there lies  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,  
       Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count  
 Aloud I cried  
 Unto Jehovah He full soon replied  
 And heard me from His holy mount  
 I lay and slept I waked ag ain  
 For my sustin'  
 Was the Lord Of many millions  
 Th' populous rout  
 I fear not though encamping round about  
 They pitch against me their pavilions  
 Rise Lord, save me my God, for thou  
 Hast smote ere now  
 On the cheek bone all my foes  
 Of men abhor d  
 Hast broke the teeth This held was from the Lord,  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

37

PSALM IV ALC 10, 1653

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness,  
 In straits and in distress  
 Thou didst me disenthral  
 And set at large, now spare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r  
 Great ones how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn,  
 How long be thus forborn  
 Still to love vanity  
 To love to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain and not ang else but lies  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose  
 Chose to Himself apart  
 The good and meek of heart,

(For whom to chose He knows)  
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to Him I cry  
 Be awed, and do not sin,  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within  
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust  
 Many there be that say  
 'Who yet will show us good?'  
 Talking like this world's brood,  
 But Lord thus let me pray,  
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth overcloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie,  
 As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell

# PSALM V    Aug 12, 1653

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear  
 My King and God for unto thee I pray  
 Jehovah thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
Will rank my pray'rs and watch till thou appear  
For thou art not a God that takes  
In wickedness delight,  
Evil with thee no bidding makes,  
Fools or mad men stand not within sight  
All workers of iniquity  
Thou hast, and them unblest  
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie,  
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest  
But I will in thy mercies dear,  
Thy numerous mercies go  
Into thy house I in thy fear  
Will towards thy holy temple worship low  
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,  
Lead me because of those  
That do observe if I transgress,  
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes  
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable  
No word is firm or sooth,<sup>1</sup>  
Their inside troubles miserable,  
An open grave their throat their tongue they smooth  
God, find them guilty let them fall  
By their own counsels quell'd  
Push them in their rebellions all  
Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd  
Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
Their joy, while thou from blame  
Defendst them they shall ever sing  
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name  
For thou, Jehovah wilt be found  
To bless the just man still,  
As with a shield thou wilt surround  
Him with thy lasting favour and good will

---

<sup>1</sup> True



## PSALM VI    AUG 13, 1653

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct,  
 Pity me, Lord for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint, heal and amend me  
 For all my bones that e'en with anguish ache  
     Are troubled yea my soul is troubled sore,  
     And thou O Lord how long? Turn Lord, restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee  
     Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
     Wearied I am with sighing out my days,  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea,  
 My bed I water with my tears, mine eye  
     Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
     I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me for the voice of my weeping  
     The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,  
     My supplication with acceptance full  
 The Lord will own and have me in his keeping  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
     With much confusion, then grown red with shame,  
     They shall return in haste the way they came  
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd

## PSALM VII    AUG 14, 1653

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM

LORD, my God to thee I fly,  
 Save me, and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry  
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh

Lord, my God if I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace,  
Or to him have rendered less  
And not freed my foe for nought,  
Let the enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it let him tread  
My life down to the earth and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there outspread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul  
Rise Jehovah, in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire  
And wake for me their fury's rage,  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command which I desire  
So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee seeking right,  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high and in their sight  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation  
Judge me Lord be judge in this  
According to my righteousness  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness  
And their power that do amiss  
But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins On God is cast  
My defence, and in Him lies,  
In Him who both just and wise  
Saves the upright of heart at last  
God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended,  
If the unjust will not forbear,

His sword he whets his bow hath bended  
 Aheady and for him intended  
 The tools of death, that waits him near  
 (His arrows purposely made He  
 For them that persecute ) Behold  
 He travels hie with vanity,  
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old  
 As in a womb and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie  
 He digg'd a pit and delved it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made  
 His mischief that due course doth keep  
 Turns on his head and his ill trade,  
 Of violence will undelay'd  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep  
 Then will I Jehovah's praise  
 According to his justice raise  
 And sing the Name and Deity  
 Of Jehovah the Most High

PSALM VIII AUG 14, 1653

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth  
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth  
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
 To stunt the enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow  
 That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose  
 When I behold thy Heav'ns thy fingers' art,  
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart  
 O what is man that thou remember'st yet,  
 And think'st upon him, or of man begot,  
 That him thou visit'st and of him art found  
 Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot,  
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,  
 Fowl of the Heavens and fish that through the wet  
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth  
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

APRIL, 1648 J M

Nine of the Psalms done into metre wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text translated from the original

PSALM LXXX

THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*  
 Give ear *in time of need*,  
 Who leadest like a flock of *sheep*  
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,  
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,  
*Between their wings out spread*,  
 Shine forth *and from thy cloud give light*,  
*And on our foes thy dread*  
 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,  
 Awake thy strength *come, and be seen*  
*To save us by thy might*  
 Turn us again *thy grace divine*  
*To us, O God, vouchsafe*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe  
 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy smoking wrath *and angry brow*  
 Against thy people's prayer !

Thou feed st them with the bread of tears,  
 Their bread with tears they eat,  
 And mak st them largely drink the tears  
*Wherewith their cheeks are wet*

A stife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe  
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
 And flouts it us they throw

Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe

A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And driv'st out nations *proud and haughty,*  
 To plant this *lovely vine*

Thou did st prepare for it a place  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last*

With her *green shade* that cover'd all,  
*The hills were over spread*  
 Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*  
*Advanced their lofty head*

Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river wide  
 Her other branches *went*

Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*

The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
 Up turns it by the roots,  
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots*

Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
 From Heav'n, thy seat divine,  
 Behold us *but without a frown*,  
 And visit this *thy* vine

Visit this vine which thy right hand  
 Hath set and planted *long*,  
 And the young branch that for thyself  
 Thou hast made firm and strong

But now it is consumed with fire,  
 And cut *with axes* down,  
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown

Upon the man of thy right hand  
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid*  
 Upon the son of man whom thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made

So shall we not go back from thee  
 To *ways of sin and shame*,  
 Quickened us thou then *gladly* we  
 Shall call upon thy Name

Return us *and thy grace divine*  
 Lord God of Hosts *ouchsafe*,  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe

## PSALM LXXI

To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,  
 Sing loud to God *our King*  
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,  
 Loud acclamations ring

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
 The timbrel hither bring  
 The *cheerful* psaltiy bring along,  
 And harp *with pleasant string*

## PSALMS

Blow, *as is wont, in the new moon*  
 With trumpets' *lofty sound,*  
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast comes round

This was a statute *giv'n of old*  
 For Israel *to observe,*  
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*  
*From whence they might not swerve*

This he a testimony ordain'd  
 In Joseph *not to change,*  
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land,  
 The tongue I heard was strange

From burden, *and from slavish toil*  
 I set his shoulder free,  
 His hands from pots, *and mury soil,*  
 Deliver'd were *by me*

When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
*And led thee out of thrall*

I answer'd thee in thunder deep  
 With clouds encompass'd round,  
 I tried thee at the water steep  
 Of Meribah *renown'd*

Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*  
 I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel,*  
 If thou wilt list to me

Throughout the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be,  
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God  
 In honour bend thy knee

I am the Lord thy God which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt land,  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*  
 Will grant thy full demand

And yet my people would not *hear*,  
Nor hearken to my voice,  
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
Mishked me for his choice

Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wand ring mind,  
Their own conceits they follow d still,  
Their own devices blind

O that my people would *be wise*,  
To serve me *all their days*  
And O that Israel would *advise*  
To walk my *righteous ways*

Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
That now so *proudly rise*,  
And turn my hand ag *ainst all those*  
That are their enemies

Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
To bow to him and bend  
But *they, his people*, should remain,  
Their time should have no end

And he would feed them *from the shock*  
With flour of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey *for their meat*

## PSALM LXXXII

God in the great assembly stands  
Of *kings and lordly states*,  
Among the Gods, on both his hands  
He judges and debates

How long will ye pervert the right  
With judgment false and wrong,  
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,  
Who thence grow bold and strong ?



Regard the weak and fatherless,  
 Despatch the poor man's cause  
 And raise the man in deep distress  
 By just and equal laws  
 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him *that help demands*  
 They know not, nor will understand  
 In darkness they walk on  
 The earth's foundations all are moved,  
 And out of order gone  
 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
 The sons of God most high,  
 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes *die*  
 Rise God judge thou the earth *in might*,  
 This *united* earth redress,  
 For thou art He who shall by right  
 The nations all possess

## PSALM LXXXIII

BE not thou silent *now at length*  
 O God, hold not thy peace,  
 Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,  
 We cry, and do not cease  
 For lo thy *furious* foes now swell,  
 And storm outrageously,  
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
 Exalt their heads full high  
 Against thy people they contrive  
 Their plots and counsels deep,  
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,  
 Whom thou dost hide and keep

Come let us cut them off say they,  
Till they no nation be,  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory

For they consult with all their might,  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind

The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of scornful Ishmael,  
Moub with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*

Gobal and Ammon *there conspire*  
And hateful Amalek  
The Philistines and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check*

With them great Ashur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot*  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
To aid the sons of Lot

Do to them as to Midian bold,  
*That wasted all the coast,*  
To Sisera, and as is told  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*

*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repulsed and slain,*  
At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain

As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed,  
As Zeba, and Zalmunna bleed,  
So let their princes bleed

*For they amidst their pride have said,*  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and will now invade  
Their stately palaces

My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
*No quiet let them find,*  
 Giddy and restless let them reel  
 Like stubble from the wind  
 As when an aged wood takes fire  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher  
 Till all the mountains blaze,  
 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
 And with thy tempest chase,  
 And till they yield thee honour due,  
 Lord fill with shame their face  
 Ashamed and troubled let them be,  
 Troubled and shamed for ever,  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, *and scape it never*  
 Then shall they know that thou whose name  
 Jehovah is alone  
 Art the Most High *and thou the same*  
 O'er all the earth *art one*

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 PSALM LXXXIV

How lovely are thy dwellings fair '  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The pleasant tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near '*  
 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God for thee  
 There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong  
 Hath found a house of rest,  
 The swallow there, to lay her young  
 Hath built her brooding nest,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*  
*And home they fly from round the coast*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God*

Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Whence thee they ever praise  
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in thine hearts thy ways

They pass through Barren *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground*  
 As through a fruitful watery dale  
 Where springs and show'rs abound

They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladness cheer*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
*In Zion do appear*

Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God, give ear  
 Thou God our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear*

For one day in thy courts *to be*  
*Is better, and more blest*  
*Than in the joys of vanity*  
*A thousand days at best*

I in the temple of my God  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich about,*  
*With sin for evermore*

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right

Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*  
*That man is truly blest,*  
*Who only on thee doth rely,*  
*And in thee only rest*

## PSALM LXXXV

THY land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,  
Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
Returned Jacob back

Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought thy people woe,*  
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
Hast hid *where none shall know*

Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
And *calmly* didst return  
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved  
Far worse than fire to burn

God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore,  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Toward us, *and chide no more*

Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus,  
Wilt thou thy frowning ne extend  
From age to age on us?

Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*  
And us again revive,  
That so thy people may rejoice  
By thee preserved alive?

Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
To us thy mercy show,  
Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew*

*And now* what God the Lord will speak,  
I will *go straight* and hear,  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his saints *full dear,*

To his dear saints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more

Return to folly, but *cease*  
*To trespass as before*

Surely to such as do Him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall ere long appear  
*To dwell within our land*

Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*  
*Now joyfully* are met,  
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,  
*And hand in hand are set*

Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,  
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,  
 And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r  
*Look down on mortal men*

The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good,  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
*Her fruits to be our food*

Before Him righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger*,  
 Then will He come, and not be slow,  
 His footstools cannot err

## PSALM LXXXVI

Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline  
 O hear me *I thee pray*,  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
*With need, and sad decay*

Preserve my soul, for I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just,  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God  
*Who still in thee doth trust*

Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
 I call, O make rejoice  
 Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice*

For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone  
 To pardon, thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
 To them that on thee call

Unto my supplication, Lord,  
 Give ear, and to the cry  
 Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford  
 Thy hearing graciously

I in the day of my distress  
 Will call on thee *for aid*,  
 For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I pray'd*

Like thee among the Gods is none,  
 O Lord, nor any works  
*Of all that other Gods have done*  
 Like to thy *glorious* works

The nations all whom thou hast made  
 Shall come, *and all shall praise*  
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
 And glorify thy name

For great thou art, and wonders great  
 By thy strong hand are done,  
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*  
 Remainest God alone

Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,  
 I in thy truth will bide,  
 To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide*

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
 Thy name for evermore

For great thy mercy is toward me,  
And thou hast freed my soul,  
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,  
*From the most darkness foul*

O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set

But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to show,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
Most merciful, most true

O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son

Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then* see,  
And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me

## PSALM LXXXVII

AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast,  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed*

Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings *fair*  
Of Jacob's land, *though there be s'ore,*  
*And all within his care*

City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee *abroad* are spoke,



I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke*

I mention Babel to my friends,  
*Philistia full of scorn,*  
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,*  
 Lo this man there was born

But *twice that praise shall in our ear,*  
*Be sud of Sion last,*  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God shall fix her fast

The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
 That ne'er shall be out worn,  
 When He the nations doth enroll,  
 That this man there was born

Both they who sing and they who dance,  
*With sacred songs and their*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clean*

### PSALM LXXXVIII

LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry,  
 And all night long before thee weep,  
*Before thee prostrate lie*

Into thy presence let my pray'r  
*With sighs devout ascend,*  
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,  
 Thine ear with favour bend

For eloy'd with woes and trouble store  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,  
 My life at death's *unchcerful door*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh

## PSALM

Reckon'd I am with them that pass

Down to the *dismal* pit

I am a man, but weak alas !

And for that name unfit

From life discharged and parted quite

Among the dead to *sleep*,

And like the slain in *bloody* fight

That in the grave lie *deep*

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd over

*Death's hideous house hath barr'd*

Thou in the lowest pit *profound*

Hast set me *all forlorn*,

Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,

In horrid deeps to *mourn*

Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,

Full sore doth press on me,

Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

And all thy wave break me

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change*,

And I here pent up thus

Through sorrow and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread

Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?

Shall the deceased arise,

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

*With pale and hollow eyes ?*

Shall they thy loving kindness tell

On whom the grave *hath hold* ?

Or they who in perdition *dwell*,

Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

In darkness can thy mighty hand  
 On wondrous acts be known?  
 Thy justice in the gloomy land  
 Of dark oblivion?

But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
*Ere yet my life be spent,*  
 And up to thee my pray'r doth lie,  
 Each morn, and thee prevent

Why wilt thou Lord, my soul forsake,  
 And hide thy face from me  
 That am already bruised and shake  
 With terror sent from thee?

Bruised and afflicted, and so low  
 As ready to expire  
 While I thy terrors undergo  
 Astonish'd with thine ire

Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,  
 Thy threatenings cut me through  
 All day they round about me go,  
 Like waves they me pursue

Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
 And sever'd from me fi-  
 They fly me now whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are

#### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,  
 After long toil their liberty had won,  
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
 His praise and glory was in Israel known  
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,

<sup>1</sup> This and the following Psalm are  
 Milton's earliest performances — WAR-

TON The first he afterwards translated  
 into Greek.

And sought to hide his froth becurled head  
Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that had received the foil<sup>1</sup>  
The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes the little hills like lambs  
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?  
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast  
Of him that ever was and yet shall last  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft hills from fiery flint stones gush

## PSALM CXXXVI

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of Gods he is the God  
For his, &c

O let us his praises tell,  
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell  
For his, &c

Who with his miracles doth make  
Amazed heav'n and earth to shake  
For his, &c

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted heavens so full of state  
For his, &c

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain  
For his, &c

---

<sup>1</sup> Defeat,

Who by his all commanding might  
Did fill the new made world with light  
For his, &c

And caused the golden tressed sun  
All the day long his course to run  
For his, &c

The horned moon to shine by night  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright  
For his, &c

He with his thunder clapping hand  
Smote the first born of Egypt land  
For his, &c

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel  
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,  
Of the Eiythraen main<sup>1</sup>  
For his, &c

The floods stood still like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass  
For his, &c

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power  
For his, &c

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness  
For his, &c

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown  
For his, &c

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast  
For his, &c

## PSALMS

And huge limbed Og he did subdue,  
With all his over hardy crew  
For his, &c

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land therein to dwell  
For his, &c

He hath with a pitcous eye  
Beheld us in our misery  
For his, &c

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy  
For his, &c

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need  
For his, &c

Let us therefore waike forth  
His mighty majesty and worth  
For his, &c

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure

## PSALM C'XIV

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰσραὴλ  
Αἰγυπτίον λιπέ δῆμον, ἀπεχθεα, βαρβαροφῶνοι,  
Δὴ τότε μόνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος νῆες Ἰουδα  
Εὐ δε θεὸς λαοὶ σὶ μεγά κρειῶν βασιλεύει  
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυγαδ' ἐρῶησε ἐλίσσει  
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη  
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδεα πηγήν  
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἐπειρία κλονεόντ',  
Ὡς κροσφρίγυντες εἰς ῥιφερος ἐν ἀλώῃ

Βαιοτεραι δ ἅμα πασαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἔριπναι,  
 Οἷα παραι συριγγι φίλην ὑπο μητερι ἄρνες  
 Τιπτε συγ, αἶνα θαλασσα, πελωρ φυγαδ ἑρμωστis  
 Κυματι εἰλυμενη ροθιω τι δ ἀρ εστυφελιχθης  
 Ἴρος Ιορδανη ποτι ἀργυροειδεα πηγην  
 Τιπτ ὄρεα, σκαρθμοισιν ἀπειρεσια κλονεεσθε,  
 Ως κριοι σφριγοωντες ευτραφερω εν αλωη  
 Βαιοτεραι τι δ ἀρ ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτησατ ἐρπναι  
 Οἷα παραι συριγγι φίλην ὑπὸ μητερι ἰριες  
 Σειεο γαῖα τρεουσα θεον μεγαλ' ἐκτυπειοιτα  
 Γαῖα, θεον τρειουσ' ὕπατον σεβας Ισσακιοιο  
 Ὅς τε και ἐκ σπιλαδων ποταμοις χεε μορμιροντας,  
 Ἰρηνηντ' αενασον πετρης ἀπυ δακρυοεσσης

I Josephus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte  
 captum inscius damnaverat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit

Ω ἄνα, εἰ ολεσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινον ὡλως δρασαντα, σοφωτατον ἰσθι κερηνον  
 Ρηιδιως ἀφελαιο, το δ' ὕστερον αἰθι νοησεις,  
 Μαψιδιως δ' ἀρ' ἐπειτα τεον πρὸς θυμον οδυρη,  
 Τσιονδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιωνυμον αλκαρ ολεσσας

In Effigie ejus Sculptorem

Ἀμαθει γεγραφθαι χεiri τῆνδε μὲν εἰκονα  
 Φαιης ταχ αν, πρὸς εἶδος αυτοφύης βλέπων  
 Τον δ ἐκτυπωτον οἰκ ἐπιγνοντες, φίλοι,  
 Γέλατε φαυλου δυσμμημα ζωγράφου

# Johannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata

Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Autore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare ut omni suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati, congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregium in se voluntatem non esse notum, cum ali præsertim ut id fieri et magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidium totis ab se viribus amolitur sibi quod plus a quo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare, non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonum in Angliam

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic  
Non *Angelus*, verum heic *Angelus* ipse foret

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum Græcæ, Latinæ, Iatini atque Hætruscæ Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani

CLDL Meles, cedat depressa Mincius una,  
Sebetus Tas um desinat usque loqui,  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit

Ad Joannem Miltonum

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Rona Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat ut ique priorem

SERVATI



Al Signor Gio Miltoni Nobile Inglese

## ODE

ERCIMI all' Etra o Chio  
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona  
 Non piu del Biondo Dio  
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,  
 Diensi a merto maggiori, maggiori i fregi,  
 A' celeste virtu celesti pregi

Non puo del tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
 Non puo l' oblio rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,  
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo torte  
 Virtu m' adatta, e ferro la morte

Del Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia resiede  
 Sepiata dal mondo,  
 Pero che il suo valor l' umano eccede  
 Questa feconda si produce Eioi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del soviuman tra noi

Alla virtu sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido recetto,  
 Quella gli è sol gradita,  
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto,  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto

Lungi dal Patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama,  
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombò la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paio  
 Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro

Così l'ape ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquori pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ,  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse choide,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde

Di bella gloria amante  
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
 Le peregrine piante  
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ,  
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni

Fabro quasi divino  
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
 Vide in ogni confino  
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ,  
 L' ottimo dal mighor dopo sceglier  
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea

Quasi nacquero in Flora  
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appresi l' arte,  
 La cui memoria onora  
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro  
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro

Nell' altera Babelle  
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vino,  
 Che per varie favolle  
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul primo  
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Angha il suo più degno Idioma  
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma

I più profondi arcani  
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
 Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude e serra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
 Della moral virtude al gran confine

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermar si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale

Scorion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni,  
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia  
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria

Dammi tu dolce Cetra  
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
Di fatti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
Il Tamigi il duca che gl' è concesso  
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso

Io che in riva del Arno  
Tento spiegar tuo merito alto, e preclaro  
So che fatico indarno,  
L'ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo,  
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore

Del sig ANTONIO FRANCINI,  
Gentilhuomo Fiorentino

## Joanni Miltoni Londinensi.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca  
perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omni ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet

Polyglotto in cujus ore lingua jam deperdite sic reviviscunt ut  
idiomata omnia sicut in ejus laudibus infunduntur, et jure ea percipiat  
ut admirationem et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos  
intelligit

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem com-  
movent, et per ipsum motum cuique auferunt, cujus opera ad  
plusus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt

Cui in memoria totus orbis in intellectu sapientia, in voluntate  
ardor glorie, in ore eloquentia, harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum  
sonitus astronomia duce audienti, characteres mirabilium naturæ  
per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti,  
intiquitatum lutebras vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite  
assidua autorum lectione,

*Exquirenti restauranti pericurenti  
At cur nitor in ar'uum?*

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgrandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec  
hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo  
hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS  
DARUS, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

## ELEGIARUM LIBER

### ELLEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

1627

TANDEM, chare, tu mihi pervenire tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas,  
Pertulit, occidit Deus Cestriensis ab oris  
Vergivum prono qua petit amne salum  
Multum, cede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostrum tamque fidele caput  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua potest  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velut  
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alit unda,  
Meque, nec invitum, patria dulcis habet  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cum revere Comum,  
Nec dudum vetiti melius ingit amor  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec dum libet usque minas perficere Magistri,  
Cæteraque ingenio non subcunda meo  
Si sit hoc exilium paternos adisse penates,  
Et vacuum cuius otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,  
Latus et exili conditione fruor  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitino flebilis exul agro,  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plusus garrula sena suos  
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,

Seu proci, aut posita casside miles adest,  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris,  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat  
 Sive cruentatum funosa Tragicæda scæptum  
 Quassat, et effusis cimbis omnia rotat,  
 Et dolet, et specto, juxta et spectasse dolendo,  
 Inter lumen et lacrymis dulcis amator inest,  
 Seu puer infelix indelibatus relinquit  
 Gaudium, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
 Seu fœus e tenebris iterat Stygia criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torrens movens  
 Seu moeret Pelopeia domus seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Intra nec nobis tempora veris eunt  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,  
 Atque suburbanus nobilis umbra loci  
 Sæpius hic, blandique spirantia sidera flammæ  
 Virgineos videas præterisse choros  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miraculi formæ,  
 Qua possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
 Ah quoties vidi superintia luminis gemmas,  
 Atque facies, quotquæ volvit uterque polus,  
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vineant  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
 Aurea quæ fullax retia tendit Amor,  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quæ hyacinthum sordet  
 Purpureæ et ipse tui floris Adoni, rubor!  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim  
 Et quacunque vagum cepit amica Jovem  
 Cedite Achæmenia turrita fronte puella,  
 Et quot Susa colunt Memnoniamque Ninor,  
 Vos etiam Danæ facies submittite Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Illicæ, Romulæque nuntius  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas

Jactet, et Ausonius plena theatra stolis  
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi  
 Tuque urbs Dardanius, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Tunigerum late conspicienda caput  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia cludis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet  
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ  
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque uniusque puellæ  
 Per medias radiunt turba videnda vias  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigeo milite cincta Venus  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simœntis flumine vallis,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabituæ Cypion  
 Ast ego dum pueri sint indulgentia cœci,  
 Ma non quam subito linguere frustra paro,  
 Et vitæ procul malefida infamia Cines  
 Atria divini Molyos usus ope  
 Stet quoque juncosas Cami remerie paludes  
 Atque iterum rauræ murmur aduæ Scholæ  
 Interea fidi parvum cipe munus amici  
 Pueræque in alternos verba coacta modos

## ELEG II ANNO ÆTATIS 17

(Written during Milton's first stay at Cambridge.)

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

1626

Tr qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solchas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
 Moïs rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo  
 Cindidiora licet fuerint tibi temporis plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem

O dignus tamen Hamonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies  
 Dignus quem Stygus medica revocet ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deus  
 Tu si jussu eris acies acute togatus,  
 Est celer et Phœbo nuntius in tuo  
 Talis in Ihuc stabat Cyllenius illi  
 Alpes æthereæ missus ab æce Pitis  
 Talis et Furiabates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severæ ducis  
 Magni sepulchrorum regina satelles Averni,  
 Saxa nimis Musis, Palladi saxa nimis,  
 Quin illos rapitis qui pondus inutile terra  
 Tumba quidem est felix isti petendi tuis  
 Ut tibus hunc igitur pulvis Academia lugeat  
 I t madeant lachrymis nigra ficti tuis  
 Funda et ipsa modos querebunda Iliaca testes,  
 Personet et totis rami moesta scholis

## ELEG III ANNO ÆTAT 17

## IN OBITUM IRLESII WINOCHÆ

Masters crani et tectus nullo comitante cadum,  
 Harcbantque nimo tristia plura meo  
 Protinus in subit funesta clavis in agro  
 Iccit in Anglico quum Ibrumæ solo  
 Dum procerum ingressa est plendente marmore turres  
 Dura sepulchri illi mors metuenda facit  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere filice græce  
 Tunc memini clinique ducis, fiatrisque verendi  
 I itempestivis ossa cremata rogis  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad ætherea raptos  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces



At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ,  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic oie querebar  
 "Mois fera, Tant'neo diva secundi Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas persentiat uas,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque adlita tuo m' ucescunt lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchra Cypridi sacra rosa,  
 Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contemnat quercus  
 M'netui lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?"  
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurimæ cælo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet angui vis,  
 Et quæ mille ingens cunctis innumera sylvis  
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus  
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid juvat humana tingere cord' manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas remissee sagittis  
 Semideamque animam sede fugisse sua?"  
 Tria dum lætymine alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occidui Hesperius exit aquas,  
 Et Tartessus submercit et prior cunctum  
 Phœbus, ab hoc litoris mensurata  
 Nec moi, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,  
 Cum mihi visus ciam lato spatium regio  
 Hec! nequit ingenium visa referre meum  
 Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyio Chloris amata levi  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago  
 Scripit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis  
 Talis in extremis tenæ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densa vitibus umbrat,  
 Et pelluentes unci ubique locor,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,  
 Siderum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput  
 Damque nex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 In tremunt læto florea terra sono  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt caestria pennis,  
 Pura triumphuli personat æthra tuba  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cunctique salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos  
 'Nate veni, et pueri felix capere caula regni,  
 Semper abhinc dures, nate labore vaca"  
 Dicit, et algeat tetigerunt nublata turba,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aucta pulsa quies  
 Et hanc turbatos Cephalæa pellicæ somni os  
 Tali contingant somnia sæpe mihi

ELEG IV ANNO ÆTATIS 18

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ  
 agentis Iastoris munere fungentem

CURRE per immensum subito, mea litæra, pontum  
 I, pete Teutonicos lave per æquor ignos  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, præcor, obstat cuncti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter  
 Ipse ego Sicano frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,  
 Aut quæis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,  
 Gratas Eleusina missus ab urbe puer  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarius pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Chisticolas pascere doctus oves,  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt ista præte curæ mei!  
 Chærior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Gramm,  
 Chiriadi princeps qui Telamonis erat  
 Quamque Stigyrites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chionus alma Jovi  
 Quælis Amyntoides, quælis Philyreus heros  
 Myrindonum regi talis et ille mihi  
 Primus ego Aomios illo præcunte recessus  
 Lustrabam et bifidi sacra viæ iugum  
 Pænosque hiansi lateas Chloque fuvænte,  
 Custilio spusi lictu ter ora meo  
 Flummeus ut signum ter vidit ut metis Æthion  
 Induxitque uno lineæ tergi novo  
 Bisque novo teri um spuisisti, Chloia, senilem  
 Gimmæ bisque tuis abstulit Auster opes  
 Necdum ejus licet mihi lumen piscere vultu  
 Aut linguæ dulces iure bibisse sono  
 Vide igitur cursuque Eorum præverte sonorum  
 Quam sit opus monitis, res docet ipsæ vides  
 Invicem dulci cum conjugè forte sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignori clara suo  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælugia volumina patrum  
 Versantem aut veni bibula sacra Dei  
 Cælestive animis satur intem iore tendellis,  
 Ginde salutiferæ religionis opus  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salute n  
 Ducere quam decuit si modo idesset herum  
 Hec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modo te  
 Verba recitando sis memora ore loqui  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musæ,  
 Mittit ab Anglico littore fida manus  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem,  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam cæstra cepit  
 Ierus a lento Pæelopeia viro

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
 Arguitur tardus merito, novamque fititur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum  
 In modo de veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere solent  
 Non foris in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo  
 Sæpe saussiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mæstas delibere preces  
 Extensæque manus evitant fulminis ictus  
 Placat et nunc hos hostium prævia Deos  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi  
 Neve moras ultra ducere pissus Amor  
 Nam vigæ Fama refert, hæc nuntia verum idorum  
 In tibi finitimis bellum tumere loci,  
 Teque tuumque urbem trepudente milite cinctam  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma putasse duces  
 Te circum litem campos populatam Inyæ  
 Et sita cune unum jam enui arva ingratæ  
 Germiisque suum concessit Thraciæ Mutem,  
 Illuc Odrysius Mænis præter egit equos  
 Perpetuoque cominus jam deslorescit olivæ  
 Fugit et arisonum Divæ perosa tubum  
 Fugit ideo terris et jam non ultima viro  
 Creditur ad superis justa voluisse domos  
 Te tamen interici bellum circumsonat horrore  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopique solo  
 Et tibi quum patrum non exhibere penitus  
 Sæde peregrini quæris cæcus opem  
 Patrum dæma parens et saxis scævior albis  
 Spumeri quæ pulsit littoris undæ tui,  
 Succine te decet innocuous exponere factus  
 Sic me in externum fœnecogis humum  
 Et sinus ut terris quærit alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi propiciens misciat ipse Deus  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ vi post emeres ducat ad æstiva, docent?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas æ lausa tenebris,  
 Ateaque animæ digna perire fune!

Haud aliter vates teriæ Thesbitidis olim  
 Percussit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Ariabum salebras dum regis Achabî  
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidonî duri, manus  
 Talis et horisono laceritus membra flagello,  
 Præulæ ab Æmîthiæ pellitur urbe Cilix  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum  
 Fimbis ingiatus iussit abire iuis  
 At tu sume animos nec spes euidat anxîe cuius,  
 Nec tua concutit decolor os et metus  
 Sis etenim quî inuis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi mille telî necem,  
 At nullis vel inermis litus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet  
 Numque eius ipse Dei radiante sub agide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi,  
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub mœnibus uers  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis pusca Daniscus agris,  
 Terruit et densas prævido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccinæ clarus sonat,  
 Concor pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Curius uenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, mûmurque alta viuum  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Ut tua magnanimo pectore vince mala,  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares

## ELEG V ANNO ÆTATIS 20

## IN ADVENTUM VERIS

In se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyios, vere tepente, novos,  
 Induturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?<sup>2</sup>  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,  
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus  
 Castalis ante oculos bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi P;renen somnia nocte ferunt,  
 Concitaque alicano fervent mihi pectori motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacci intus agit  
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi i;ptatur in ardua cæli,  
 Perique vagas nubes corpore liberi co,  
 Perique umbras, perique antia furor pectus illi i;ritum,  
 Et mihi fana præsent interiori Deum,  
 Intuituique animus toto quid agitur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartari cæca meos  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?<sup>2</sup>  
 Quid prout hæc rabies, quid sacci iste furor?  
 Vei mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,  
 Profuerint isto reddit i; dona modo  
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, folus adopeita novellis,  
 Instituis modulos dum silet omne nemus  
 Uibe ego, tu sylvæ simul incipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum venis uterque canit  
 Venis io rediite vices, celebremus honores  
 Venis, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus  
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque riva,  
 Flectit ad Arctos auctor lora plagus  
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est moia noctis operæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis  
 Jamque Lycaonius plastrum caeleste Bootes  
 Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via,  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo  
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit  
 Neve Giganteum Diu timere scelus  
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
 Hæc aut, hæc certe caruisti nocte percella,  
 Phœbe, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
 Cynthia, luciferis ut videt alta rotas,  
 Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fiatius ope  
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora seniles,  
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?  
 Te manet Æolides vindi venator in herba  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore futeui,  
 Et maternos oculus urget equos  
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediit a senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe, subne tuos,  
 Et cupit, et digna est Quid enim formosius illa,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosi sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spumant menses et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphus fundit amoræ rosas?  
 Ecce coronatus sacro fons ardua luo,  
 Cingit ut Idæum pineta tuus Opim,  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis  
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos  
 Trinatio placuit diva Sicina Deo  
 Aspice, Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores  
 Mellis etque movent flumina verna picces  
 Cinnamoni Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves  
 Nec sine dote tuos tumerant quærit amores  
 Tenace optatos poscit egeni toros  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos  
 Quod si te pretium si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)  
 Illi tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fœsus Olympo  
 In vespertinas precipitans aquis  
 Cur te, inquit cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperius recipit cavula mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphis?  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigoia, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra,  
Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comis  
Mollior egeida veniet tibi somnis in herba,  
Huc ades et gremio lumina pone meo  
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans  
Aura me lumentes corpora fusa iosas  
Nec me (cicade mihi) terrent Semicia fata,  
Nec Phœtonteo fumidus axis equo,  
Cum tu Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo  
Sic Tellus lascivi suos suspirat amores,  
Matris in exemplum cæteri turba ruunt  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
Languentesque fovet solus ab igne fides  
In onuere novis lethali cornu nervi  
Iuste micant ferro teli corusca novo  
Junque vel invictum tentat superisse Diavam,  
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudici foco  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annui formam,  
Atque iterum tepido creditur ortu mari  
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
Littus io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant  
Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,  
Puniceum redolet vestis odora ciccum  
Igrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia venis,  
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus  
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum  
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,  
Et sua, quæ jungit, carmina Phyllis habet  
Nyctæ nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat  
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos  
Nunc etiam Satyri cum seia crepuscula surgunt,  
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro  
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque capri  
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustas,  
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros



Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consult in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervehit ipsa capi  
 Du quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habet,  
 Nec vos arborea di præcor ite domo  
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea tellus  
 Sæcla quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
 An saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, iugales,  
 Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant  
 Binumque productas tandem faciat hispida noctes,  
 Inguat et nostro serior umbra polo

## ELEG VI

AD CAROLIUM DIODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito  
 minus essent bona quod inter luitius quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud sat s  
 elicem operam Musis dare se posse affirm. h' hoc habuit responsum

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventis salutem,  
 Qua tu distento forte cuere potes  
 At tu quid nostram prolecat Musa cœnæ,  
 Nec sunt optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas  
 Nam neque nostri amor modulis includitur actis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes  
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem  
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia rursus,  
 Hausta per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereis refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
 Caimen amat Bacchum caimina Bacchus amat  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suræ  
 Sæpius Aonius clamavit collibus Euœ  
 Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro  
 Naso Cerallæis mela caimina misit ab ignis  
 Non illic epulæ, non sati vitis erat  
 Quid nisi vina, rosæque, iacemiferumque Ilycum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Ter Musæ modis?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Eum,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum,  
 Dum gravis everso curus cecidit axe supinum,  
 Et volat Elco pulvere fuscæ æques  
 Quidimoque madens Lyricæ Ioniæus Baccho,  
 Dulce canit Glyceria, flavicomamque Chloen  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso munda puella  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet  
 Missæ fecundum desponunt pocula veram,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita meti i cado  
 Addebas his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, fivent uni Bacchus Apollo Ceres  
 Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcem caimina per te,  
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi calato barbato auro  
 Insonat arguta molliter ictu manu  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tipetra cuneum,  
 Virgineos tremula qua regat arte pedes  
 Illa tuis saltem teneant spectacula Musas  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit incis  
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitaturque lectam  
 Implet odoratos festa chorca tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus per meat ossa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venuque,  
 Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor

Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,  
 Heroasque pios semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parce, Sami pio more magistri,  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucidæ lymphæ cistillo  
 Sobriusque et puro pocula fonte bibat  
 Additum huic scelerisque vicinis et casta juvenus  
 Et rigidi mores et sine libe minus  
 Quilibet veste nitens scia, et lustralibus undis,  
 Singulis ad infensos augur itur Deos  
 Hoc ritu vivisse ferunt post rupta sagacem  
 Lumina Thesian, Ogygiumque Linon  
 Et laie devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antia fœnis,  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa vium,  
 Et per monstrificum Perseia Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vadæ fœmineis insidiosæ sonis  
 Perque turas, iuxta me, domos ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges  
 Dns etenim sacer est vates divumque saccidos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem  
 At tu siquid agam scribere (si modo saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
 Frustraque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagatumque Dei, et stabulantem præpere tect  
 Qui suprema suo cur patre regna colit,  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub rororâ lux mihi prima tulit  
 Te quoque pressa manent patris meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris

## ELEG VII ANNO ÆTATIS 19

1628

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noiam,  
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit  
Sæpe cupidineas, pueriha tela, sagittas,  
Atque tuum spreui, maxime, numen, Amor  
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,  
- Conveniunt tenero molha bella duci  
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,  
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ  
In genus humanum quid inanir dirigis aimæ ?  
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros  
Non tuht hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad n us  
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet  
Vei erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem  
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem  
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar  
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,  
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum  
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit  
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeus Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi,  
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
Thodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas  
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit  
Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris  
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam, vero per tua damna fidem  
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi,  
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,  
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculesque comes  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis  
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi  
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem  
 Dixit, et aurato qui itiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat  
 Et modo quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modo villarum proxima rura placent  
 Turba frequens, facieque similima turba dearum,  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat  
 Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor  
 Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,  
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos  
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos  
 Nec picul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus  
 Nec mora nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labas, insidet inde genus  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermis ferit  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis,

Ast ego progredior tacite querēbundis, et excors  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem  
 Findor, et hæc remanet sequitur pars altera votum,  
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia fleiē juvat  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata foros  
 Talis et abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
 Victus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi  
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur imatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Forte nec ad nostias surdeat illa preces!  
 Cede mihi, nullus sic infelicius visit,  
 Ponam in exemplo primus et unus ego  
 Parce precor, teneam cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo  
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus  
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria domus,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris  
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores,  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans  
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos

Hæc ego, mente olim læva, studioque supino,  
 Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meæ  
 Scilicet ab eptum sic me malus impulit erior,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit  
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum  
 Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus

## EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER

### I

#### IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM

CUM simul in regem nuper satiapasque Britanno  
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe, nefas  
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?  
Scilicet hos alti missuius ad atria cœli,  
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis  
Qualiter ille, foris caput inviolabile Parcæ,  
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros

### II

#### IN EANDEM

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum,  
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
Nā meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis  
Ille quidem sine te consortia seius adivit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope  
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos  
Namque hæc aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet itei

### III

#### IN EANDEM

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus  
Frendit hoc trina monstium Latiale corona,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec multus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne  
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraueris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter  
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,  
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas

## IV

## IN EANDEM

Quæ modo Roma suis devoverat impia diuis,  
 Et styge damnarat, Tanaisioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et caput ad superos evehere usque Deos

## V

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem,  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi

## VI

## AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,  
 Obligit æthereis ales ab ordinibus  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cœli  
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens,  
 Serpit agens, faciliisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensum immortalī assuescere posse sono  
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet



## VII

## AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens  
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyra  
 Quamvis Dircaë torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Saviour, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes caca vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poterias composuisse tuæ,  
 Et poterias, ægro spirans sub corde, quiete n  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi

## VIII

## AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Clarique Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,  
 Littoierumque tua defunctam Naida ripa,  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illæ quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi  
 Illic Romulidum studius ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos

## IX

## IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,  
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæ  
 Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis  
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ  
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatus,  
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos



MILTON MEETING IPONORA BARONI AT CARDINAL BARBERINI'S HOUSE — P 550



## X

## IN SALMASIUM

GAUDERE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo  
 Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta !  
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques  
 Bonus, amice nuditatem cogitat,  
 Chartaque laigus, apparet papyrimos  
 Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii  
 Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii  
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum  
 Equitis clientes, scriamus mugentium  
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos

## XI

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,  
 Quis bene moratam, morigiamque neget ?

## XII

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

1673

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino  
 Hunc incredibile fructus dulcedine captus,  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit aicolas  
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protinus aret meis  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus,  
 Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,  
 Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo !  
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem  
 Nunç perire mihi et fœtus, et ipso parens

## XIII

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE  
CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,  
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !  
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ,  
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu  
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra  
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces

## SYLVARUM LIBER

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626

PARENS fati discite legibus,  
Minusque Parca jam date supplices,  
Qua pendulum telluris orbem  
Impeti colitis nepotes  
Veni si nunc leto mors vigili Tenuio  
Semel vocavit flebilis heu moras  
Tentantur incassum, dolique  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est  
Si destinatam pelleie dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,  
Nessi venenatus eriole,  
Æmathi iacisset Octa  
Nec fraude turpi Pallidis invida  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locio, Jove lacrymante  
Si triste fatum verba Hecateia  
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali sorori usa virgi  
Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentium, ignotaque gramina,  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta  
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,  
Sagitta Echidnae perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,  
Cæse pueri genitricis alvo

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et medius Helicon in undis ,  
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi  
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria  
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
 Horribiles barathri recessus  
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,  
 Inata, cum te viderit artibus,  
 Succoque pollenti, tot artibus  
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis  
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
 Moll quiescant cespites, et ex tuo  
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina ,  
 Interque felices perennis  
 Elysio spatium campo

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626.

JAM pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,  
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque, inviolabile fœdus,  
 Scepta Caledonis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis  
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat  
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
 Partic pes regni post funera mœsta futuros

Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,  
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace  
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjuvare imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum scelere corrumpere pectus,  
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astis  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ  
 Tamque fluentis omnis albentia rupibus aëra  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello  
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ  
 At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur,  
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
 Effluit tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidis cuspis  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta  
 Hactenus, et piceis liquido natat aere pennis  
 Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent  
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines a parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,  
 Dextera veneficus infamis Hetruria, nec non



Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem,  
 Hinc Mavortigena consistit in aice Quirini  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Pannifcosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur, praeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Est mendicantium series longissima fratrum,  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,  
 Cimmerius nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes  
 Tempia dein multis subeunt lucentia tedis,  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentium  
 Saepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique ceteri,  
 Omnes cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremat attonitus vitæis Asopus in undis  
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erubi tacituina reliquit,  
 Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætæque ferocem,  
 Atque Acheiontao prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis  
 Interica regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,  
 Ingressitur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes,  
 At vix compositos somnus claudibat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,  
 Prædatorumque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus,  
 Astutit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate venit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de iaso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabæo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis  
 Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones  
 Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu,  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces,

Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
Immemor, O, fidei, perorumque oblite tuorum!  
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque tuum  
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbari nata sub axe  
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britann  
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,  
Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces  
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis,  
Et memoi Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classem,  
Mersaque Iberiorum lato vixilla profundo,  
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosc,  
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella  
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto  
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum  
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colla  
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque crenabit  
Sacræque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis  
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare balsa reges  
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte licesces  
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude  
Quolibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est  
Iunque ad consilium extrinsecus rex magnus ab oris  
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
Grandævosque patres, trabea canisque venandos,  
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
Ædibus injecto, quæ convenire, sub imis  
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
Proposita, factaque, mone quisquamne tuorum  
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
Percussosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,  
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus  
Sacula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos  
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis  
Dixit, et adscitos ponens maleficus amictus,

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illæstabile, Lethen

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,  
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras,  
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,  
Irrigat æmbrosius montana cacumina guttis  
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,  
Vista ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,  
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni Prodotæque bilinguæ,  
Effeia quos uno peperit Discordia partu  
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,  
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro,  
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater oculis,  
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horici,  
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentiæ Manes  
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat  
Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri  
Et Phonos, et Prodotus, nulloque sequente per antium,  
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt  
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo  
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
Tartareoque leves diffientur pulvere in auras  
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago  
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,  
Consiliū socios adhibete, operisque ministros  
Fimeiat, rigidi cupide parnere gemelli

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos  
Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat aice,  
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tuern  
Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra  
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas,

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque pei tenues translucent atria muros  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros,  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per oviha junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen  
 Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in aice,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis  
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ  
 Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terias  
 Istis illa solet loci luce carentia sepe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli  
 Millenisque loquax audit ique visaque linguis  
 Culibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget

Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente  
 Fama, sile? An te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?

Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alat,  
 Induit et varus exilia corpora plumis,  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram  
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celestes prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit  
 Et primo Anghacas, solito de more, per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque mœnium i spargit  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus nec non facta horrida dictu  
 Authoiesque addit sceleris, nec garrula cœcis  
 Insidus loca structa silet, stupuere relatis  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effœtique senes pariter, tantaque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetrauerat omnem

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolum, capti pœnas raptantur ad acres  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores,  
 Compita læta focus genualibus omnia fumant,  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno

## IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626

ADHUC madentes rore iqualebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis  
 Cum centilinguis Fama, proh' semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia,  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui Rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula  
 Quæ nomen Angullæ tenet  
 Tunc inquietum pectus na protinus  
 Ebulliebat fervida,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit illo diuina pectora  
 Ausque vates praeius  
 Tuipem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Si quis inquit Nephelen suam  
 At ecce dira; ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videoi attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aura, flamine  
 Cecos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque, et iritas minas  
 Quid temere violis non nocendi numina,  
 Subitoque aditus percita?  
 Non est, ut arbitriis elusus miser  
 Moira atia Noctis filia,  
 Fricove patre creta sive Eumnye  
 Vastove nata sub Chao  
 Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit,  
 Animasque mole carnea reconditas  
 In lucem et iuras evocat,  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
 Themidos Jovisque filia,  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedit que subterraneas  
 Hunc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito  
 In cœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,  
 Auriga curus ignei  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solus globum,  
 Longeque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coeiebat suos  
 Frenis diucones auris  
 Thraticorum sidium per ordines,  
 Per lacteis vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem super miritus novam,  
 Donce nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Striatum smaragdis atrium  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effui queat,  
 Oriundus humano pitie,  
 Amcōnt ites illius loci? Mihi  
 Sat est in ætcrnum fui

## NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

1628

Hic, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Auri mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,  
 Oedipodionum volvit sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri ficta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæcio  
 Consilium fatis perituris alligat horis  
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Nutum et facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?  
 Et se fassa senem, male curtis passibus ibit  
 Siderum tiembunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,  
 Annorumque æterna fumes squalorque situsque,  
 Sidera vocabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuiet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu potuitne suas impudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu

Stridat uterque polus, superique ut Olympius aula  
 Decidit horribilisque resecta Goigone Pallas,  
 Quibus in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati,  
 Principiti curia subitaque ferere ruina  
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto  
 Tunc etiam aerei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque illisa buathio  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Cerunna Ditem,  
 In superiores quibus usus erat, si iternaque belli

At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,  
 Consuluit rerum summa, certoque perexit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi tota prima diuino,  
 Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine cœlos  
 Tardior haud solito Sitivnus, et acci ut olim  
 Fulmineum iutilat cristata casside Mavors  
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscet,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Divexo timone Deus, sed semper amicus  
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum  
 Surgit odoratis paniter formosus ab Indis,  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,  
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascuis cœli,  
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes  
 Nec per mane furit leviori murmure Coeus,  
 Stringit et armiferos a quali horrore Gelonos  
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora conchæ  
 Oceanî Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem  
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæculi vigori ille ventus



Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia vel sub aquis gemmas Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli,  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi

## DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
 Tuque O novem perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis,  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplexis,  
 Citumumve tenuis incolit lunæ globum  
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituris sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas  
 Sive in remota forte ternarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et dus tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portatore siderum

Non, cui profundum caecis lumen dedit,  
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu  
 Non hunc silente nocte Placidos ipepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini  
 Piuscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem  
 Non ille trino glorioso nomine  
 Tei magnus Hermes, ut sit necum ceteris  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus  
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxisti scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras

## AD PATREM

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,  
 Ut tennes oblita sonos audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis  
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum m' datur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aenea Chlo,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ  
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,

Sancta Piometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ  
 Cuius amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ina cicere valet divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ,  
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu stercit motantem cornua taurum,  
 Seu cum fita sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis  
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
 Æternæque moriæ stabunt immobilis avi,  
 Ibiurati per cœli templa coronis,  
 Dulci suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectio,  
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt  
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circumit igneus orbes,  
 Nunc quoque sideris intercinat ipse choris  
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,  
 Torridi dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,  
 Dimissoque ferax gladio mansuescit Orion,  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Minus Atlas  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vites,  
 Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arboe cines,  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesti cunebit,  
 Et chaos, et positi lute fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Oiphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas habet has a carmine laudes

Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Milibus et vocem modulis variare canoiam

Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
 Contigerit, chaos si tam prope sanguine juncti,  
 Cognatas utis, studiumque affine sequamini?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se disperitue duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitoique puerque, tenemus

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camænis,  
 Non odisse reor, neque enim pater, ire jubebis  
 Qua via lata patet, qua promior itea lucri,  
 Certaque co idendi fulget spes rureri nummi  
 Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures  
 Sed magis exultam cupiens dutescere mentem,  
 Me procul urbano strepitu recessibus altis  
 Abductam, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
 Phœbro latenti comitem sinis hic beatum  
 Officium chori taceo commune parentis,  
 Me poscunt majora tuo pater optime, sumptu  
 Cum mihi Bomuleo patuit frœundia linguæ,  
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant  
 Grœdia magniloquis clata vocabula Grævis  
 Addere suasisti quos præterit Gallia flores,  
 Et quam degeneri novus Itulus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, barbuique testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates  
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
 Terra patens, terraque et cœlo interfluit æter,  
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable mæmor,  
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit  
 Dimotique venit spectanda scientia nube,  
 Nudique conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Nisi fugisse velim, nisi sit libasse molestum

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avilis  
 Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna præoptis  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diæ,

Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet una catervæ,  
 Victices hederas inter laurosque sedebo,  
 Junque nec obscurus populo miscebor incerti,  
 Vitaluntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos  
 Hæste procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
 Invidiæque reces transverso tortilis hircuo,  
 Iovi nec anguiferos extendæ, calumnia iactus,  
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego, securaque tutus  
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu  
 At tibi, chære pater, postquam non equæ merenti  
 Posse referre datur nec donæ rependere factis  
 Sit memorasse satis repetitaque muneia grato  
 Percensere animo, fida que reponere menti  
 Et vos O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini supresse iogo, lucemque tueri  
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, seio servabitis ævo

## AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM

## SCAZONTES

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanique tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quam cum decentes flava Deiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnus prætulit immerito divis  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,  
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,

Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabîr,  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas  
 Visum superbi cognitas urbes fama  
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Si 'sille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sinum,  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat rancor,  
 Præcordisque fixa damnosum spirat  
 Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Pomani o  
 Tum cultus ore Lesbium condis melos

O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hæbes  
 Germani! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror,  
 Pythone creso sive tu magis Pæan  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est  
 Querceta Fiumi, vosque iocæ vinoso  
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubris vallibus frondet vestris  
 Levamen ægro ferte certatum vati  
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,  
 Vicina dulci præta mulcebit cantu  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum  
 Suam reclinis semper Ægeriam spectans  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus,  
 Spei favebit annuæ coloniarum,  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimum sinistro laxus irruens loro  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvæ salsa regna Portunæ

## MANSUS

Joannes Baptista Mansus Muchio Villensis vir ingeniū laude tum literarum studio nec non et bellicæ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Iorquiti Tassi Dialogus extitit de Amicitia scriptus erat enim Tassus amicissimus ab quo etiam inter Campanie principes celebratur in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusalemme Conquistata* lib. xx.

Fia cavalier magnanimità e cortesi  
Risplende il Muso—

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosectus est multaquo ei defuit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ei urbe discederet ut ne ingratum se ostenderet hoc carmen miit

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditanti cramina laudi  
Pierides, tibi, Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille illum huius æquo est dignatus honore,  
Post Gallæ cineres, et Mæcœnatis Hetrusci  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet auiæ Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter liurosque sedebis  
Te pudem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis  
Mox tibi dilectiloquum non inscribi Musa Maronum  
Tradidit ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,  
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa tibi soli supremaque vota reliquit:  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
Vidimus arridentem opeioso ex ære poetam  
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque et nec pacesse  
Officiū in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Onco  
Qui potes, atque avidas Pierium eludere leges  
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam  
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ,  
Æmulus illius Mycæen qui natus ad altam,  
Rettulit Æoli vitam facundus Homeri  
Ergo ego te, Chus et magni nomine Phœbi  
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,

Quæ nuper gelida vix emutrita sub Aëto,  
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes  
 Nos etiam in nostio modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbra ,  
 Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines  
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras

Sed neque nos genus incultum nec inutile Phœbo,  
 Quæ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten  
 Nos etiam colimus Pnœbum, nos munera Phœbo,  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistis,  
 Hilantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vani vetustas,  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choros  
 Gens Divides antiqua, sacris operata decorum,  
 Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta carebant,  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,  
 Delo in herbosa, Graeæ de moire puellæ,  
 Carminibus hinc memores Corineida Loxo  
 Et didicamque Upin, cum flavicomis Hecuba  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fucos

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebris ingens  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque vicinum,  
 Et parvi carpes iter immortale volutu  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthus, et famulas venisse ad limina Musæ  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit  
 Ruina Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes,  
 Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,  
 Peneum prope rivum ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra,  
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amicus,  
 Exili dueros lenibat voce labores  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub uno  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immanis pondera, silvas,



Emotæque suis properant de colibus ornâ,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces  
 Dns dilecte senex te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et miti lustrant lumine Phœbus,  
 Atlantisque nepos, neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu  
 Dns superis, poterit magno fuisse poetæ  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen  
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,  
 Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris belli moventem  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
 Magnanimos heroas, et, O modo spiritus adsit,  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges  
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
 Annorumque satui, cineri sura jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ,  
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna  
 Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Pœn isside lauri  
 Fronde comas, at ego secunda pace quiescam  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego cælicolum semotus in æthera divum,  
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignis virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,  
 Quantum fata sinunt, et tota mente serenum  
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo

## EPIAPHIUM DAMONIS

## ARGUMENTUM

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant ut qui plurimum Thyrsis animi causi profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demum postea reversus et rem ita esse comperto se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur CAROLUS DRODATUS ex urbe Hetruria Luca piterno genere oriundus cætera Anglus ingenio doctrina clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus dum viveret juvenis egregius

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,  
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)  
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen  
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ mœnura Thyrsis,  
Et quibus ac iduis exerceat antra querelis,  
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans  
Et jam bis viridi surgebit culmus arista,  
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum  
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe  
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ  
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem

Ite domum in pastum, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo  
Postquam te mœnita rapuerunt funere, Damon!  
Siccine nos inquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,  
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum  
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupo ante videbit,  
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
Inter pastores Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
Gaudebunt dum iuri Pales, dum Faunus amabit  
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, primumque,  
Polladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse cinorum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni  
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Di non,  
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus  
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,  
Aut ripido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ne leones,  
Aut avidos terre re lupos præsepibus altis,  
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solabit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
Dulcibus alloquens, grato cum sibilat igni  
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Au ter  
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbra,  
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;  
Hic scrum expecto, supra caput imber et Euris  
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
Nec myrteta juvant, ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
Ad salces Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,

Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas,  
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
 Mopsu ad hæc nam me redeuntem forte notarant,  
 (Et callebat ivium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi, quid hoc? dixit quæ te coquit improbabilis?  
 Aut te perdit mor, aut te male fascinat astrum,  
 (Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astium)  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni  
 Muanantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juvenatæ  
 Nubila frons oculique truces, vultusque severi  
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure per titulis ille miser qui serus anavit

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni  
 Venit Hyas Dryopeque et filia Bæucidis Aegle  
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditæ fastu,  
 Venit Idumanni Chloris vicina fluenti,  
 Nil me blanditire, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me si quid ideo, movet, aut spes ulla futuri

Ite domum impasti domino jam non vacat agni  
 Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenes,  
 Omnes unum inimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De crege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri,  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens  
 Quem si sors letho objectit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu  
 Nos diuinum genus et diris exercita fati  
 Gens homines, aliena animis et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,

Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum

Itē domum impastū, domino jam non vacat, agnī  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per acreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa<sup>m</sup> !  
 Ecquid erat tantū Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !  
 Ah ! certe extremum leuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,  
 Flet dixisse, "Vale, nostrū memor ibis ad astra"

Itē domum impastū, domino jam non vacat, agnī  
 Quamquam etiam vestrū nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata Juventus  
 Illic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
 Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab uibe  
 O ego quantus eiani, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Muimura, populeumque nemus, qui mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas nunc summas capere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycida certantem audire Menalcam !  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestia,  
 Fuscellæ calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ  
 Quin et nostria suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, eiant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studus notū, Lydoiū sanguinis ambo

Itē domum impastū, domino jam non vacat, agnī  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos  
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis atei habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retrā Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retardat  
 Imus ? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,  
 Quasque habet ista plus herbas, artesque medentum  
 Ah pereant herba pereant artesque medentum,  
 Gramina postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro  
 Ipse etiam nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluisse tamen rupta compage, nec ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite sylvæ  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
 Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per aquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Biennumque Arviragumque duces priscumque Belinum,  
 Ut tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude, Iogernen,  
 Mendaces vultus assumptaque Gorlois arma,  
 Merlini dolus O mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula, pinu,  
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patris mutata Camænis  
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra et nemus omne Tlicantæ  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fuscæ metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni  
 Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum qua mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento  
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis,  
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus,

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharætræ,  
 Arma corusca faces et spicula tincta pyropo,  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque decorum

Tu quoque in his nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certe es nam quo tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisvisse sub orco,  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacryma, nec flebimus ultra  
 Ita procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon  
 Ætherei purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,  
 Heroumque animas inter divosque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cœlicolæ norint sylvisque vocare Damon  
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor et sine labe Juventus  
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En etiam tibi virginæ servantur honores,  
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
 Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos,  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatæ  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos

JAN 23, 1646

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ  
BIBLIOTHECARIUM

De libro Poematum amicæ (quem ille sibi de noui mittere postulabat ut cum aliis  
nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret) Ode

## STROPHIL I

GLEMLILL culta simplici gaudens hili r,  
Fionde hec gemina,  
Munditieque nitens non operosa,  
Quem manus attulit  
Juuenilis olim  
Sedula tamen haud nimis poetæ  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,  
Insons populi, brubitoque devius  
Indulsit patrio mox itidem pectine Daur o  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede

## ANTISTROPHÆ

Quis te, parve liber quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
Illustre tendebas iter  
Thamesis ad incunabula  
Cærulei patris,  
Fontes ubi limpidi  
Aonidum thyasusque sacer,  
Oibi notus per immensos  
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

## STROPHE II

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo  
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
(Si satis noxas lumen priores,



Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefindos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
 Et relegtas sine sede Musas  
 Jam pene totis finibus Anghigenum,  
 Immundisque volucres,  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollinea pharetra,  
 Phuncamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasus<sup>2</sup>

## ANTISTROPHÉ

Quin tu libelle, nuntii licet mala  
 Fide, vel oscitantia,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebia, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
 La tare felix en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam, remige penna

## STROPHE III

Nam te Rousius sui  
 Optat pecuni, numcroque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus incluta  
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ  
 Teque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi quibus et ipse præsidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris  
 Quam cui præsuit Ion,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaue Delphica,  
 Ion Actæa genitus Cieusa

## ANTISTROPHE

Ergo, tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos,

Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
 Oxonia quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthuc ista,  
 Bithdoque Paruasi jugo  
 Ibis honestis,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis dextri prece sollicitatus amici  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Græcæ simul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis luminis, et verum decus

Vos tandem haud vacui mei libores  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium  
 Jam sero placidam spei me jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas,  
 Quas bonus Hermes,  
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,  
 Quo neque lingua procaax vulgi penetrabit, atque ionge  
 Turba legentum prava facesset  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquioris forsitan  
 Adhibebit, integro sinu  
 Tum, livore sepulto  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Rousio favente

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una  
 demum Epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero  
 nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secum  
 commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos  
 rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici  
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα σχῆσιν* partim  
*ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis ad  
 mittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit

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